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Transacts a General Banking Business

Main Street, Forest Grove

B. S. HAY

DEALER IN

Fresh Meats, Ham, Bacon and Lard

Packers and shippers of all kinds of meats. Keeps a supply of the best always on hand.

BOTH PHONES

Pacific Avenue - Forest Grove

Don't Forget

**Peterson & Kelsey's
MEAT MARKET**

Fish for summer eating, fresh and

fine meats—the kind you like to eat,

full of juicy excellence and tender

enough for any one. Cured meats of

all kinds. Beef, pork and mutton.

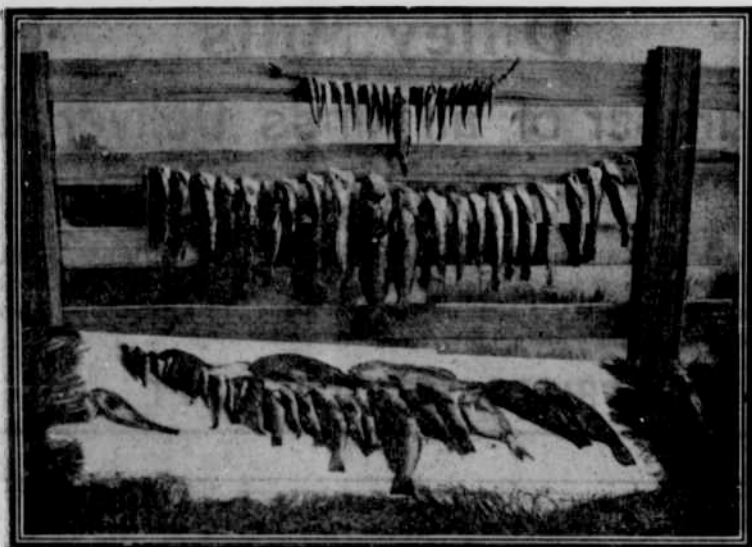
Best lard at lowest good-lard prices.

Phone your order. Prompt delivery

to any part of the city.

Main St. - Forest Grove

SUMMER-TIME DIVERSIONS BY THE SOUNDING SEA.



A fence of fish, but not offensive fish—an hour's catch of kelp.



Picking up rock oysters.

W. N. SEARS

Leading Barber Shop

Up-to-Date Haircutting and Shaving. Laundry agency.
Main Street. Forest Grove.**S. T. CROW**

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Buys and sells farms and timber land. City and Country Property.

Portland Office: 85 N. 6th St. P. D. Hendershott, Mgr.

Forest Grove

The advertising investment is not necessarily wasted because people did not come out and buy the goods offered.

Senator and Mrs. W. H. Wehrung, Hillsboro, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Watrous, and Miss Gleason, Forest Grove, were Portland visitors Thursday.

A large advertisement may fail to pull, but it is probably the fault of what is said rather than the fault of advertising.



The Late Pope Leo XIII, for a quarter of a century the most influential man in Christendom.



The Cathedral Church of Rome. The vault which will be the final resting place of Pope Leo will be built back of the altar.

**REMINISCENCES OF
THE GENIAL PONTIFF**

Evidences of Leo XIII's Kindness, Wit and Humor.

A QUICK READER OF CHARACTER.

An Incident of His Generosity Which Secured Him a Trustworthy Servant—Witty Reply to a Woman Visitor—Study's Ruinous Effect on His Marksmanship as a Hunter. His Only Threshing.

A well known Catholic once told a story of the kindness and discerning power of Pope Leo XIII, says the Rome correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette.

"Our pope," said he, "reads character at a glance and is rarely deceived. One evening, when nuncio at Brussels, he was entering his carriage to go to dinner at the house of Count de Ballet when just as his foot was on the carriage step a workman, wretchedly dressed, rushed forward, insulted him and attacked him personally. His servants, ready in his defense, seized the aggressor and proceeded to make things hot for him, but the pope, then simple Mgr. Pecci, stopped them and, calmly and kindly addressing the man, said:

"My friend, I bear you no malice for what you have done. Are you in need? Come to see me some other time," and let a five franc piece slip into his hand. Needless to say, the workman, after much encouragement, went to see him, and went so often that the nuncio eventually took him into his service as a domestic, and Leo XIII, who retained a benevolent recollection of him, used to recount that he never had a servant more respectful and more to be trusted."

A story which typifies the two dominant characteristics of the pope, his homeliness and his humor, is as follows, says a writer in the London Tit-Bits: One day when he was beset by pilgrims begging for some memorial of him, something which his hands had touched, an old lady said to him, "Holy father, give me one of your stockings; it will cure my bad leg." "With pleasure, madam," the pontiff replied, "but I may as well tell you it has never cured mine."

Right Rev. Camillus Paul Maes, bishop of Covington, O., who made his ad limina visit to Rome in May, 1902, speaking of the characteristics of the pope, said in the Cincinnati Enquirer: "A very singular trait of Leo XIII. is his great store of good humor and wit. I have known no man more responsive to a pleasant joke or more keen and quick in his reply. I recall the case of a certain French bishop who visited the pope several years ago, and upon leaving began to weep. The holy father asked the reason of his distress, and the prelate replied that he could not control himself at the thought that he would never see him again. The pope answered: 'Why will you not see me again? You are still a young man.' The bishop, who was

about sixty, looked up at this reply, and, seeing the smile of keen delight on the holy father's face, took his farewell with conflicting emotions. "In March, 1902, a certain French lady, who regularly visits the pope every two years, upon leaving inquired whether she should come again, and received the answer, 'Once more and then'—and he pointed upward."

The installation of the electric light in the Vatican was inaugurated long ago. It is on a very extensive scale, comprising 6,000 lamps of sixteen candle power, says the Pall Mall Gazette. The pope said recently, in referring to this noteworthy event in the history of the apostolic palace, "People will no longer be able to reproach the Vatican with being the enemy of light."

Father Salvagni, the only surviving schoolmate of the pope in Carpineto, Italy, while recalling incidents of the pope's boyhood days, spoke thus, according to the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune:

"Ser Nino Leo was the most courageous mountain climber I ever saw, and we have long been famous for our skill in mountaineering in this part of the country. And at one time he was the best shot in these mountains. So great was his skill with the rifle that he disdained to shoot a bird except on the wing. But study ruined his marksmanship. It was a great pity. I was ashamed of him the last time he visited us, in September, 1857. With other hunters, I had gone out on the road near Montelanico to meet him. He recognized me in the throng and begged me to lend him my rifle. I handed the weapon to him. He aimed at a bird and hit a tree. It cut me to the heart. He, the best rifleman in the mountains, to miss an easy shot! He never used a gun again. I suppose he felt the disgrace too keenly. He left us on Nov. 2 of that same year, never to return."

Only once was the holy father ever beaten. That was when he was twelve years old. He and his brother, who was a year older, were so much excited when their mother, the Countess Anna, was pursued to her very door by brigands that they went forth to have a good view of the robbers. In those days the banditti were picturesque looking creatures, wearing velvet coats and trousers, with silver buttons, red shirts and head handkerchiefs and carrying many knives and pistols. Their father rescued the youngsters just in time, and then he thrashed them with much vigor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, administratrix of the Estate of Asa Williams, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to me properly verified, as by law required, at Forest Grove, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 16th day of June, A. D. 1903.

SARAH E. CROW,

Administratrix of the Estate of Asa Williams, deceased.

ANECDOTES OF LEO XIII.

Incidents of the Famous Pontiff's Boyhood.

FOND OF DARING FEATS IN HUNTING**A Companion of His Youth Says the Pope Used to Jump Chasms and Scale Precipices None Others Dared Attempt—How He Arrested a Band of Smugglers—His Kindness to an American Girl.**

Pope Leo XIII. was at one time one of the most stout limbed and daring hunters in Italy, says Tit-Bits.

A companion of those days, now known as Father Salvagni, the aged priest of Carpineto, referring to the friend of his boyhood, once said: "What hunts we had together! We were up bright and early, scouring the forest; but Sir Nino was ever more fearless than I. He climbed to the very top of Melaina and the Fageta, jumping chasms and scaling precipices none others dared attempt."

It was just midway between Trafalgar and Waterloo that "Nino" first opened his eyes on the hills of Carpineto, the eighth child of Ludovico Pecci, a colonel in the Italian army. It was through his mother, however, that he derived his strength of character and brain, and she in turn was a true daughter of Cola di Rienzi, the "great tribune," whose dream it was to give a new birth to the Roman republic.

His mother always regarded Nino as a special gift from heaven, and even when he was in his cradle she used to prophesy that one day he would sit on the "throne of St. Peter." Her letters are full of the wonders of this new child, whom she named after her hero, Vincenzo Ferrer, and when his age was measured by months she wrote:

"My little Vincenzo walks alone already and goes everywhere. He is passionately fond of horses. Although he is so small that you can hardly see him he jumps up and rides all the furniture without waiting for help from any one. You may well imagine that this child is not the cause of much melancholy. Titta, an older brother, does nothing but make altars. The church has a great attraction for him." And yet, how strange it is, Titta was the only one of the family of nine children to marry, and Nino, who had all the early instincts of a soldier, was to become pope.

An interesting story is told of these very early days. One day a peasant woman brought a basket of cheeses to the Pecci home, and the little Nino, stooping in curiosity to look at the cheeses, fell into the basket.

"What do you want, brother?" the peasant asked laughingly. "I am not a brother!" the child answered, with a pout.

"What then, a cardinal?" "No," answered the child's mother, taking him up proudly in her arms. "he is my little pope." And so it was to be, more than sixty years later.

As a boy Nino was the ring-leader in everything that was mischievous or risky, and if there was a bully to cow or a daring feat to be done it was always Nino Pecci who was in demand. And yet, through all these boyish pranks, the boy's great future might have been seen by a discerning eye. At school his beautiful face earned for him the nickname of "the little angel" and "mother of piety," and if there was an act of kindness to be done he was always the first to think of and to do it.

One day on his way home he found a peasant boy lying hurt by the roadside. He had been knocked down by a cart and feared that his leg was broken. Nino ran to a neighboring spring, filled his cap with water, gave the boy some to drink and with the rest bathed his leg. When he was sufficiently recovered he raised the boy and, half supporting, half carrying him, started on the long journey home.

At this point Nino's tutor overtook him and gave him a lecture on his imprudence.

"What will your parents say," the teacher asked, "when you take this dirty ragamuffin home?"

"They will say that I have done right," Nino proudly answered. "Is it so unusual, then, to help a hurt child? Wouldn't every one do as I am trying to do?"

The Rome correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette relates this experience of the pope with some smugglers:

Leo XIII. remembered with interest the mission given him by Pope Gregory XVI. when he was only twenty-eight and only a few weeks after he had celebrated his first mass. At that time the province of Benevento, which belonged to the Papal States, but was almost surrounded by the territory of the kingdom of Naples, was in a much worse degree than Switzerland now is, a nest of smugglers, brigands and revolutionists. To put an end to this state of things the then Mgr. Pecci was sent there as papal delegate—that is to say, with full powers. He acted with extreme energy, once sure of the troops at his disposal, attacking the leaders of the malefactors, dispersing their bands and making most of them prisoners.

In this work Mgr. Pecci was greatly assisted by a brave and intelligent officer, Signor Sterbina, who became his confidant, and when the ecclesiastical was elected pope he nominated Sterbini as scudolo segreto (secret carver).

Mgr. Pecci had to resort to drastic measures to stamp out smuggling, for it was practiced and supported by the most prominent people of the district. In fact, a certain marquis, who was

suffering under the rigorous orders given by the delegate, was audacious enough to go personally to Mgr. Pecci to complain of what he called "the want of respect" shown by the customs officers toward him. The pope's representative began by treating the marquis with courtesy, pointing out that the laws applied equally to all, high and low; but this reasoning, instead of convincing the marquis, made him so angry that he declared he would go to Rome and not rest until he had obtained the delegate's recall.

"Very well," answered Mgr. Pecci with that dignity and calmness which characterized him; "take your complaints to Rome, but do not forget that to go to the Vatican you have to pass by Castle St. Angelo" (the famous prison). That same evening Mgr. Pecci had the castle of the marquis surrounded by the pontifical troops and every soul in it arrested. His suspicions that the place was the headquarters of a band of smugglers were fully confirmed.

All persons are required to kneel when before the pope. Catholics are expected to kiss the papal ring, and it is left optional with them whether or not to kiss the pope's foot. Protestants are, of course, required to do neither. Many of them, however, voluntarily kissed the ring, for the gentle bearing and simple dignity of Leo XIII. impressed every one with respect. The occasions were rare indeed when Americans showed themselves lacking in the amenities of the place, and even these rare exceptions were of trivial importance, says the New York Herald.

One such episode occurred at a reception. When the pope approached the American group several Catholic women prostrated themselves before him and kissed his slipper. When he had given his blessing he passed on to several others who were not Catholics and extended his hand. Two of the women kissed his ring, but a young girl who was with them, although kneeling, very plainly manifested her determination not to do as the others had done, and, ignoring the outstretched hand, contented herself with inclining her head as the aged man stood before her.

There was something very like a smothered murmur of consternation throughout the hall. The pope could not have helped noticing the girl's attitude. An amused smile passed over his face and he said to the young woman in Italian, "You are one of my children, just like the others, even if you do not like me." Then the gentleness and tenderness of his face increased as he looked down at the girl and gave her his blessing. When he had passed on to the next group somebody translated to the rebellious young woman what the pope had said. She knelt there for a minute or so, looking at the aged man's face; then she rose hastily and, rushing over to where he was standing, threw herself impulsively on her knees before him and said: "I am ashamed. I am so sorry! Please let me kiss your hand."

The pope, of course, could not understand the words, but the girl's meaning was clear from her manner, and the little, thin, trembling hand of the pontiff was raised to bless her again, when the girl bent over and reverently kissed it. "Everything is well when the heart is right," said the pope tenderly, and there was a suspicion of a tear in his eyes as he moved on to the next kneeling figure.

One of the anecdotes related of the pope by Hall Caine in Household Words is of special interest, as it shows in a vivid manner the ties of kinship in the Pecci family. He says:

"Since the Italians entered Rome in 1870 the attitude of the Vatican has been one of protest against the power which has arrogated its sovereignty. One form of this protest has been the absolute retirement of the pope within the limits of his exterritorial domain. It is held by the Catholic party that for the pope to go out of the Vatican for an hour or for even so short a journey as the width of the piazza of St. Peter's would be to compromise his claim, to acknowledge the supremacy of the usurping king and to expose himself to the insults of an unbelieving and rebellious populace. Be that as it may, the conviction is deeply rooted in the Catholic mind that since the days of Italian unity the pope has never so much as set foot in the streets of Rome, and that having entered the Vatican as a cardinal he can only come out of it as a corpse. This is not the fact. Once, at all events, Leo XIII. passed through the city of King Humbert, and the occasion of his doing so was so proper, so human and so touching that the highest considerations of diplomacy and dignity must sink out of sight in regard to it.

"The pope had a brother who late in life became a religious and voluntarily took up the humblest position in the kitchen of the Jesuit order. In due course he rose to be a cardinal, and in his latter days he occupied apartments in the Barberini palace, now let out in ruins of rooms. Old Cardinal Pecci was in his last illness in the Palazzo Barberini, while his brother, Leo XIII., was imprisoned by state protest in the Vatican, on the other side of the Tiber. Messages of love and sympathy passed between them day by day, the cardinal received his last sacraments, and the end was near.

"One night late, very late, a lady was coming out of her apartments to step into her carriage, on her way to a midnight reception, when a plain hired coupe drew up in the piazza and a venerable old man in the black cassock and black beaver hat of a simple priest got out. By the light of the lamps in the arches she saw his face. It was the pope. With a feeble step he walked to the door of the cardinal's rooms and passed through, and the lady went on to the reception. Next day the Cardinal Pecci died."