

W. O. W.

The Women of Woodcraft cordially invite the W. O. W. and their families to come and enjoy a pleasant evening at Vert's Hall, Thursday August 25th. The entertainment will be first class and up to date. Admission free.

Garden Home

Mr. Rasmus' son has been visiting him for several days.

Mr. Morgenson has a very badly crippled leg on account of a dog bite.

Lou, Mike and Anton Blosic went to the dance at Bertha, Saturday night.

Mr. George Spencer went to Vancouver on business, Monday.

Messrs Burnett and Hide spent Sunday in Tigardvill.

Mr. Nairn stayed over Sunday in Portland as did also Oliver Apple and Ole Johnson.

Mr. Grade has sold his place.

Mr. Jones and son Lloyd left Monday, as their contract for logs expired.

Mr. Paulson was away Wednesday attending to some business relative to the Grange insurance.

Cornelius

The usual order of things seem to be still in vogue. In case of State vs Wilson case of assault and battery from Gales Creek, with per diem and mileage of 8 or 9 witnesses, 16 miles for trial, either the defendant was made to put up plenty for the cost or the taxpayers of Washington County foot the bill. In either case the injustice of the thing is evident. The double column petition from this end of the county was gotten up to put an end to this very thing, but was utterly ignored. The remedy seems to be still in the future.

The young men who used the milk can of Grant Bacon as a target might find it a somewhat expensive piece of recreation. This spirit of lawlessness and utter disregard of other people's property and rights is something that meets with condemnation from all right minded people. Mr. Bacon does not wish to make anyone trouble or expense, but it must not be repeated.

Will Tibbitts has opened up a meat shop at the old stand next door to the Cornelius Hotel and is ready at all times to furnish the public with the best in the market.

The school board are making improvements on the school grounds, a new fence in front and one of the Wheeler Manufacturing Co's. Best pumps.

The Baseline Lumber Co. are now running. The whistle we have been waiting so long to hear gives us the time at regular intervals. The mill is gotten up in first class shape, and is undoubtedly among the best in the county.

E. H. Bringleston and family have just moved to this city from Reedville, Mr. Bringleston is from Iowa.

Elder M. M. Anderson will preach at the A. C. church, of this place at 11 o'clock a. m. and at 8 in the evening. All are invited, Sunday, August 21.

Notice

In the near future I shall remove my business to my new location on Main street, formerly occupied by D. Parsons and before doing so desire persons owing me to come at once and settle bills due me.

CHAS. MILLER, druggist.

The C. O. D. Man

He Relates Some Incidents of Life in the County Jail

"IN my wanderings to and fro," said the C. O. D. man as he pocketed the quarter extended to him and bowed his thanks. "It has happened that I have seen the inside of several county jails. In each and every case I was sentenced as a tramp, and the time was for various periods. In some states they have given up trying to grapple with the tramp problem; in others they are alert to lay hands on him and try to cure him with a dose of jail life.

"I took in the county jail as part of the programme," continued the wanderer with a smile, "and I got it all. The first time I was arrested I let



"PRETTY SOON A FARMER CAME ALONG LEADING THE BULL."

things slide. The constable maltreated me, the justice of the peace abused me, and the jailer half starved and put me at the most menial work. The jail was little better than a pigpen and the food hardly fit for hogs.

"When I had served my time and been kicked out, I posted myself as to the law, and my next arrest resulted in a surprise party. I refused to do any work, and the law upheld me. I refused to eat the fare furnished, and the law compelled the jailer to better it. I demanded bedding and heat, and the jailer had to comply. He was glad enough to see the last of me, but I had scarcely tramped into the next county before I was picked up again. This was in Ohio, just over the Michigan line, and, although it was five years ago, I have no doubt they are talking about me yet.

"I was plodding along the highway about sundown, when a farmer jumped over the fence and pitched into me

He had got in three or four blows before I landed him one that knocked him down. Three other men came to his rescue, and I was handcuffed and kept in a barn all night. Next morning I was arraigned before a county justice, and without even asking me to plead and refusing to let me consult a lawyer he sent me up for six months. The charge was vagrancy, resisting arrest and felonious assault on an officer all rolled into one, and a happy combination. Only one of the men who aided in my arrest testified against me.

"I was bundled off to the county jail in a hurry, and upon my arrival was placed in a dark cell and fed on bread and water, and it was two weeks before I had the run of the ward. Then it so transpired that a young lawyer who happened to run for the legislature visited the jail on business and I got speech with him. The result was that he took up my case, and the end astonished several people.

"In the first place, while the man who assaulted me was a constable, he did not seek to arrest me in the regular way, but only after the assault. Under the law, therefore, I had a right to resist. The charge against me was vagrancy, and yet I had \$15 in my pocket. I should have been taken before a justice forthwith, but instead I was locked up in a barn until next day. We had that constable so scared within two days that he fairly begged of me to take \$100 and call it square.

"We then went for the justice. He had not given me the show allowed by law, and on four different points had rendered himself liable to removal. He came to me with tears in his eyes and \$75 in his hand and I let up on him.

"Then it was the jailer's turn to toe the mark. He had no legal right to shut me up in a dark cell. No law gave him the privilege of substituting bread and water for my prison diet. He had been abusive and tyrannical and had kicked me, and that was assault. The law specified what food he should furnish his prisoners, but he had substituted what he pleased. He had tried to make me saw wood and scrub out the corridors and had put me in irons because I refused, and yet I was clearly within the law. I had him up on six different charges, but before the case came to trial I settled with him for \$250.

"I had been sent to jail without the option of a fine. I was taken out on a writ of habeas corpus and admitted to bail and was therefore free to appear in court.

"The case did not end when the jailer squared up. Three or four politicians saw that my lawyer was making too much capital out of it, and they set out to down him. The result was that it became a political contest of interest to all in that legislative district, and after a mud-slinging campaign and a close vote my lawyer triumphed over all and came out with flying colors. The district was upset politically for

the first time in eighteen years, and all because of a tramp.

"My last jail," continued the C. O. D. man, "was in New Jersey and only last June. My arrest came about in a rather singular way—that is, it would be accounted singular outside of New Jersey. I had been walking all the forenoon, and about 12 o'clock I sat down by the roadside to rest and have a cold bite. Pretty soon a farmer came along leading a bull, and just as he reached me the bull broke away, knocked the man down and jumped into a field and gored a calf.

"Although I offered my services to help capture the bull, the farmer insisted that I was to blame and had me arrested. It was claimed that my presence excited the animal to do mischief, and on the ridiculous charge I was sent to jail for fifteen days. I told the jailer at once that I should stand on my legal

rights as a prisoner, and though he sulked over it he carried out his part of the contract to the very last day.

"My sentence of fifteen days expired at noon of a certain Wednesday. Jail and prison sentences always expire at that hour, the same as insurance policies. This jailer probably knew the law better than I did, but in order to get even with me he kept me until 8 o'clock in the evening. It was then raining heavily, and I refused to go out. He had me flung into the street and added a kick by way of farewell and probably thought he had seen the last of me.

"Next morning I began a suit against him for false imprisonment and on top of that another for assault and battery, and he had hardly consulted a lawyer before he was on hand with an offer to settle with me for \$150. I closed with him at that, and I think the lesson was one to do him good.

"Yes, I've been in jail, and perhaps I shall bring up behind the bars again, but I shall accept it as all in the day's work and stand on my rights.

"Thank you again for the coin. You have delivered the cash, and I have delivered my story. Best and safest principle in the world to work on. C. O. D. saves all bookkeeping, prevents misunderstandings, and there are no long drawn accounts to go over. I'm sure of a bite to eat and a bed for tonight, and if you haven't got the worth of your money I'll bear on a little harder next time." M. QUAD.

Her Face and Her Fortune.

"Why do you treat me with such coldness?" he pleaded. "What have I done to merit your displeasure? I refuse to release you without an answer."

"Remove your arms from around my waist!" she commanded. "I hate you!"

"But, surely, you have some reason for this sudden change in your attitude toward me. Give me a chance. Let me know how I have offended you. I must have an answer."

"I heard you telling that Ka Flippe woman that my face would make a clock stop," she angrily replied.

"Did you? Why didn't you listen to the rest that I said? I told her that your face would make a clock stop to admire your beauty. I said that even the horses in the streets stopped and turned their heads to feast their eyes when you passed along. I said—"

But it was needless for him to continue. And the next day it was announced that her father had been caught in a wheat corner and ruined.

With a wail of despair the unhappy young man tore her picture out of his watch case and yelled:

"Why couldn't it have happened before I sullied my white, pure soul with that awful lie!"

Thus do we see how the wrath of heaven still falls upon the heads of the unrighteous.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Strategy.



"Why do you always have such a dirty face, Algernon?"

"Well, a feller's got ter do somethin' ter keep de goils from allus kissin' him."—San Francisco Examiner.