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WE are determined on that—we are going to give every woman who trades here this fall, such good values for every dollar she leaves here, that it would be impossible for her to get better values anywhere else. We want to make a walking advertisement of this store out of every woman who wear our garments. We are going to make these women the best dressed women in town and send them out to make more customers for this store. Satisfied customers are not going to be backward about telling their friends where they got their clothes, you know.

Find out about the advantages in quality, service and price to be exclusively obtained in this store.

Hampton and Company

THE STORE OF STYLE AND QUALITY

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Courteous Treatment Prompt and Reasonable Rates to All.

TRAVELING MEN A SPECIALTY

ATTENTION

Just take a look at that window display of

Hand - Painted China

It's interesting and it may be that it will solve that wedding or birthday gift problem for you.

THE MODERN PHARMACY THE REXALL STORE

THIS

is to inform you that

Benson's Pharmacy

is still doing business at the old stand with the largest stock of

DRUGS AND TOILET ARTICLES

in the city. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Benson's Pharmacy

TALES OF SPOOKS

The Deputy Death Sent to the Second Lord Lyttleton.

WARNED HIM AND VANISHED.

And Just When He Thought He Had "Jockeyed the Ghost" the Prediction Became a Fact—Story of a Specter Dog and the Legend of Lady Howard.

Belief in specters, phantoms and apparitions still lingers in many parts of England. We scoff at ghost stories as "stuff that is considered ridiculous by all persons of sound education and common sense," and yet mixed in with the legends of wraiths and hellhounds are some true tales that are hard to explain from the standpoint of natural cause and effect.

A strange story is that told of the notorious second Lord Lyttleton, who is said to have been as evil as his father was the reverse. He died when in his prime under the following well attested circumstances: A few days before his death Lord Lyttleton saw enter his room a woman who told him that on the third day after her appearance he would die. He was very much frightened and extremely depressed by the occurrence, but on the morning of the third day his fears had abated somewhat, and he had to breakfast with him a party which included Lady Flood, Lord Fortescue and two of the Misses Amphlett, to whom he said, "If I live over tonight I shall have jockeyed the ghost, for this is the third day." In the forenoon the party set out to Pitt Place, Lord Lyttleton's country seat near Epsom, and were not long arrived when his lordship had a suffocating fit, but recovered sufficiently to dine with his friends at 5 o'clock.

By what is described as "a friendly trick" the watches and clocks throughout the house were advanced half an hour. The evening passed, and Lord Lyttleton's spirits recovered their usual gaiety. At half past 11 he retired, and, according to his valet's report, he kept every now and then looking at his watch. . . . Within a minute or two of 12 by his watch he asked to look at mine. . . . His lordship then put both to his ear to make certain that they went. When it was near the real hour of 12 he said: "Come, I'll wait no longer. Get me my medicine. I'll take it and try to sleep." It appears that the valet stirred the draft with a toothpick, and this angered Lord Lyttleton, who sent him for a spoon. When the man returned he found his master in a fit. Instead of attempting to relieve him he ran for help, and when he returned with the alarmed guests Lord Lyttleton was dead.

A peculiar class of apparition in which many persons believed is that of specter dogs, which are again divided into three kinds: (1) Black dogs that are fiends in disguise; (2) evil spirits that hunt souls in this guise; (3) spirits of the wicked departed made to take this shape for their sins. These black dogs are of all sorts and sizes, big dogs and little dogs, long haired dogs and short haired dogs, meek dogs and fierce dogs, but as a rule the standard specter hound is huge, most ferocious looking and shaggy like a wolf, and, we are told, packs of these hellhounds have been seen, sometimes hunted by a huntsman whose description much resembles the popular conception of the devil.

A famous story is told of a goblin hound which used to inhabit an old mansion at Lyme Regis, in Dorset, that had been partly demolished and turned into a farmhouse, in which lived an old drunken farmer. Having been urged to drive out the black dog by his companions, he seized the poker and rushed at the dog, which sprang up instantly and rushed upstairs, followed by the tipsy farmer. It fled into an attic and, hey presto, jumped clean through the ceiling. The angry farmer struck at the place, when, to his amazement, down fell from the hole he had made an old fashioned money box, which proved to be full of gold and silver coins of the reign of Charles I. The dog was never again seen in the house, but it is said to haunt a lane which leads to it, where it can be seen at midnight and which bears the name of "Dog lane," while a local inn displays the sign "The Black Dog Inn."

Lady Howard, who lived in the reign of the first James and was as famous for her wit as for her beauty and her wealth, was also possessed of a good many bad qualities. She had four husbands, whom she killed off rather rapidly, and was very cruel to her only daughter. For her sins she was transformed when she died—so the story runs—into a black dog, and at midnight she runs between Pittford, her one time residence, and Oakhampton park in order to carry to the place from which she started a single blade of grass. This she is doomed to do until she has removed every blade of grass from the park.—London Globe.

Easy Mark For Charley.
Mrs. Green—I tell you it's nice to have a husband who isn't afraid to praise you up to people. Whf. only yesterday I heard Charley telling Mrs. Jones that I was getting to be a regular Xantippe.
Mrs. Wise—A Xantippe? Do you know who she was?
Mrs. Green—Oh, yes; I told Charley I'd overheard him, and he explained that Xantippe was the goddess of youth and beauty.—Boston Transcript.

The unspoken word never does harm—Kossuth.
Practical.
"My good woman," said the social reformer, "your children seem to be slightly obstreperous. Have you any clearly defined theories about bringing up your little ones by scientific methods?"
"No, I haven't, madam," answered the much tried mother as she firmly grasped a squirming child in one hand and her slipper in the other. "I'm bringing them up by hand."—Baltimore American.

A Terrible Storm.
The most violent storm that ever ravaged England occurred Nov. 26 and 27, 1703. The loss in London alone was \$10,000,000. Eight thousand people were drowned in the floods. Twelve warships, with more than 1,800 men on board, were lost. Trees were uprooted—1,700 of them in Kent. Eddy-stone lighthouse was destroyed, and Winstanley, its contriver, was killed with several others.

Information.
Johnny—The right way to spell 'high' is h-i-g-h. Isn't it? Auntie—Yes, dear. Why do you wish to know? Johnny—"Cause I'm writing an English composition about the hyena.

One Exception.
Wildman Senior (to son home from college)—Well, Richard, how have things been going with you this term? Wildman Junior—Pretty slow, dad—except the cash.—Exchange.

THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

It is Quite Often Very Far From Being True to the Pole.

"True as the needle to the pole," like many another popular saying, conveys a distinctly erroneous impression. In order to keep itself duly informed as to the unfaithfulness of the needle to the pole, or, technically, the "variation of the compass" from the true north, our government maintains a division of terrestrial magnetism.

Not only does the magnetic needle vary at different places, but the variation changes from year to year and even at different times in the day. On magnetic survey charts those places which at a particular time have the same amount of variation are connected by what is known as an isogonic, or equal variation line. Through these points on the map in which there is no variation of the needle from the true north a line known as the agonic passes.

Iron deposits and mountain ranges modify the action of the unknown causes of the periodical variation and cause these lines to become even more crooked than those which mark equal temperatures, known as isothermal lines. Isogonic charts may be accurate to-day and full of small errors in a few years. The famous Mason and Dixon's line between Pennsylvania and Maryland, which was surveyed in the years 1763 to 1767, was run by the stars and not by the needle, a great piece of foresight in that day. If it had been surveyed by the compass in 1800 it would have shown a deviation in some places of two miles, and had the line been run by uncorrected compass a hundred years later, in 1900, the variation would have reached nearly nineteen miles to the south and the rich coal fields of two Maryland counties would have been thrown into Pennsylvania.

The discovery of the magnetic needle's shortcomings is believed to have been made during the voyage of Columbus. The disclosure constitutes a high tribute to the scientific perceptions of that day, even though it spread consternation among the ships' crews.—Harper's.

Twice Convicted.
Another lawyer's story arrives. We are told that a man was charged with picking a pocket the other day and that when arraigned he pleaded guilty. The case went to the jury, however, and the verdict was not guilty. And the court spoke as follows: "You don't leave this court without a stain on your character. By your own confession you are a thief. By the verdict of the jury you are a liar."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Duty.
"Look here, Ben, what did you shoot at me for? I ain't got no quarrel with you."
"You had a feud with Jim Wombat, didn't ye?"
"I did, but Jim's dead."
"I'm his executor."—Lippincott's.

The Bright Side.
"Let us look on the bright side of things. Nothing is ever as bad as it might be."
"You're right. Take the coats that women wear, for instance. They might be made to button down the back."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Quite Contrary.
Gibbs—Your wife seems to be a contrary sort of woman. Dibbs—Contrary! Why, whenever I ask her to darn my stockings she knits her brows.—Boston Transcript.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES.

They May Have Been the Ancient Gold Workings at Rhodesia.

Rhodesia, that province of British Africa lying between the Zambezi and the Limpopo rivers, has considerable deposits of gold. The ancients mined and carried away enormous quantities of the precious metal, but under the scientific mining systems of the present day their operations will be greatly surpassed.

It has been thought that Rhodesia was the ancient land of Ophir, the land of the mysterious "King Solomon's mines," but this theory is strongly combated by some investigators. The ancient gold workings are the basis of modern workings. For every ten square miles of Rhodesia, it is stated, there was one ancient mine—that is, there are 75,000 old workings—which means that a stupendous wealth was dug out of the earth before the days of Cecil Rhodes. Much of this wealth must have gone to the north and east. It was probably wrought into the crown of the Queen of Sheba and filled the coffers of Solomon.

The ancient smelting furnaces are said still to be of easy recognition. They are sunk into the "floor." The furnace blowpipes are made of the finest granite powder-cement, and the nozzles of the blowpipes are covered with splashes of gold. The linings of the holes are covered with specks of gold. When the first lining became worn by the heat a fresh lining of cement of an excellent quality, which has outlasted time, was smeared round on top of the old lining. It is said that one can take an old lining, split off the layers with a knife and find gold splashes in abundance.

The tools of the ancient workers which have so far been discovered include a small soapstone hammer and burnishing stones of water worn rock, to which gold still adheres. There are evidences that the ancients carried on an extensive industry in the manufacture of gold ornaments and utensils.

NORMANDY NUGGETS.

Stones That Find Their Way into the Mouths of Many People.

It is a far cry from "the lonely stretches of the wave kissed shore" to false teeth, but by unexpected paths we often descend abruptly from the sublime to the utilitarian. Many a man calmly chewing an indestructible steak in America little dreams that the picturesque coast of Normandy has been sacrificed to provide him with molars. Such is the painful fact, however. If you walk along the southern shore of the English channel between Dieppe and Havre you will see men and boys searching for stones of a certain size and shape from a varied collection of rocks which form the beach. These are put into sacks and shipped to America, where they are converted into porcelain.

The industry—for such is the term used to designate this invigorating occupation—has grown to considerable proportions in the past few years. Its simplicity is perhaps its greatest charm. Having once learned the kind of stone you are looking for, all that is required of you is to pick it up. If you do this steadily and uncomplainingly for several hours you will be sure to fill a sack. Then all you have to do is to fling it jauntily over your shoulder, run across the bowlders to the superintendent and demand 1 franc.

With this wealth in your pocket you can then sit down and look dreamily over the water while you allow your imagination full play. You seem to see the stones after a long voyage across the Atlantic being slowly rescued from their rude state. Hit by lit they are dragged from their primitive nothingness up to the heights of twentieth century porcelain. They are then shaped, polished, mounted on a gold pivot—why go into it? It is too painful.—Minneapolis Bellman.

Riddle of Gravitation.
Nearly 250 years ago one of the greatest intellects connected with science turned his attention to gravitation. In that 250 years physical science has made rapid advances. A boy who has completed a year's work in elementary physics could entertain Newton in electricity were it possible for the great philosopher to return to earth. After learning of the great progress in electricity I can imagine him in his eager desire for knowledge turning to the boy and expecting some light on gravitation. Alas, not only the high school boy, but not even the most learned, can give any definite information on gravitation. The problem is about where Newton left it.—Popular Science Monthly.

Deserted at the End.
William the Conqueror was a man of very gross habit of body and at the siege of Mantes was hurt by the rearing of his horse, the pommel of the saddle striking the king in the abdomen and causing injuries from which he died in a few days. Before his death he was deserted by all his attendants, who stole and carried off even the coverings of the bed on which he lay. The body remained on the floor of the room in which the king died for two days before it was buried by charitable monks from a neighboring monastery.

A Vague Impression.
"What is your idea of the character of Lady Macbeth?"
"Really," replied Mrs. Cumrox, "there is so much gossip about people connected with the stage that one scarcely knows what to believe."—Washington Star.

Valor consists in the power of self recovery.—Emerson.

WHIM OF A WOMAN

It Cost Her Her Life in the Wreck of a Submarine.

DROWNED WITH HER FIANCE.

Story of a Pathetic Episode That Was Intertwined With the Tragic Loss With All on Board of the French Torpedo Boat Pluviose.

Underlying the tragedy of the loss of the French submarine torpedo boat Pluviose with twenty-seven lives when she was sunk in the bottom of the English channel by a collision with a surface steamship on May 25, 1910, was a pitiable episode, involving the death of a beautiful and brilliant young Frenchwoman.

The French government suppressed the story so thoroughly that to this day the name of the young woman is not known save to those in paramount authority in the navy, but American naval officers say the fact of the happening has become known to other naval men all over the world.

The Pluviose and a sister submarine had gone out from the navy yard at Calais about 1 o'clock in the afternoon for a series of maneuvers. She was about two miles from shore and was disporting in a series of dives and risings to the surface. The feat known as "porpoising" was being accomplished with great skill, the submarine being entirely responsive to every turn of a directing wheel in her machinery. The act of "porpoising" is an imitation of the action of the porpoise in its leaps above water and prompt disappearance immediately afterward. In the submarine the maneuver is made for the purpose of scouting, the boat being brought toward the surface sufficiently for its periscope to protrude out of water, when the officer below is enabled to make a general circular survey of the water above him. Then the boat dives out of sight. In case of war she would have sighted her enemy and been enabled to proceed closely to a battleship or cruiser and discharge torpedoes directly at her foe.

In the act of thus coming to the surface the Pluviose came up directly under the channel steamship Pas de Calais. The keel of the Calais struck the submarine and tore a huge hole in her upper casing, a rent fifteen feet long and two feet wide. Into this the water rushed. The submarine staggered along with her hull just showing above the surface, her engines disabled, her crew unable to do anything to check the inrush of water. And she went down.

She had a crew of twenty-seven men. Commandant Pras was the senior officer. There were two other officers. Which one of these three it was whose sweetheart was aboard is not definitely known to the American naval officers, but they declare there is no doubt of the fact.

One of the three officers listened to the pleadings of his fiancée that she be allowed to make a trip in the submarine with him and share with him the peril that his duty so often required him to brave. He must have had a consultation with his brother officers and got their consent to wink at it, for the regulations of the French navy strictly forbid women to make any trips in submarine boats. Perhaps the very fact that it was forbidden, that if she succeeded in making a journey to the bottom of the sea in a submarine she would have enjoyed an experience the like of which no other Frenchwoman might claim, actuated her. But, whatever the conditions that brought it about, the young officer did escort her secretly aboard the Pluviose.

She wore a long oilskin coat and sou'wester hat belonging to her sweetheart, which sufficiently disguised her sex to admit of her going aboard without being challenged by any of the sentries patrolling the quay where the Pluviose lay tethered on the day that she was to make her fatal trip. And the girl, smiling over her triumph, climbed down the ladder into the little gasoline filled room and heard the orders given for the battering down of all the hatches, the firm screwing into place of these coverings and then, perhaps fascinatedly, watched the dial indicator as it told how the Pluviose was sinking deeper and deeper into the sea.

Divers who went down after the Pluviose was sunk, carrying below steel cables with which ineffectual attempts were made with huge derricks above to bring the Pluviose to the surface, reported that they heard rappings in the interior of the submarine. In any event, when, days later, the Pluviose was raised and tugged into shallow water, none that had been aboard of her was alive. She had filled completely with water. As she was raised the water poured from the great gash that had been cut in her steel casing by the Channel steamship.

Once in shallow water it was the work of only a little while to remove the covering of the conning tower. In that tower they found the young officer. And dead in his arms, with her own arms tightly clasped around his neck and her young face resting against his breast, they found the young woman.—New York World.

Diplomatic.
She coldly—I hardly know how to receive your proposal. You know I am worth a million, of course! Jack (diplomatically)—Yes—worth a million other girls. She (traptuously)—Oh, Jack!

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.—Swift.

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