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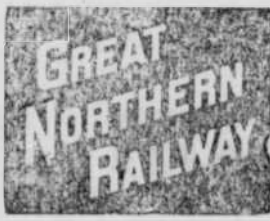
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A General Banking Business Transacted. Drafts sold on all the principal Cities in the United States and Europe. Correspondents Wells Fargo & Co's Bank. Directors: Richard M. Dooley, J. E. Loomis, John W. Shute, and Frank E. Dooley. Accounts solicited.

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The First Step toward a good breakfast. Drink a cup of Golden Gate Coffee
 It has the full, rich flavor of fine old coffee that has been properly aged in its native country.
 Sold in 1 and 2 lb. aroma-tight tins. Grind fresh each day—not too fine.
J. A. FOLGER & CO., San Francisco
 Established in 1850



LOOK THESE OVER.
 —Dunsmoor sells gasoline.
 —Goldenrod Flour, buy it, try it.
 —Give Dunsmoor a call for groceries.
 —Empty barrels for sale at Miller's drug store.
 —Wood sawed promptly. Call up Gasoline Wood Saw. Phone 583.
 —Victor flour is guaranteed.
 —Goldenrod Flour \$1.10 per sack.
 —Dr. W. M. Pollock Dentist, in Bazaar building.
 —Grain hay for sale. Inquire of S. G. Hughes.
 —There's no valley wheat used in making Victor flour.
 —Call up phone 583, when you want your wood sawed.
 —"Crescent" is the Standard of Excellence for Valley flour.
 —American made alarm clocks at Abbott & Son's at 65 cents.
 —Money to loan on farm security. W. H. Hollis, Forest Grove.

Rooms and board—Nicely furnished rooms with or without board. Inquire at this office. s-28-13
 —Wanted—One half dozen bantam hens. Address Mrs. T. Wigan, Forest Grove. Telephone Cornelius 53.
 —We have line shingles, shakes, fence posts, hop poles etc. for sale. M. Turner, Banks, Ore.
 —TO TRADE—Fine city residence to trade for cows. Will take team of horses, few sheep etc. Inquire at this office. o5t2
 The New York Tribune Farmer, weekly, and the News one year, \$1.15. The Farmer is one of the best farm journals published.
 —It makes no difference how long you have been sick, if you are troubled with indigestion, constipation, liver and kidney troubles, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make you well. 35 cents at Dr. Hines Drug Store.

Temperance Talks
 BY THE W. C. T. U.
Ben Parker's Wealth.
 Big Ben Parker, a notorious saloon-keeper, says the Des Moines Register and Recorder, has painted on the walls of his saloon in Des Moines the inscription, "The Golden Calf Is Our Only God." This is as ingenious and expressive as Stormy Jordan's "Road to Hell." It illustrates the liquor traffic

where the moral tone is sufficiently low to inspire confidence, and demonstrates its sway where there is a formidable demoralizing element to sustain its boldness. This advertised defiance of Christian teaching in the capital city of the great commonwealth of Iowa was not possible until the adoption of the melet law which gave the saloon a legal intrenchment. The corruption with which Milwaukee is now reeking is directly traceable to the demoralizing social conditions that are the product of the liquor interests in the city made famous.

Prohibition and Prosperity.
 From 1890 to 1900 prohibition North Dakota gained 74 per cent in population, while license South Dakota gained only 22 per cent. In 1900 North Dakota had 27 national banks, with total deposits of \$5,093,730. In 1905 she had 75 national banks, with total deposits of \$13,225,980.
 We cannot fail to observe the stimulus given to our young men to reach a high sphere of usefulness by the absence of the saloon and the safe-guarding the prohibition law provides.—D. H. Beecker, President Union National Bank, Grand Forks, N. D.

Pacific Loses First Game
 (From the Index)
 The Hill Military Academy of Portland defeated the Pacific University eleven Saturday in a score of 5 to 0. Both teams played a good, clean game and displayed a great deal of self-control and pluck. Hill managed to score during the first half but were held down by Pacific during the rest of the game. The home team showed good form and was ably managed by Captain Gwynn. A return game will be played with Hill later on in the season.

Hill	Position	P. U.
Mettle	C	Garrison
Voight	R T	Allen
Williams	R G	Allen
Mulkey	L G	Kirkwood
Dunaldson	L T	Lawrence
Runey	L E	Boyd
Mays	R E	Fletcher
Taylor, French	L H	Gwynn
Gleason	R H	Huston
Dimick	F	Rasmusen
McEwen	Q B	Ferrin

 —Girls, if you want red lips, laughing eyes, sweet breath and good looks, use Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. The greatest beautifier known. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Dr. Hines Drug Store.

Betty Seers, Understudy
 By ETHEL BARRINGTON
 Copyright, 1905, by Ethel Barrington
 "Will nothing change you?" Bob Deering's voice was almost tragic, but it made little impression on Betty.
 "I've signed a contract!" she cried, waving the document before his bewildered eyes. "I am to report for rehearsal next week. I'm an understudy. That is the technical term. I play when the leading woman doesn't."
 "It seems so—so indecent that you should work when I am simply foolish with money. Consider what a cad I must feel, consider!"
 "Bobby, you are the dearest of chums, but you are dense at times. A girl could not marry for money!"
 "It's not unheard of," suggested Deering.
 "I'm thinking of nice girls—myself, for instance."
 "I asked you while you had plenty," he offered by way of excuse.
 "Of course you did. You always do the correct thing. But I refused you, so it would look mercenary to take you now. Bob, you must understand. It is a sort of crisis with me. I want to work, to be self supporting. Father's death and our other losses ought to make a woman of me. I shall not be less desirable then if some day—"
 "I hope the time will come before work and disappointment eat the sunshine out of your heart!" And Robert



Beyond Hope of Rescue.
 Bound hand and foot and gagged, the maiden was put into the gunny sack and, unable to move or scream, felt herself being carried down a flight of stairs, put into a buggy and then driven down the street. Ineffectually she tried to release herself from the gag. Alas, she was bound too securely! Finally the conveyance stopped. She was again carried into a building, fainting and gasping for breath. The sack was taken from her head. The villain, still masked, took the gag from her mouth, her eyes gleaming like coals of fire through his black mask, released her and hissed through his tightly clinched teeth: "There, my pretty bird, scream and yell as loud as you like; no human ear will ever reach you. You are in my power. Do you hear—totally within my power!" "Where am I?" she gasped. "In a store that never advertises," was the cruel response. "Alas, alas!" she moaned. "No power on earth can save me; no one will look for me here." And the poor girl fainted.—Red Creek (N. Y.) Herald.

Both Won.
 A judge in a certain court has his own quick way of getting into the heart of a case. The following is told as a true story:
 The lawyer for the plaintiff had just finished presenting his argument, and as he mopped his brow and sat down the judge stared at him admiringly with wide eyes and open mouth. Then he turned to the other lawyer, who had risen to his feet.
 "Defendant needn't plead. Plaintiff wins," he shouted.
 "But, your honor," protested the lawyer, "let me at least present my case."
 The judge looked weary. "Well, go ahead," he grunted.
 So the lawyer for the defendant went ahead. When he had finished the judge looked at him, too, with wide eyes and open mouth.
 "Don't it beat the Dutch," he exclaimed. "Defendant wins."—New York Post.

Why They Did Not Work.
 A university professor, wishing to study the tramp question during a summer tour through England, interviewed 2,000 wandering beggars, whom he questioned as to why they did not support themselves by work. Six hundred and fifty-three said they were willing to work, but could not obtain employment; 445 gave vague, unsatisfactory answers; 301 expressed the opinion that no one ought to be obliged to work, but if some fools did so they (the vagrants) considered they were justified in living on them; 407, according to their own statement, were proceeding to procure work at certain far-off localities, and the remaining 194, having expectations, were living in hope until their relations should die and leave them money.

Deering beamed with satisfaction. They talked sense as though it were nonsense, and nonsense seriously, both ridiculously happy.
 "I've a box for Mrs. Fiske. You will both come?"
 "After reporting," agreed Betty, remembering duty.
 "Report what? Where?"
 "At the theater. I'm understudy, you know. But it won't take long. I go about 7 or half past."
 "Seven or half past," repeated Deering. "Well, it's too late now!"
 "What will they say?"— Betty hesitated.
 "Nothing. Just tip the doorkeeper to say you called."
 "Doorkeeper! It's the stage manager, and he is a bear."
 "What harm could it do to miss one night when she had reported for three months?"
 After the theater they went to supper. Betty had long forgotten everything but the passing moment. A friend stopped to exchange greetings.
 "And where have you been tonight?" inquired Betty.
 "Nowhere. Had tickets for the—, but the leading woman was taken suddenly ill, and they closed the theater. Jolly strange they had no understudy!" Then, bowing, he rejoined his friends.
 "Oh, oh," gasped Betty when she could get her breath, "the understudy is here!" Then she laughed hysterically. "I a business woman! And at the first taste of pleasure I forgot everything!"
 "It's my fault," protested Deering contritely.
 "The manager won't recognize your responsibility, and he never gave you an envelope!"
 "A what?"
 "They'll discharge me! What shall I do?" There were tears in Betty's eyes.
 "Enter into another engagement," suggested Deering promptly, "one where you can't get your notice, where you won't be understudy, but the real thing."
 The next day the manager sat at his desk when the office boy brought him a card. "Send her away. I'm busy," commanded the manager angrily.
 "But it's most important," pleaded Betty, slipping past the boy. "I don't suppose you will forgive me?"
 "It was so unprofessional that I have nothing to say, Miss Seers."
 "Mrs. Deering," interpolated Betty—"Mrs. Robert Deering." The name was well known. The manager turned to listen.
 "You see, my husband"—Betty almost tripped on the word—"feels it was his fault. We were married last night. His lawyer will settle whatever monetary loss you sustained. He thinks I'm cheap at that price. But for myself I must apologize. Under the circumstances—"
 "I wish you every happiness," said the manager gallantly.
 "Thanks," cried Bob, appearing in the doorway. "I want to shake hands too. Her fear of you won me my wife."

Curious Oaths.
Odd Ways of Swearing to the Truth of One's Statements.
 When a Chinaman swears to tell the truth he kneels down, and a china saucer is given to him. The following oath is then administered: "You shall tell the truth and the whole truth. The saucer is cracked, and if you do not tell the truth your soul will be cracked like the saucer," when he breaks the saucer. Other symbolic variations of the Chinese oath are the extinguishing of a candle or cutting off of a cock's head, the light of the candle representing the witness' soul and the fate of the cock symbolizing the fate of a perjurer.
 In certain parts of India tigers' and lizards' skins take the place of the Bible of Christian countries, and the penalty of breaking the oath is that in one case the witness will become the prey of a tiger and in the other that his body will be covered with scales like a lizard.
 In Norwegian courts of law the prelude to the oath proper is a long homily on the sanctity of the oath and the terrible consequences of not keeping it. When the witness is duly crushed by the sense of his fearful responsibility the oath is administered while he holds aloft his thumb and fore and middle fingers as an emblem of the trinity.
 In an Italian court the witness, with his right hand resting on an open Bible, declares, "I will swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." The Mohammedan takes the oath with his forehead reverently resting on the open Koran. He takes his "Bible" in his hand and, stooping low, as if in the presence of a higher power, slowly bows his head until it touches the book which to him is inspired.
 In certain parts of Spain the witness when taking an oath crosses the thumb of one hand over the forefinger of the other and, kissing this symbolic, if primitive, cross, says, "By this cross I swear to tell the truth."

Wills of Lunatics.
The Queer Requests That Are Made by Insane Persons.
 One of the manias which are evidenced by the insane is a desire to make a will. Of course these documents are waste paper as far as their legality is concerned, but the attendants and doctors treat these documents with the greatest respect in order to humor the demented creatures.
 Some of these wills would be amusing if it were not for the sad condition of mind of which they are the outcome. One man confined in an asylum left all his money to the milkmaid of Japan on condition that this dignitary should visit the grave of the testator once each year and plant chrysanthemums upon it. The remainder of the estate was to be handed over to an imaginary charity called the Brotherly Love and Bounty society.
 Another lunatic in a Parisian asylum left a will devising the whole of his estate to the possessors of Roman noses residing in and near Paris. The reason for this was that he had rather a handsome nose of this shape and was constantly admiring it. A similar bequest was that of a patient who left his property to an attendant because he possessed one of the ugliest nasal organs the testator had ever seen.
 One man, who was afflicted with the mania that he was sane, but confined in the asylum unjustly, devised a will leaving his money to the commissioners of lunacy to enable them to engage a large staff of men for the purpose of visiting asylums and ascertaining if any were confined in them without reason.—New York Times.

Distances at Sea.
 That man was laughed at who on his first voyage said that the ocean did not look so large as he supposed it would, but he was not alone in experiencing disappointment. The horizon at sea gives no idea of the limitless water beyond. A sea captain declares that the average landsman cannot see more than ten miles from the ship in any direction, and it would have to be a mountain or some stationary object for him to be able to distinguish it. The masts of a ship are said to be visible to the naked eye not more than five miles.

Jenny Lind as a Child.
 Jenny Lind as a child of three years was the lark of her parents' house. As a girl of nine she attracted the attention of all lovers of music and entered the Stockholm conservatory as a pupil. Her continuous studies at so tender an age caused the sudden loss of her voice, and for four full years she pursued her theoretical and technical studies, when suddenly the full sweet sounds came back, to the delight, as every one knows, of thousands for many years.

He Had.
 Woman of the House (handing him a plate of cold scraps)—You look like a man who has seen better days. Fondry Grets—Yes'm, thankie, I have. There was a time, ma'am, when I would have blushed to hand such a layout as this to a dog.—Chicago Tribune.

Reasonable.
 Church Worker—Would you assist us, good sir, to send a missionary to the cannibals? Mr. Gotrox—Not much! I'm vegetarian. But I'll assist you to send them some easily digested cereal-Puck.

Lived on Water.
 The Tramp—I once lived on water, lady, for six months. The Lady—You don't look like it. How did you manage it? The Tramp—I was a sailor.
 Great and formidable among men is the power of laughter. No man is proof against its spell.—Leopardi.

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