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**The Leopard and the Kid.**

To illustrate how perfectly he had the animal under control Professor Bach of Berlin once put a live kid in the cage with a leopard. Then the professor fixed his glittering eye on the savage beast and willed that he should remain quiescent. There was something wrong with the thought transference, for the leopard immediately changed his spots, and so did the kid. A bleat, a growl and a crunch, and the illustration was ruined.

**Milk and Bright's Disease.**

A physician suffering with Bright's disease and weighing 155 pounds began to restrict himself exclusively to a milk diet, taking one quart at each meal, or three quarts daily. Soon no traces of his former ailment was perceptible. He gained thirty pounds in flesh, and this notwithstanding constant attention to professional duties both day and night.—Chicago News.

**Enjoy What You Can.**

To be soured by poverty or to be hardened by it is a mistake—an error of thought. Instead of enjoying our life we are cramping ourselves. It is as if we were set at a feast and sulkily refused to enjoy a few dishes because we could not reach everything on the table and make ourselves sick, like foolish children that we are.—Bliss Carman.

**A Telling Stroke.**

The hare easily caught up with the tortoise. "Well, old man, you're not much of a runner," he sneered. "No," admitted the tortoise, "I'm not. I think I'll try for the crew. You see, I'm quite at home in the shell."—Princeton Tiger.

**A Distinction.**

"Can a man patent a scientific discovery?" asked the commercial person. "It isn't usually done," answered the scientist. "But some of them ought to be copyrighted as literary productions."—Washington Star.

**No Trifling Detail.**

Miss Truesoe—Am I to understand, papa, that everything is settled in regard to my wedding? Mr. Truesoe—Yes, my dear, everything—but the bills!—Chicago Journal.

**Explained.**

Piker—Why did they call the mediaeval period the "dark ages?" Professor—Because it was knight time.—Cornell Widow.

When a real meek man gets good and mad, he comes mighty near having fits.—Atchison Globe.

**WINDOW BOXES IN PARIS.**

The Parisians are taking up the idea of decorating the fronts of their houses with window boxes of flowers. The English have done this for many years, and this year the Americans, although in most cases away from home themselves, have left the windows of their town residences filled with bloom for the benefit of the stay in town unfortunates.

But the Parisians obtained their incentive from a wealthy man who kept his house decorated in this manner during the last visit of the English king to the French capital. Now his example has been eagerly followed, and prizes are even being offered for the most tastefully arranged window flowers. Bulbs, seeds and small sprouts have been distributed by prominent Parisians to encourage the poor to interest themselves in this pleasant manner of improving the squalid portions of the city.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Russell Sage's Bunko Game.**

It is related that recently Russell Sage bought a paper of a newsboy, then, discovering that it was of the vintage of the day before, demanded and received his cent back. The newsboy indulged in bitter reminiscence as follows: "Say, wasn't that the limit? Can't bunko that old feller, with all his money, but he bunkoed me t'other day, and I wanted to get square. Tell youse how it was. The old man came along, took a pape offen me, then dips down in his pocket and fishes out a coin. He opens me hand, puts the coin in it, closes me fingers over the coin and gives me hand a pat. Well, say! I tought sure I had a dime er a quarter, but when I opens me hand dere's nothin' but a cent, just the price of the pape! Wasn't that a bunko game? An' I couldn't get square."

**Her Wish Gratified.**

Born in the last year of the eighteenth century and therefore aged fifteen when the battle of Waterloo was fought, Mme. Veuve Dupuis, who is still hale and hearty, was a guest of honor at the unveiling of Gerome's monument, the Wounded Eagle, on the scene of the struggle of giants. Her one wish, to travel to the battlefield in a motor car, was gratified. She did not, however, remain long away from her residence at Chapelle les Herlain court, as she did not know how her "boys," aged eighty and seventy-eight, would get on without her. It cannot be said that her memories of Waterloo are very complete or distinct. All she recollects is that she heard at the time of thieves cutting off wounded officers' fingers to steal their rings.

**An Experienced Opinion.**

Father—Daughter, Algernon Von Spook wants to marry you. Daughter—What! That man! Why, papa, I wouldn't have him. He hasn't any sense. Father—Of course not; of course not. You don't suppose he would be wanting to get married if he had, do you?—Detroit Free Press.

**Got It.**

"Fact is," said the one man, "I married because I was lonely as much as for any other reason. To put it tersely, I married for sympathy."

"Well," said the other man, "you have mine."

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**The Hindoo Idea of Wit.**

An English lady reformer of uncertain age who visited India to deliver a lecture told the audience that she would be happy to answer any question, upon which a fat baboo came to the front with "How old are you?" "Oh, no," she replied; "I don't mean questions of that sort; only ones connected with the subject of the lecture." "Are you forty?" continued the Baboo, nowise abashed. "No, I won't answer such a question," was the reply. "Are you fifty?" continued her tormentor. "Oh, no; I told you I won't answer such questions." "Are you sixty?" "Oh, no, no, no; I'm not sixty," the lady responded precipitately.

A shikari out partridge shooting was seen in fits of laughter, slapping his thighs in the ecstasy of his glee. On inquiring the cause of his hilarity, he hurriedly said: "Hush, sahib! That cooly," indicating one of the beaters, "has just been bitten by a green snake, but he thinks it is only a thorn! Don't tell him or he'll be frightened and stop beating."—From General Gerard's "Leaves From the Diary of a Soldier and Sportsman."

**The Jade Jokai Loved.**

Of one phase of his life Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, wrote in disgust: "Well, confess it I must. I have a sweetheart, for whose sake I have been faithless not only to my wife, but to my muse also—a sweetheart who has appropriated my best ideas and whose slave I was and still am. Often have I wasted half my fortune upon her and rushed blindly into misfortune to please her. For her sake I have patiently endured insult, ridicule and reprobatation; for her sake I have staked life and liberty. Now, if she had been

a pretty young damsel there might have been some excuse for me, but she was a nasty, old, painted figurehead of a beldame, a flirting, faithless, fickle, foul mouthed, scandalmongering old liar, whom the whole world courts, who makes fools of all her wooers and changes her lovers as often as she changes her dress. Her name is Politics, and may the plague take her!"

**A Gypsy Prophecy.**

An English magazine relates a curious instance of gypsy prophecy. The third Earl of Malmesbury, as Lord Fitzharris, was riding to a yeomanry review near Christchurch, when his orderly, some distance in front, ordered a gypsy woman to open a gate. The gypsy woman quietly waited till Lord Fitzharris and his staff rode up, when she addressed them, saying, "Oh, you think you are a lot of fine fellows now, but I can tell you that one day your bones will whiten in that field." Lord Fitzharris laughed and asked her whether she thought they were going to have a battle, adding it was not very likely in that case they would choose such a spot. More than forty years later the field was turned into a cemetery.

**A Useless Verdict.**

"Yes," said the old traveler, "I was on a jury in California once. It was a murder trial. I didn't want the fellow hanged and so stuck out against the other eleven for nine days, locked up in the jury room, when they gave in, and we brought in a verdict of 'Not guilty,' and then I was ready to stab myself with spite."

"What about?"

"'Cause the mob had hanged the prisoner on the very first day we were locked up."