

TAKE TIME TO LIVE.

The Oregonian finds a lesson in the demise of Prof Black while the sun of his life was still well in its morning:

Professor C. W. M. Black, the quiet, scholarly reclus of the faculty of the University of Oregon, who died a few days ago while on the way to Colorado for the benefit of his health, was an earnest, studious young man, who appears to have taken life all too seriously to compass many years of it. A consumptive, he shut himself up with his books while his lungs were demanding fresh air and opportunity for expansion, and his strength was failing from the inroads of disease and lack of exercise. There is but one penalty for a mistake of this kind, and this Professor Black paid before thirty years of a possible ninety had been told. The pity of his death is in the canceled opportunity, the arrested usefulness and development that it chronicles.

Well said! Why should men and women make slaves of themselves to an idea—that they must lose no time, must go through life on a high pressure basis? The man who thinks the world will not move along as usual after he is dead is sadly mistaken. He will die and will not long be missed apart from his family circle.

WHO HEIRS THE FAIR MIL-
 LIONS?

The terrible death of the San Francisco millionaire, Charles Fair and wife in France Thursday, under their forty-ton automobile, brings up a rather curious question as to the disposition of the million-dollar estate.

Which died first? If Fair died first his wife would inherit all that portion of the vast fortune not disposed of by will, provided one exists, and it would go to her people. The courts will probably hold otherwise though, if no positive proof exists as to the last will. The common law holds that in case of common accident and death the young and strong die last; that the man of about equal age and condition with the woman survives her. The application is often made in case of shipwreck where it is very reasonable to suppose that the woman would perish before the man. It is on such fine points of law that the millions left by the dead man hang.

COLUMBIA'S SALMON.

Who will say that the salmon is not a great fish and the Columbia River not its greatest breeding waters? At Harrington Point Monday, twenty-five and one quarter tons of the fish were taken in five hauls, probably a record breaker even for the Columbia. A single haul of the seine brought out twelve hundred fish weighing about nine tons, an average of fifteen pounds to the fish. This was great fishing.

Science is responsible. Several years ago fish hatcheries turned out the salmon fry that are now returning to the home of their nativity from out the unknown depths of the great Pacific. From what part of the great ocean? None may answer.

Insanity admissions to Bellevue Hospital, New York City, during the past three days are a puzzle to attending physicians. The average admissions are less than three a day yet thirty-two were received in the three days, the majority of whom were unusually violent. Two thirds of them were women and there were few alcoholic patients. The sudden increase of insanity cannot be accounted for by weather conditions as it has not been unusually hot.

Three inches of bathing suit, or rather lack thereof, caused the cancellation of a marriage engagement in a Pennsylvania town the other day. He asked for three inches more skirt; she thought there was plenty. So they quit.

New York is restocking the Adirondack mountains with moose after an extermination of fifty years. The animals are secured from Canada.

Russia is in the market as a borrower. The czar's government is in need of the little item of \$1,188,495,000, for the use of which a term of years it is willing to pay four per cent interest.

A despondent author committed suicide at New York the other day. Besides his authorship troubles he had to carry the name of Napoleon F. Washington. No wonder that he finally broke down.

Oregon editors will tell each other what they know at Newport for the next few days. The state Press Association meets there this evening. Tomorrow Judge Pipe will deliver an address on "Libel Law."

Since the fatal Fair automobile accident at Paris yesterday we have cancelled the order for an automobile and bought a curly comb for the old horse. In fact if it comes to the worst we can walk. No automobile here.

Congressman-elect Williamson urges harmony in the selection of a United States senator to succeed Simon. Mr. Williamson should throw a bone among a pack of hungry curs and see the state that issues for its appropriation. Then we can talk harmony understandingly.

The Portland Telegram referring to a short stay of eight companies of returning Philippine colored troops at the depot in that city Thursday morning, awaiting railway transfer, says the colored girl looked about them, and "like their sisters were fascinated by brass buttons and khaki."

Senator Proctor of Vermont says the finest speech he ever made consisted of only four words. It was a retort to Senator Hoar's sarcastic little thrust in a speech directed at the Green Mountain senator. He said: "No man in Vermont is allowed to vote unless he has made \$5000 trading with Massachusetts people." Whereat, Proctor said: "And we all vote."

The sight of a passing lady on a bicycle early this morning trying to protect an elaborate summer hat from the sudden rain, provoked me to think that about one half our people wear hats that are not fit to be caught out in rain with. And this is a rainy country for several months of the year. It was the old Quaker who, when a finely but thinly dressed lady complained he could, sarcastically suggested, "There had better put on another dresspin."

The health officer of Cleveland, Ohio, has prevailed on many of the merchants of that city to retain dirty and filthy paper money as it comes into their possession through the channels of trade, also to give out clean bills in making change. It is a move in the right direction. Our hard money people of the Pacific Coast cannot appreciate the foulness of much of the paper stuff that passes from hand to hand in the east. It is said to be responsible for the spread of smallpox and other contagious diseases. The government gives new money in exchange for the dirty or mutilated currency.

The aged negro janitor of the Tennessee supreme court has sold himself to the clerk of the court for one thousand dollars. He is an ex-slave and about sixty years of age. The money will be used to pay off debts that were worrying him. Of course such a contract is not legal, that is it cannot be enforced, still if both parties are willing no interference can be made with their sustaining the relations of master and slave. The deal is akin to the common occurrence of men transferring themselves to the devil in the one particular that it may not be prevented by society or law.

Matrimonial Snags.

"She wasn't like this before we married," muses Mr. Younghusband disconsolately. And he is quite right. If he would only carry the idea of change in his wife far enough he would be able to understand her feelings and sympathize with her condition. But his estimate of change stops at externals—at the tears, nervousness and irritability which are but surface symptoms of the real change she is undergoing.

There is no time when young women stand so much in need of good motherly advice as in the early days of married life, and there is perhaps no time when, as a rule, the young wife is left so entirely alone to grope her own way to happiness in doubt and uncertainty. Of the laws governing her womanly health she knows nothing. She becomes nervous, irritable, sleepless, dejected. To her, already, marriage is a failure. She sees long unhappy years before her, and shrinks from them.



Evidently in such a case a woman needs help, and the help she needs will be found in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will cure nervousness, sleeplessness and irritability, encourage the failing appetite, and bring back the physical buoyancy which has been lost.

"When I wrote to you some time ago asking for advice I was in very poor health," writes Mrs. Ethel Trept, Merrill (West Merrill), Wis., Box 54. "Suffering continually with severe pains and terrible headaches, and confined to my bed the greater part of the time. I thought I was in a delicate condition, and I think that something must be wrong. I consulted three different doctors. None could tell me what my case was. One said that in no way could I be helped except by having an operation. Every woman dreads the thought of an operation, and so did I. After reading one of Dr. Pierce's pamphlets I decided to write to him. I did so, and was told my case resulted from catching cold and not properly caring for my health at the time of monthly period, also that my kidneys were in bad condition. My back was fairly sore from continual aching and sometimes when I would lie down some one had to rub my back for nearly an hour before I could get any rest. I had a bad cough all the time, and my friends thought I had consumption, or was surely running into it. After taking three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and two of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two vials of Dr. Pierce's Pellets I am able to say truly that I am cured. I thank God and Dr. Pierce so much for being in as good health as I am to-day."

Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong, sick women well. In seven little words is summed up the cure of hundreds of thousands of weak and sick women. But it would take volumes to tell the story of these cures; for they cover every variety of womanly disease curable by medicine. Often the cure has passed the borderline where the use of medicine ends and surgery begins, and in not a few cases where the ailing woman had been told she was incurable.

Set Jail Afire.

JUNCTION CITY, Aug. 15.—James Zumwalt, who was serving a time in the city jail, set fire to the bed in the jail last evening, burning it up. Evidently his intention was to burn himself out of the jail, which was in a fair way to destruction when the fire alarm was given. The marshal with the aid of the fire department succeeded in extinguishing the fire, thus preventing the destruction of several buildings. While the city marshal was trying to put out the fire, the inmates attempted to get away, which resulted in a lively chase by the marshal and night watchman, who succeeded in recapturing their bird.

Booth Talks of Lane County.

Portland Journal, Aug. 13: R. A. Booth, of Eugene, hold-over state senator from Lane, Douglas and Josephine counties, is at the Imperial. Mr. Booth believes Lane to be the most prosperous county in the state. Its extensive lumbering, farming, fruit and hop interests are attracting the attention of many settlers from the East and investments are being made by large capitalists in its timber lands. Mr. Booth says that he is not familiar with the United States senatorial question and could not give an opinion.

Born.

Today at noon to Mr and Mrs R. McMurphy, a son named son.

The young son of John Rankin, of Pleasant Hill, was thrown off a horse last Friday and pretty badly injured. Besides being bruised by the fall the horse's hoof struck the boy's head, cutting the scalp severely. Dr. L. W. Brown was called to attend the injuries.

there was no help for her except in an operation, the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has restored her to perfect and permanent health.

"I cannot express my joy and happiness, nor thank you enough for all the good your medicines have done for me," writes Mrs. Anna Russell, of Harrison, Maine, Box 102. "When I began taking your medicine my weight was 105 pounds, now it is 120. I was troubled with female weakness and had severe backache, ovarian trouble, also ulceration. Left lung was swollen nearly all the time and pained me very much so that at times it was all I could do to take my breath. For six years I suffered dreadfully all over and had many different medicines but with very little help, if any at all. I couldn't eat anything except it hurt me very much, would bleed in bowels and have much pain. Had no appetite. A year ago last November I decided to write to Dr. Pierce, and received his kind advice, free. By following his instructions and taking the medicine faithfully I began to improve at once, and, although I have not taken a drop of medicine since last August, I feel perfectly well—better than I have for the last eight years. I believe that Dr. Pierce's medicines are a God-send to all suffering women. They saved me an operation, for three doctors told me I would never get well without going to a hospital and having an operation performed."

TO SUFFERING WOMEN.

This message comes to you from hundreds of thousands of women who were sick and suffering: Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has completely cured us of disease and made us well and happy women. Can you afford if you are sick to neglect such an opportunity of cure? Other medicines may have failed you. Local physicians may have said you could not be cured. But if you have not tried "Favorite Prescription," you have neglected the use of the medicine which has cured when all other medicines failed, and doctors proclaimed a cure to be impossible.

Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. As a tonic and nerve it is unequalled in its strengthening powers. It restores the lost health and gives back color to the cheek and plumpness to the form.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free, and so avoid the offensive examinations, indelicate questions and obnoxious local treatments.



often deemed necessary by the home physician. All letters are treated as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. "Favorite Prescription" has the testimony of thousands of women to its complete cure of womanly disease. Do not accept of unknown and unproved substitute in its place.

YOUNG WIVES.

Will find Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser full of helpful information. It is a book every wife and mother should possess. This great, modern medical work contains more than one thousand large pages and over 700 illustrations. It is sent absolutely free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

On the March and in Action.

The brilliantly spectacular presentation of the "Battle of San Juan Hill" by Buffalo Bill's Wild West Army and Congress of Rough Riders is in two parts. The first shows the American troops in a night-halt en route, with soldiers' fun, some charming songs and a very effective camp scene. The second is the battle, reproduced with wonderful and thrilling effect. Of the hundreds of men engaged in this scene, quite a number served in Roosevelt's Rough Riders and were in that fight, while others, especially engaged for vramembrance sake, are veteran Cuban insurgents, who also fought there. Coming to Eugene in Buffalo Bill on August 29.

Tracy's Head in Plaster Cast.

Spokane, Wash. Aug. 15.—Two Davenport men secretly made a plaster cast of Tracy's face and bust at night after the body had reached Davenport. Three copies were made. They show that the desperado was abnormally developed on the right side of his head and chest.

Corvallis Times: Sheriff Withers, of Lane county, was in town Thursday in consultation with Judge McFadden who is to assist in the prosecution of the alleged murderer of Benton Tracy. It is understood that the visit was in connection with the testimony and other features of the trial, which takes place at Eugene in October.

The Great Central Land Company has completed plans for a \$25,000 two-story building to be erected in the center of the new town of Bangor, Coos county. Work on the building will commence Sept. 1, and will be paid for and occupied by four corporations—the Great Central Railroad Co., Belt Line Railroad Co., Great Central Land Company and the Bank of Bangor.

The Rheumatic Fiends.

"I have been in the business for nine years," says a druggist quoted by the Philadelphia Record, "and up to date I have learned of 3,697 cures for rheumatism which regularly licensed physicians know nothing about—or, at least, if they do, they don't recommend them. People come in suffering from rheumatism—and it's queer that people who suffer from rheumatism all seem to look and act alike—and present a doctor's prescription.

"The first thing they want to know is how much it's going to cost. I look over the prescription and tell them, and then they invariably rear up on their hind legs and howl. They tell me about the virtues of something that cured Uncle Henry—goat's milk, drunk at 3 o'clock every morning; a raw onion carried in the left hand hip pocket, a horsechestnut carried in the vest pocket, magnetic rings—oh, all sorts of things that I've made notes of. It has become so that I am discouraged over the chances of filling a prescription for a rheumatic patient."

A Difficult Feat.

In the old days of western Pennsylvania, when the people had little money to pay for teachers and could spare their boys but little time from the work of the field, school "kept" almost incessantly during the few weeks when it was in session, with no Saturday holidays and very brief recesses. At one little schoolhouse among the mountains an old fashioned Irish schoolmaster was once employed who kept his boys grinding steadily at their tasks, but gave them permission to nibble from their lunch baskets sometimes as they worked.

One day, while the master was instructing a class in the rule of three, he noticed that one of the pupils was paying more attention to a piece of apple pie than to the lesson. "Arrah, there!" said the master. "Jack Bales, be listenin' to the lesson, will ye?" "I'm listenin', sir," said the boy. "Listenin' is it?" exclaimed the master. "Then it's listenin' wid one ear ye are an' attin' pol wid the other!"

A Singular Marriage Custom.

The Kurds have a very curious and somewhat dangerous marriage custom, which one would think would be more honored in the breach than in the observance. The husband, surrounded by a bodyguard of twenty or thirty young men, carries his wife home on his back in a scarlet cloth and is desperately assaulted the whole way by a number of girls.

Sticks and stones are hurled at the bridegroom, who, in the coming home with his bride, can hardly be considered a very happy man, for the irate amazons often inflict on him marks which he carries to the grave. It may be that among the lady pursuers are some of the bridegroom's former "flames," who turn the mock attack into downright earnest to avenge slighted love.

An Excited Vision.

"Baptizing days" are great events among the negroes of the south. On one occasion the old black preacher took two candidates, one a middle aged, sedate, quiet man, the other a young, excitable fellow, well out in the stream, where the water was waist deep. He put the elder one down first, who came up, folded his arms and looked dignified and pious.

The younger one, after being put under, came up greatly excited and shouting: "Glory! Glory! I seed de Lord! I seed him in de water—right down dar at de bottom!"

The older one, patting him on the shoulder, said: "Hush, honey; hush. Dat warn't de Lord. I seed it. It was nothin' but a terrapin."—New York Tribune.

How Lincoln Felt.

In 1862, says a writer in the Kansas City Journal, Colonel Alexander of Topeka, who was an intimate friend of President Lincoln, visited him at Washington and found him in a greatly depressed state of mind.

"This being president, isn't all it is cracked up to be, is it, Mr. Lincoln?" inquired Colonel Alexander. "No," said Lincoln, his eyes twinkling momentarily. "I feel sometimes like the Irishman who, after being ridden on a rail, said, 'Begorry, if it wasn't for the honor av the thing, I'd rather walk!'"

An Ancient River.

In Long Island sound, not far from the north shore of the island, is clearly defined the channel of an ancient river. As shown by the United States coast survey, it is a gorge, having a depth of about sixty feet below the general floor of the sound on either side of it. The gorge or channel was cut into the bedrock of gneiss, the erosion of which is exceedingly slow.

A Nice Friend.

Markley—You're a nice friend to have. Why didn't you lend Borrowers the \$5 he wanted? Kraft—Why should I? Markley—To save me. You must have realized that he knew if he didn't get it from you he would from me. You've practically robbed me of that "dover."—Philadelphia Press.

To Relieve the Monotony.

"You ought to have a change of scene," said the physician. "But my dear sir," protested the patient, "I am a traveling man by profession." "Well, that's the point. Stay home awhile and see something besides hotel rooms and stations."—Washington Star.

A man needs exercise as well as a schoolboy, but take it moderately. Some of the gnarled and knotted frames of early age are the rheumatic bodies of overworked acrobats.—Scholastic.

A Game of Leapfrog.

Napoleon Bonaparte, as is well known, was in the habit of walking with his arms crossed upon his chest and his head slightly bent forward. Isabeau, the painter, was at Malmaison, and he and some of the first consuls' aides-de-camp were having a game of leapfrog on the lawn. Isabeau had already jumped over the heads of most of them, when at the turning of a path he espied the last player, who, in the requisite position, seemed to be waiting for the order. Isabeau pursued his course without looking, but took his sight so badly as only to reach the other's shoulder, and both rolled over and over in the sand.

To Isabeau's consternation, his supposed fellow player turned out to be Bonaparte, who got up, foaming at the mouth with anger, and, drawing his sword, pounced upon the unfortunate artist. Isabeau, luckily for himself, better at running than at leaping, took to his heels and, jumping the ditches dividing the property from the highroad, got over the wall and never stopped until, breathless, he reached the gates of the Tuilleries.

Isabeau, it was added, went immediately to Mme. Bonaparte's apartments, and she, after having laughed at the mishap, advised him to lie low for a little while.

Cemeteries Where Women Gossip.

Friday, the Sabbath of the Moslems, when all true believers of the masculine gender make a point of going to church, their wives, sisters, and daughters resort to the cemeteries and wall for the dead. But all their time is not spent in weeping, and sorrow is not the only emotion they display on these occasions. They take with them bunches and garlands of flowers and decorate the graves of their relatives and pray and weep over the dead for a time. Then, when this pious duty is performed, they gather in little groups and have a good time gossiping about the living.

Thus the day of mourning is very popular among the Moslem women. It gives them almost the only opportunity they have of cultivating the acquaintance of their neighbors, because it is not customary to exchange visits as in our country.—Exchange.

Different Kinds of Feet.

As to national characteristics in feet, it may be said that the French foot is narrow and long. The Spanish foot is small and elegantly curved—thanks to its Moorish blood—corresponding to the Castilian's pride of being "high in the instep." The Arab's foot is proverbial for its high arch. The Koran says that a stream of water can run under the true Arab's foot without touching it. The foot of the Scotch is high and thick, that of the Irish flat and square, the English short and fleshy. When Athens was in her zenith, the Greek foot was the most perfectly formed and exactly proportioned of that of any of the human race. Swedes, Norwegians and Germans have the largest feet, Americans the smallest. Russian toes are "webbed" to the first joint. Tartarian toes are all the same length.

Queer Coronation Custom.

One of the most extraordinary gifts made on the coronation day of Edward I. was that of 500 horses, which had been used by the royal princes and other personages in the procession to Westminster abbey. These horses, all richly caparisoned and harnessed just as they were, were let loose into the very midst of the mob after the banquet in Westminster hall that always succeeded a coronation in those days. The people in the streets were permitted to catch the animals, and to him who caught a horse it and its appointments belonged.—London Chronicle.

A Momentous Game.

"How is your story going to end?" asked the publisher, who had dropped in to see the gifted author.

"That will be decided by the poker game I'm going to play this evening," said the gifted author. "If I win, the story will end with the hero and heroine marrying and everybody happy. If I lose, I shall kill off the hero, send the heroine to a nunnery and fill the last chapter just as full of misery as it can stick."—Chicago Tribune.

His Only Chance.

Kindly Old Gentleman—Why do you carry that umbrella, little boy? It's not raining.

"No, sir." "And the sun's not shining?" "No, sir." "Then why do you carry it?" "Well, when it's raining pa wants it, and when the sun's shining pa wants it, and it's only this kinder weather I can get to use it at all."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Winning Her Papa.

She—When you go to ask papa, the first thing he will do will be to accuse you of seeking my hand merely to become his son-in-law.

He—Yes? And then— "And then you must agree with him. He's a lot prouder of himself than he is of me."

The Chief End.

"What," inquired the student, "do you regard as the chief end of man?" "Well," answered the professor, "it depends upon what you want the man for. If you want him to do brain work it's his head, and if you want him to run errands it's his feet."

Marrying For Money.

When a girl marries for money, very often she has to make the divorce court her collection agency.—Baltimore Herald.

Many a man who's capable of giving good advice isn't capable of earning his salt.