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Pacific Railway Time-Table
STATION
 Round North Bound
 2:10 a. m. No. 14 1:24 a. m.
 4:53 a. m. No. 16 2:10 a. m.
 8:10 p. m. No. 18 10:11 a. m.
 7:52 p. m. No. 20 3:58 p. m.

E. R. R. COMPANY.
 W. BOUND
 No. 7
 STATIONS
 COTTAGE GROVE AR 12:00
 WALKER 11:25
 CREEK 11:00
 DORNA 10:45
 NEAR 10:30
 WICKS 10:15
 RED BRIDGE 10:00
 WILDWOOD 9:45
 DISTON 9:30

HTS RESER could be no better medicine than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. One of them was in bed, fever and was coughing up blood. Doctor gave them Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the first time, and three bottles later, says Mrs. R. A. Donnell, Lexington, Miss. For sale by any pharmacy.

ES TONIC
 Tonic of a delicious, and invigorating beverage, distilled direct from the mountain Calapooya mountains.

to Get Well
ink it to Keep Well
O-YA MINERAL WATER
 Mineral saline water, equal of the renowned spring of Europe and America, recommended by leading physicians of the United States for Stomach, Kidney and Liver ailments, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Skin diseases, Hundreds of "cures" given up by physicians as incurable long-standing ailments by Calapooya Water. All dealers, or shipped direct from the springs at low prices.

YA SALINE
 Condensed smile of Calapooya Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Disorders speedily cured. All dealers, or sold direct from the springs at low prices.

ALAPOOYA
 IN ALL THE YEAR. health resort in the Calapooyas, 12 miles from Grove (on Southern Pacific) splendid accommodations, rates. Steam, mud and hot baths and cooling information as to rates, be furnished upon request.

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BANK OF ENGLAND

Tragic and Romantic Episodes In Its Historic Career.

DEADLY BATTLE WITH A MOB.

The Bloody Climax to the Attempted Raid by the Lord Gordon Rioters—A Financial Coup That Was Spoiled by the Duchess of Marlborough.

No other banking institution has so romantic a history as that pertaining to the Bank of England, the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street."

One of the bloody episodes in the history of the bank is that embraced in the story of Charles Walter Godfrey, one of its early partners in the bank. It appears that Godfrey while crossing the channel in the midst of a terrific storm and laden with £60,000 in drafts for the aid of King William, who was just then besieging Namur against the forces of Louis XIV., insisted upon his right to deliver the warrant for the money into the hands of the king, then in the trenches under hot fire. As he handed the document to the king, saying, in response to William's growl of remonstrance, "Am I, then, more exposed to danger than your majesty?" a cannon ball swept away his head.

Not so very many years ago there stood over the massive fireplace in the directors' room of the bank three rusty specimens of the old "Brown Bess," together with a number of roughly shaped bullets. In these relics was embodied a picture of the November night in 1780 when the mob of Gordon rioters marched down from Newgate, setting fire to every Catholic chapel on the way and advancing with a force of 5,000 upon the bank itself.

The clerks, armed with muskets, were unprovided with shot. Before them lay rows of leaden inkstands, suggesting the possibilities of a new use. In less than half an hour the ink stands had been melted and turned into bullets. The muskets were loaded. At every window of the bank stood two marksmen, their guns trained on the mob below. Yet the rioters came on until they were within ten yards of the bank gates. Then sharp and clear above the frightful din rose the order to fire, and from the windows poured a deadly volley. When the smoke finally cleared away 250 lay dead or dying in the open space now covered by the esplanade of the Royal Exchange. The attacking army wavered, stopped, broke line and fled, and the Gordon riots were at an end.

During the first part of the reign of George II. it was the practice of all banks to give a receipt in payment of a deposit, the receipts being passed from hand to hand and serving the same purpose as the check of today.

At that time Childs' bank, a private concern, which had the backing of a great part of the English nobility, exhibited such signs of future greatness that the Bank of England became greatly alarmed, especially in view of the fact that the "Old Lady's" notes were at a discount of 10 per cent. So little by little, through their agents, the managers of the Bank of England bought up every receipt bearing the Childs' signature, allowing the collections to accumulate each year until the time should be ripe, during a shortage of gold, to present the receipts in one great mass for payment. It was deemed a certainty that Childs' would not be able to meet the demand and would thus be ruined.

The principal figure in the drama that ensued was no other than the famous Sarah Jennings, in whom Childs' bank found its staunchest supporter. One night there came a wild clanging at the bell of the great gate of the town of Blenheim—a clanging that soon awakened every one in the town. A white faced, travel stained man staggered into the ducal hall, begging an audience with her grace. When the duchess, in her dressing gown, appeared, demanding to know the reason for this unseemly visitation, the man explained that the Bank of England held the Childs' receipts in the amount of £200,000, that those receipts would be presented for payment at noon following, that there was not at Childs' enough gold to meet them, that unless the demand could be satisfied within eight hours Childs' was ruined and that there was but one person in the world—her grace—to whom they might turn.

Whereupon the redoubtable duchess sat down and wrote out a check, which she handed to the agent. It was an order on the Bank of England for the payment of £700,000. He was instructed to take this check to the Bank of England and to say that if he hesitated for a single instant in paying it the duchess would proclaim it as a defaulter.

At 12 o'clock that day there appeared at the Childs' counter an agent of the Bank of England bearing a big bag full of receipts and blandly suggesting immediate payment. At the same moment the Childs' agent was in Threadneedle street receiving cash on the check of the duchess.

The cashiers at Childs' naturally took their own time in scrutinizing the receipts, spending fully half an hour over the first batch alone. They were at the end of the first hundred when their messenger arrived. Then they quickened the procedure a little, and within ten minutes the Bank of England had been paid in its own coin. The net result was that Childs' was many thousands of pounds richer.—Harper's

We never see the target a man aims at in life. We see only the target he hits.—Jordan.

BUSY CELL TOILERS.

The Marvelous Work They Constantly Perform in the Blood.

The blood cells are important members of the cell community and are exceedingly numerous, there being over 75,000,000,000 of the red blood cells alone. These red blood cells move in the blood currents, carrying through the arteries each its little load of oxygen, which it transports to the distant tissues that they may be invigorated and vitalized anew, and, returning, carrying through the veins the debris and waste products of the system to the great crematory of the lungs, where the waste is burned and thrown off from the body.

Like the ships that sail the sea, each cell carries its outgoing cargo and returns with another one. Some of these cells perform the office of special repairers, forcing their way through the walls of the blood vessels and penetrating the tissues in order to perform their special tasks.

There are several other kinds of cells in the blood besides the carriers just mentioned. There are the wonderful soldier and police cells, which maintain order and fight battles when necessary. The police cells are on the constant lookout for germs, bacteria and other microscopic disturbers of the peace of the body.

When these tiny policemen discover vagrant germs or criminal bacteria they rush upon the intruder and, tying him up in a mesh, proceed to devour him. If the intruder be too large or vigorous a call for assistance is sent out, and the reserve police rush to the assistance of their brothers and overpower the disturber of the peace.

Sometimes when the vagrants are too numerous the policemen throw them out from the body by means of pimples, boils and similar eruptions. In case of infectious diseases an army corps is ordered out in full strength, and a royal fight is waged between the invading army and the defenders of home and country.—William Walker Atkinson in Nautilus.

CHINESE SIGNBOARDS.

Poetic Gems to Attract Business to Shops in Peking.

W. Simpson in "Meeting the Sun" writes: "I saw in Peking a list of signboards, and a few samples of them will illustrate their general character: 'Shop of Heaven Sent Luck,' 'Shop of Celestial Principles,' 'The Nine Felicities Prolonged,' 'Mutton Shop of Morning Twilight,' 'The Ten Virtues All Complete,' 'Flowers Rise to the Milky Way.'"

"In these signs we can see that the Chinese can combine the soul of a poet with the pocket of a shopman. Contrast such efforts with 'The Noted Eeple House' of the London streets, and one must feel that we are outer barbarians. Carlyle quotes a Chinese signboard, 'No Cheating Here,' but I could not find anything like it in the list. 'Good and Just According to Heaven' ought to satisfy the ideal notions of the author of 'Sartor Resartus.'"

"The Honest Pen Shop of Li" implies that other pen shops are not honest. The "Steel Shop of the Pockmarked Wang" suggests that any peculiarity of a shopman may be used to impress the memory of customers. Snub noses, squint eyes, lame legs and hump backs might all be used in this way.

A charcoal shop calls itself the "Fountain of Beauty," and a place for the sale of coal indulges in the title of "Heavenly Embroidery." An oil and wine establishment is the "Neighborhood of Chief Beauty," a description of the realization of which it is hard to conceive anywhere in Peking. "The Thrice Righteous" one would scarcely expect from an opium shop.—London Globe

Blocked by an Iceberg.
 Discussing the iceberg question, Professor John Milne of London writes that the year he visited Newfoundland one of these ice mountains had stuck in the Narrows, which is the entrance to St. John's harbor. The capital of Newfoundland was bottled up. "A fort founded at the intruder for a time, but it might as well have been pounded at the Karakoram mountains. The monster stopped all traffic either in or out. On the third day, however, it heeled over and sailed away."

Awful Ignorance.
 Young Man With Lavender Tie, Pink Shirt and Bright Purple Socks—Say, Jim Lawrence is a queer duck. He pronounces his words so queer! The other day he was telling some girls about going to the Blank Inn for a "tabbedote" dinner. As soon as we left the girls I asked him what he meant and he came to find out he meant table de hotel! Ha, ha, ha!—Chicago Tribune.

Her Discourse.
 "My dear," mildly expostulated her husband, "I said only half a dozen words and you have talked about them for forty-five minutes."
 "Well," snapped Mrs. Vick-Senn, "the preacher does that sort of thing every Sunday morning and you never kick about it!"—Chicago Tribune.

At Sixes and Sevens.
 "I married my first husband for money and my second for love."
 "Then you are very happy now, I suppose?"
 "No Alas, no! You see, my first husband married me for love and my second for money."

A Special Favor.
 Customer—I want a ton of coal. Dealer—Yes, sir. What size? Customer—Well, if it's not asking too much, I'd like to have a 2,000 pound ton.—Brooklyn Life.

BIG SHIP BUILDING

The Planning and Constructing of an Ocean Liner.

FIRST A MINIATURE IS MADE.

This Small Model Is Then Thoroughly Tested, and the Story It Tells When Perfected Will Be the Story of the New Vessel When Launched.

Building a modern ocean liner is an interesting and complicated operation. The ship's plan is first prepared in sections from owners' specifications, on a scale of a quarter or half an inch to the foot. One set of drawings, called the "sheer draft," is a plan of the ship's skeleton or framework without the plates, the internal deck, bulkhead and hold arrangements being indicated by a series of detailed drawings.

Follows then the experimental stage. A wooden block or casting of paraffin wax is first made to scale from the ship's plans and tested in a large tank about 300 feet in length and eight feet deep. The model, weighted to the load line, is towed to and fro by an overhead traveser at varying speeds.

Delicate instruments register the exact "pull," the displacement, the stability and a host of other information. The shape of the model is altered again and again, pieces being shaved off here and others there. The final results are carefully tabulated, and from this ship in embryo the builders complete their plans.

Inside the central shed, 250 yards long and 150 feet in height, the ship's berth has meantime been prepared. Thousands of wooden piles, about thirty feet in length, have been driven by pile drivers deep into the ground. On these are laid huge beams and the floor completed with stout planks. Then in the center the keel blocks, surmounted by oak caps in groups of five, are assembled on a falling gradient to the river of about half an inch a foot.

All is now ready for the reception of the ponderous keel. This—the backbone of the ship—is of huge strength, measuring four feet across, and is three and a quarter inches thick. Parallel with the keel, but above it and attached by angle bars, is the central girder, five feet high, the space between forming the double bottom. On each side, at regular distances running lengthwise, are seven other girders, the outer one called the "margin plate."

The water tight chambers are formed by vertical partitions of plates extending above and beneath the floors up to the margin plate on each side.

After the great cast steel stern frame and the stem bar for the bows have been attached the plating begins. The steel strips of varying sizes, but averaging thirty-four feet in length and about three tons in weight each, which form the skin of the ship, are laid on in strikes like the bricks in a wall. Fitting these strikes to the shape of a ship is a critical business. A thin wooden pattern or template is first prepared for each plate and clamped in position on the ship's side. With minute care every detail is marked on it—the size and shape, the overlap and the rivet holes.

It is then transferred to its prototype, the steel plate, which is cut, punched and bent by wonderful machinery that slices steel strips, punches rivet holes and bends steel plate as easily and cleanly as though the material were paper. Nimble traveling cranes on gables under the roof pick up the huge plates when ready and convey them to their appointed place, where the hydraulic riveter—a mechanical marvel—with irresistible force and rapidity drives each rivet home. In the building of a modern liner over 4,000,000 rivets are used. Each joint is rendered water tight by caulking.

The outer shell finished and the inside work far advanced, the builders turn their attention to the problem of the launch, the weight of the vessel at this point on the keel blocks being something like 15,000 tons. The launching ways, sloping gently to the water, are prepared, and cradles, fore and aft, to guide the ship, are erected with huge wooden beams, the whole being finally lubricated by tallow and train oil.

Amid acclamation the ship receives its baptism and, whether for weal or woe, takes to its element. Still helpless, though, its motive power lacking, it is afterward moored to the works wharf under a 150 ton trolley crane, whereby its boilers—twenty-five of them—are lowered into the abyss of the hold and a multitude of fittings connected with the engines.

Dwarfing all else for size come next the four funnels, towering 150 feet above keel level and large enough for two tramcars to be drawn through abreast. These are fixed on the gigantic "uptakes," connecting with the boilers by a network of flues.

A hoist of auxiliary machinery for lighting, ventilating, pumping and steering the ship, as well as the passenger lifts, is being installed at the same time as a swarm of men work day and night on the internal decorations. Electricians encircle the ship with a gridle of light and install a telephone and electric call service with 300 stations.

In the chart room is fitted a wonderful clock, which controls, synchronously, fifty other clocks in different parts of the ship. The lofty Marconi mast is linked up with the mysterious instruments in the wireless cabin. Then, at last, after many months of toil, comes the welcome day when the great ship, pride of her builders, sails forth upon its trial trip.—London Answers.

SMOKE FOR A LIVING.

French Tobacco Testers and Their Peculiar Line of Work.

In the French ministry of finance there is a class of officials whose activity is little known to the outer world. These men are the official tobacco testers, and they pass judgment on every kind of tobacco manufactured in France.

They consist of a chairman and five assistants, and from morning to evening they have nothing to do but smoke cigars, cigarettes and pipes, in order to arrive at an estimate of the different kinds of tobacco submitted to them.

It is not only the products of home industry that come before them for judgment, but the cigars and cigarettes that are sold in France have also to make their appeal to the decision of their palate, and the pleasant part of the day's work comes when it falls to their lot to test the high priced Havana cigars sold by the state.

The officials who undertake this difficult and responsible duty are ex-inspectors of tobacco manufacturers who have passed a certain number of years in the state's service and have given proof of their capability for this peculiar kind of work. Their by no means light duty consists in smoking from 9 in the morning to 5 in the evening, and very often it is by no means the best kinds of tobacco with which they have to deal. The injurious influence of this tobacco debauch, which produces great dryness of the mouth and throat and might easily lead to nicotine poisoning, they endeavor to combat by drinking great quantities of black coffee, which acts as an antidote to the effects of the nicotine imbued. And it is only black coffee that renders it possible for them to distinguish between and estimate the value of the various kinds of strong tobacco.

The danger run by these valiant officials can best be gauged by remembering the highly poisonous character of nicotine as brought out especially by the experience of a Croatian in the Crimean war, who, on finding a snake in a wall, knocked the bowl off his chibouk and plunged the end into its mouth, with the result that it fell dead at his feet as stiff as a piece of iron.—Hamburger Nachrichten.

Everything Out.
 A "cub" reporter was sent out by his city editor to cover a fire in the Back Bay district. Before he could reach the house the fire had been extinguished and the fire department gone. Nothing daunted, the reporter rang the bell of the house and soon was confronted by a servant girl.
 "I wish to see Mr. Robinson," said the reporter, politely tipping his hat.
 "He's out," tersely answered the servant.
 "Is his wife at home?" asked the reporter.
 "No; she's out too."
 "Well," came back the reporter, "I understand you have had a fire here."
 "Oh, that's out, too," and the reporter went sadly away as the door slammed in his face.—Boston Traveler.

A Suggestion.
 The retailer stopped one of his oldest customers on the street.
 "I want to speak to you," he began.
 "Go ahead, and see if I care."
 "You've got to care. This bill of yours has been running a long time now."
 "Poor thing! How can you be so cruel as to let it run a long time?"
 "Well, what are you going to do with it?"
 "I'm going to make you a suggestion. If that bill has been running for as long as you say it has give it a rest. Let it stand for a month or two."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Wideawake Prisoner.
 "The jury has unanimously found you guilty, prisoner at the bar," said the judge dryly, "but for some reason unknown to me they have recommended you to the mercy of the court. In view of your crime you must be hanged, but in view of that recommendation to mercy you may choose the method of hanging."
 "All right, you're honor," replied the prisoner. "If that's the case I guess I'll be hanged in effigy."—Harper's.


Allayed His Fever.
 Old Bachelor—Whatcher looking so blue about, old man? De Chapple—Reason enough. Last night I dramatically told Doc De Rocks that I was consumed with love for his daughter, and the old chump prescribed quinine for a fever and said he'd send the bill later.—Boston Record.

Fills the Bill.
 "A sentence with the word exposure," the teacher demanded, and a sturdy boy put up his hand.
 "If you fellows don't quit your grafting I'll expose," he quoted grandiloquently from the noted reform lecturer he had heard.—New York Times.

The Post's Roost.
 William Watson says of the poet, "He sits above the clang and dust of time."
 This might indicate that he takes to the roof when his wife begins her spring housecleaning.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Curiosity.
 Where necessity ends curiosity begins, and no sooner are we supplied with everything the nature can demand than we sit down to contrive artificial appetites.—Johnson.

The man who toils for a principle ennobles himself by the act.—Theodore Parker.



I am going to Legat's Harness Shop to buy my horse goods.

"It is a pleasure to tell you that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best cough medicine I have ever used," write Mrs. Hugh Campbell, of Lavonia, Ga. "I have used it with my children and the results have been highly satisfactory." For sale by Benson's Pharmacy.

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Cottage Grove Chapter No. 4, O. E. S.—Next regular meeting, Friday evening, Dec. 13, 7:30 o'clock. Masonic Hall, Pacific Highway.
KATHERINE K. SCOVELL, Sec.