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New Pacific Northwest Pocket Map
The Union Pacific has just received from the press a new pocket edition indexed map of the Pacific Northwest, which is perhaps the most complete and convenient map of Oregon and Washington ever published. A copy will be sent free to any address by Wm. McMurray, General Passenger Agent, Pittock Block, Portland, Oregon, upon receipt of request by card or letter.

CUT FLOWERS & FLORAL DESIGNS
Clarke Bros., Florists, 287 Morrison St.

We started our weekly auction sales Wednesday, Nov. 21st. If you have anything to consign in horses, mules, cattle, harness or wagons, also farm implements, you can ship direct to the North Portland Horse & Mule Company. Write, phone or phone Empire 0121, and we will give you prompt attention. North Portland Horse & Mule Co., No. Portland, Oregon.

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MENTION THIS AD WHEN WRITING

Women's Senate in Rome.
A senate of women was established in Rome 218-222 A. D. by Emperor Elagabalus for the serious consideration of dress and etiquette.

The Kind to Give Up.
There are habits that cost more to raise than a family.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Swedes Make Machine to Dry Native Wheat

Stockholm.—A new contrivance for counteracting the destructive influence of damp weather on the grain production of Sweden is a grain-drying apparatus. It is believed that the use of this machine will not only prove economical to flour mills, but will at the same time have a definite effect on the importation of wheat from America. Swedish mills have in the past found it necessary to blend American

wheat with Swedish wheat in equal ratio, but by drying native wheat with this apparatus only 30 per cent of American wheat will be required for the blend.

The machine consists principally of four rotating cylinders with tubes for the circulation of the grain, to which warm air is applied.

Knowledge is not found unsought.

When Tony Intervened

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

To recognize a blessing in guise of an imphish boy, requires insight plus lively faith. Possessed of reasonable insight, but wholly lacking faith, Alice set down Tony, her small stepnephew, as the crowning misery of a miserable summer.

She had hated him victoriously before seeing him—what right had a woman with a son seven years old to take captive her fastidious brother? Jere had scoffed equally at widows and wooing since he was nineteen. A concrete reason, of course, for the scoffing—it were petticoats—frilly ones—owned a baby stare and an acquired lisp. In the lightest, most fetching half mourning for a husband killed in the first honeymoon, she had annexed Jere casually, played on—and with—him to bring to bag her real quarry, the semi-senile Senator Core.

Instead of making becoming haste to die, the senator had retired from public life—from everything but taking care of himself. By consequence Mrs. Core had had bitter reason to rue her bargain. He might live to be ninety—liberty was a high price to pay for twenty years more of luxury and slavery. Moreover, she would get almost nothing in fee—only a fair annuity, charged upon the big fortune which, devoted to pious charity, was to keep in remembrance the name of Core.

Jere quit hating her when that came to his knowledge. Indeed, he had only thought he hated her for a longish time. Alice had known the fact, but had been too canny to mention it. Jere, ten years older, was her paragon. Judge what she suffered when he married an almost nobody, neither rich nor poor, plain nor handsome—indeed merely an average person, except for the boy, Tony.

He had been, since he was weaned, the best pal of a bachelor uncle, whose conception of the universe was that it existed for Tony's behalf and benefit. Tony began riding to hounds at four—on no pony, if you please, a long-striding hunter, full man size.

Even then he swore "good mouth-filling oaths"—at five he played such poker even the veterans used him respectfully. A little later he scandalized the neighborhood by saying to a visiting minister who had insisted upon holding family prayer:

"Mr. Man, you talk too long. God tells me he don't like it any better'n I do." And on top of that, to two young women pretending to quarrel over him, he piped in a blase voice: "Stop talkin' foolish. Jinny's too fat and Lou too scrawny. I won't even look at any of your grandchildren."

As a make-weight, he had friends—legions of them—the servants, the men on the farm, the poor folk round about, to whom he was often his uncle's almoner. And to none of them was he ever rude or saucy. This partly from a naturally good heart; partly also from Uncle Bill's gospel, "A gentleman always helps the under dog."

He was straight, long-limbed, up-headed, unchildishly wiry; his fair skin mottled with freckles; his hair sun-bleached to the color of tow. Supple as a kitten, active as a flea, he looked the part of terrible infant so perfectly Alice smiled grimly at sight of him, "feeling her misliking so entirely justified. Clearly the imp was not psychic. In about seven minutes after he began staring at her, he said musingly:

"Aunt Alice! Well! I don't so much mind! Uncle Bill has got to marry now. Mammy won't be there to take care of us, and if he took anybody else I'd have two aunts to pester."

There his new father swooped upon him, chuckling hard, and bore him away. In spite of kicks, poundings, threats of biting, saying over his shoulder: "Alice, Bill is coming next week. He ain't quite so sudden as—the head of the family—" giving Tony a bear hug; "but he's mighty well Tony-broke—"

"Apparently!" from Alice at her latest: "I hate to disoblige—but the fact is—I've made other arrangements," flushing a lovely red, and turning away her eyes. Be sure then a habbub broke out—a girl who has a dotting father, a critical brother, two rich maiden aunts, and an official fairy godmother sets up a mighty pother, by such an announcement.

"Who is he?" Jere demanded, setting Tony on his feet. Instantly that young person clinched fists and stood forward, the very moral of an angry pantomime. "What business had you to make 'rangements'?" he demanded shrilly: "You might a-known we had things all fixed—Uncle Bill and me!"

Alice smiled inscrutably, and walked to the other door, stopping there to say to the assembled family, "Save your breath by asking no questions. Content yourselves with knowing you'll have wedding cards in good time."

Being gentlefolk, there the matter ended. Uncle Bill came, saw but did not try to conquer, though Alice admitted in the privacy of her own hearing he was a fine man, easy, gracious, delightfully whimsical in speech, with a smile like morning sunshine, whom dogs intuitively fawned on and babies toddled after. He shook his head at her, with Tony riding pig-a-back, saying reproachfully, "You are very, very wicked to disappoint Tony. Yes, the plan was wholly his; he waited to see you before settling anything." Then followed much explosive laughter. Under cover of it Alice escaped.

Uncle Bill was a bird of passage en route to South America in a business way. He left behind a Tony so desolate that Alice's heart softened toward him in spite of his mischief. A bad boy, not a mean one, she decided, sighing unaccountably. Yet more unaccountably she fell in a way of comforting him with cardboard, colors and brushes in the den where she amused herself by turning out such small deer as place cards, Christmas cards and illuminated mottoes for Christmas and Easter.

Alice found herself in a sore strait—wholly of her own making. She had meant to refuse Lawyer Eads—he was a coming mfn, one who would certainly be rich and possibly famous. She had known all along she did not love him, yet had temporized—her father, her aunts, the fairy godmother approved him highly. Tony's planning had maddened her—she had committed herself tacitly, to be sure, but felt she must go on with it. All her courage had availed was to say to her wooer: "Wait—until October—now I can neither promise—nor refuse." So he came walking on air, now and then, giving himself a gait so proprietary, it made her writhe. Her sole comfort was to write in an untidy journal her wretchedness, her regret for the haste that had hampered her. Not a word of Uncle Bill—but she saw his eyes, his smile, between the lines. She must hold to her freedom until he had come and gone. After that the deluge—its outcome, she could not guess.

There was a curious change in Tony—he shut himself in the den, worked there furiously to judge by blotches and splashes over floor and table, but Alice hardly noted them—her consciousness was fixed forward—in a week Uncle Bill would be home. By almost a miracle he came two days earlier, Lawyer Eads graciously hurrying him out in his own car. Alice got white at sight of them together, but nobody noticed the fact. Tony had the floor—he was shouting shrilly: "Uncle Bill! Uncle Bill! See what I made you, Alice's picture, in her own writin' book. I knew she wouldn't mind—" with that thrusting upon his gasping Uncle Bill something more many-colored than was Joseph's coat. Alice snatched it away, crying: "You—you must not look—neither of you." Then fell in a faint. Before she came out of it, two men had read her diary, but, of course, had acted as became perfect gentlemen. Said Eads: "It is providential." Speech was beyond Uncle Bill—but his eyes spoke his heart.

TOWN OF CORPUS CHRISTI

City Is Built on Narrow Strip of Sand Which Separates Fresh Water Bay From One of Salt.

Sweeping through a narrow channel between two great islands of sand, the blue Mexican gulf waves spread out into the broad expanse of Corpus Christi bay, to be girdled together again at the mouth of the Nueces river. The river itself meanders through the broad and fertile plains of Texas until it nears the salt water, when, as if in imitation of the mighty ocean it is soon to join, the stream widens into a great circular loop, a bay of fresh water separated from the salt by a long tongue of sand.

Along the narrow beach men have reared great buildings of stone and brick. But, rising from it, towers the higher ground, crowned with homes and churches. A boulevard runs along the brow of the bluff, a boulevard from which one looks out over the roofs of banks and office buildings across the blue of the bay to the misty shore line of distant islands. On the narrow strip of sand and soil that forms a barrier between the fresh water of one bay and the salt water of the other, are more homes and many places where people laugh and play.

Behind the city lie fields of cotton, grazing land and groves of orange trees or verdant gardens filled with vegetables. Tiny wild flowers dot the green grass of the cattle land like living stars. Low, scraggling cedars stretch their crooked branches toward the sea. White waxen berries of mistletoe glisten through the darker green of the live oak, while strands of Spanish moss sway with each passing breeze.

Close Quarters.
In some amateur theatricals a fugitive from justice was supposed to escape from his pursuers by concealing himself under a table. The table was small, while the fugitive was somewhat lengthy.

The commander of the pursuing party rushed onto the stage and fell over the legs of the man for whom he was searching.

Picking himself up and rubbing his shins, he caused roars of laughter by exclaiming in dramatic style: "Ha, the villain has eluded us again."

A Secret.

The minister of a certain church called upon a woman, a member of his congregation, and, finding no one at home, slipped a card through the letter-box, after scribbling upon it the words: "Sorry to find you out."

When the woman returned home Mary, the maid, met her at the door and presented the card with a whisper: "Here, mum, I took charge of this. It would never do for the master to know the minister's found you out."

Attention.
"There is some gossip about Mrs. Muggs."

"Really!" exclaimed Miss Cayenne. "She is coming on. For years she has not been considered important enough to be gossiped about."

THRILLING TUG OF WAR WITH "GATOR"

English Army Officer Has Narrow Escape From Death.

'Crocodiles are extraordinary reptiles; men who have had dealings with them tell almost incredible stories about them. As an example we quote from the Wide World Magazine this extract from an article by Lieut. Col. Gordon Casserly:

One afternoon the column halted by the river as usual and prepared to camp. When the men had cleared the ground and set the pickets they fell out to get their food and rest. A captain, unslinging his empty water bottle, went to the river to fill it.

At that spot the bank was perhaps four feet high and rose straight up. It curved in a sharp bend, and the water close in shore was shallow. There was no current near the bank, but only a few yards out the deep and mighty stream swept along like a mill race.

The officer knelt on the bank and, lowering the bottle by its long strap, turned his head to speak to a sub-hadar (native company commander) near him. Half a dozen sepoy, some holding their rifles, were standing close by.

Suddenly out of the still water under the bank came a monstrous head, and like a trout rising to a fly a huge crocodile snapped at the white man's outstretched hand. The great jaws closed on it, and in a twinkling the officer was down in the river!

As he fell the astounded soldiers gasped in horror. Then without hesitation two or three leaped in after him. Standing waist deep, they clutched the captain's body and strove to pull him away from the giant reptile, which was backing out into deeper water.

The Englishman, with his hand in the crocodile's mouth, was too dazed to struggle and submitted passively to be pulled this way and that in the grim tug of war. The native officer snatched a rifle from a man beside him and, jumping into the water, fired at the monster at a yard's range. A sepoy followed his example, but neither man thought of aiming at the eyes, and so their shots had no effect; an old crocodile's hide is impenetrable to bullets except in the throat, the belly and behind the shoulders.

The weight and strength of the brute was too much for the united efforts of the men. In vain they dug their heels into the yielding sand and pulled with all their might and main. Slowly, remorselessly, the officer was drawn farther out; the sepoy clinging to him were dragged with him.

The Englishman seemed doomed. The crocodile was swimming now tail foremost out into the swift-racing flood.

Then a miracle happened! When it seemed that nothing could save the man the strong current caught the monster with full force and swept it away, and by a marvelous stroke of luck the officer's hand was torn from its mouth.

The irregular teeth of a crocodile fortunately do not fit close together. So little injured was the captain that after the doctor had bound up his hand he was able to attend to his duties immediately. When his comrades asked what his feeling had been during the terrible ordeal he said:

"I felt nothing. It was as if my hand had been tied to a railway engine that was slowly dragging me through the water painlessly but irresistibly. The power drawing me was so great that there was no question of struggling against it. I simply went with it, that's all. No, I felt no fear or suffering."

Tons of Apple Pomace Wasted.

Thousands of tons of apple pomace are going to waste annually which might profitably be turned into food for wintering cattle. Studies to determine the food value and best methods of utilizing this by-product from commercial cider and vinegar mills have been made. When the moist apple pomace can be used fresh or ensiled it yields a succulent cattle food comparable with corn silage. The quantity that can be used in this way is limited, however, because of the relatively high cost of transportation for material having such a high water content. Its most profitable utilization depends upon its preservation by dehydration and producing it as a commercial food. In feeding trials with dairy cows dried-apple pomace proved to be a palatable feed and appeared to be equal pound for pound of dry matter to good corn silage. The material was fed wet and replaced the corn silage in a ration including grain and hay.

How He Knew.

An Irishman called at a dairy and asked the dairymaid if he could supply him with a dozen eggs laid by a black hen.

The dairymaid was amazed at the Irishman's strange order, but informed Pat that he could pick them out himself.

After Pat had picked out his eggs, the dairymaid asked him how he could distinguish eggs laid by a black hen. "Oh, shure, man," replied Pat, "they're always the biggest."

Tyranny of Servants.

The Visitor—Why were you divorced from your husband?

Mrs. Eva Ferraer



OREGON IS FAMOUS FOR ITS BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Salem, Oreg.—"Last year I became in an extremely run-down condition, my appetite failed me and I became very nervous. A friend advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as a tonic and I was very thankful to her for her good advice. One bottle of it made me feel like a new person; it strengthened and built me up into a perfect state of health, my appetite returned and all nervousness disappeared. I have no hesitancy in saying that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the very best tonic I have ever taken and I am glad to have my testimonial published if it will be of benefit to others who have become run-down and weak."—Mrs. Eva Ferraer, 444 Water St.

Obtain the Discovery in tablets or liquid from your druggist or send 10c for trial pkg. to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

How the Fires Start.

In the forests of the Rockies the evergreens stand some distance apart so that their tops do not touch, says the "School Book of Forestry" of the American Tree association. As a result these western forests do not shade the ground as well as those in the East. This causes the soils of these forests to be much drier, and also increases the danger from fire.

Enduring Value.

A great poem is the fountain forever overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight; and after one person and one age has exhausted all its divine effluence which their peculiar relations enable them to share, another and yet another succeeds, and new relations are ever developed, the source of an unforeseen and an unconceived delight.—Sir Philip Sidney.

He's a Philosopher.

Little George is an embryonic philosopher. He said the other day at the table: "Now, when I sit in my chair my feet won't touch the floor, but when I walk around they touch the floor as well as anybody's"—Woman's Home Companion.

Practice "Give and Take."

In the business world today a man who is unwilling "to give and take" stands very little chance of attaining success. The philosophy of modern business has so been developed that biggest business is now greatest service.

Here's a Smile.

"Just think of it! An impudent fellow calmly came in and actually stole the clock right off the mantelpiece." "And your dog was in the very room?" "Yes, but that doesn't count. Flossy is only a watchdog, you know."

Sagacity of Wild Creatures.

Wild animals know where to find protection, says the Department of Agriculture. In places where there are game sanctuaries, wild creatures hasten to them at the beginning of every open hunting season.

The Other Fellow—That Is.

Any first-class whittler can think up a lot of things a fellow ought to be able to make a fortune out of.—Baltimore Sun.

Immune From Influenza.

There is one place always absolutely immune from influenza. This sanctuary is the cinnamon warehouse connected with London's docks. No employee has ever been attacked by the disease.

First Study, Then Achieve.

Try thyself unweariedly till thou findest the highest thing thou art capable of doing, faculties and outward circumstances being duly considered; and then do it.—J. Stuart Mill.

Shoe Repairs.

A bit chipped off the toe of a brown shoe can be effectively repaired by a thin coat of white shellac, with brown polish applied over it.

Red Cross BALL BLUE

is needed in every department of house-keeping. Equally good for towels, table linen, sheets and pillow cases. Greases

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