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1,250 feet long, 64 feet diameter, 140,000 cubic yards capacity, 128 tons displacement, 8 independent power plants, 3,250 actual horsepower, 16 fluke, chrome steel, thrust propellers; ships 40 men in the crew, and will carry 500 passengers and 40 tons of mail from New York to London in 24 hours (only as fast as automobiles have traveled), at an expense of \$875,000.

The National Airship Co. has purchased 80 acres of land on the Montavilla car line, Portland, and will commence building operations on landing docks, freight sheds, etc., in the spring.

OUR SMALL SHIP, WHICH IS 634 FEET LONG, 64 FEET IN DIAMETER, WITH FIVE ENGINES, WILL BE IN COMMISSION ABOUT APRIL 1, 1908, AND MAKE SCHEDULE TRIPS FROM PORTLAND TO SAN FRANCISCO EVERY 24 HOURS, CARRYING 100 PASSENGERS, 30 TONS OF MAIL, AND MAINTAIN A SPEED OF 80 MILES AN HOUR

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STOCK NOW SELLING AT \$1.00 PER SHARE. AFTER THE FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL TRIP IS MADE STOCK WILL SELL FOR \$100.00 PER SHARE.

Remember, the airship has come to stay. Act immediately. For further information, phone, write or call on

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### A Woman's Back

Has many aches and pains caused by weakness and falling, or other displacement, of the pelvic organs. Other symptoms of female weakness are frequent headache, dizziness, imaginary specks or dark spots floating before the eyes, gnawing sensation in stomach, dragging or bearing down in lower abdominal or pelvic region, disagreeable drains from pelvic organs, faint spells with general weakness.

If any considerable number of the above symptoms are present there is no remedy that will give quicker relief or a more permanent cure than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It has a record of over forty years of cures. It is the most potent invigorating tonic and strength-giving purgative known to medical science. It is made of the glyceric extracts of native medicinal roots found in our forests and contains not a drop of alcohol or harmful, or habit-forming drugs. Its ingredients are all printed on the bottle wrapper and attested under oath, as correct.

Every ingredient entering into "Favorite Prescription" has the written endorsement of the most eminent medical writers of all the several schools of practice—more valuable than any amount of non-professional testimonials—though the latter are not lacking, having been contributed voluntarily by grateful patients in numbers to exceed the endorsements given to any other medicine extant for the cure of woman's ills.

You cannot afford to accept any medicine of unknown composition as a substitute for this well-proven remedy or know composition, even though the dealer may make a little more profit thereby. Your interest in regaining health is paramount to any selfish interest of his and it is an ill-suit to your intelligence for him to try to palm off upon you a substitute. You know what you want and it is his business to supply the article called for.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original "Little Liver Pills" first put up by old Dr. Pierce over forty years ago, much imitated but never equalled. Little sugar-coated granules—easy to take as candy.

### How the Chicken Was Hatched.

[Original.]

At one time during the civil war while we were campaigning in Virginia our brigade became separated from the main army, and we were in such a position between the Confederate forces that if they could have acted in concert they might have captured us. But neither one knew of the other's proximity—that is, we inferred they did not, for they made no move against us. But even if both knew of the other's presence they could not communicate with a view to making a concerted attack without sending a messenger through our lines.

One morning when I was in charge of a picket post a young girl came into the lines with a basket of butter on one arm and a basket of eggs on the other. She said she had come from a small plantation just without our lines and would like to sell us her produce. Since our rations had for some time been largely composed of salt pork and hard tack my mouth watered for her wares. I tasted the butter and found it delicious. As to the eggs, they looked tempting enough; but, yielding to an old habit when buying eggs, I held a number of them up to the light to make sure they were fresh. All transmitted a portion of the light except one, which transmitted none. It seemed to be of exactly the same weight, size and shape as the others; but, looking through it, I could not see a ray of light.

"There's a chicken in that one," I remarked to the girl.

"If there is, I don't see how it got in. I'll take it out. I think the rest are all right."

She took the egg out of my hands. I selected half a dozen of the others and a pound package of the butter—all I could take care of while on duty—intending them for our company mess. The girl went on in toward the camp, and I saw no more of her. We did not refuse citizens admittance within our lines. We reserved our rifles all till they asked to go out. And we espe-

cially objected to their going out on the opposite side from which they came in. It was passed down among us from headquarters that we were between two fires and no person whatever should be permitted to pass through our lines.

We enjoyed our fresh eggs and butter immensely and wished all the dairymen in Virginia would come in with their produce. Several officers asked where we got them, and when I told them that a country girl had come into camp to sell them one of them went off to find her. This was in the evening after supper. The inclosure within the picket circle was not very large, and he might easily have come upon her if she had been in camp. Either she was not in camp or she was hiding. Some one suggested that she had gone through the lines. As our safety depended upon no one in the Confederate interest getting through the lines, this excited attention. I set out with several others on a still hunt, but we all came back with the report that no girl of the description given was in camp. I felt it my duty to report the matter to the general, only mentioning the girl and my having bought some of her butter and eggs. The general swore a good deal when he heard it, since he had given strict orders as to the departure of any citizen from our lines. Every officer of the picket was questioned, and all avowed that no one had gone out during the day. The only way I could account for the girl's disappearance was that she had stolen out between two pickets after dusk.

The next morning a flag of truce was seen coming, and when it arrived the officer in command presented a demand for the surrender of the brigade, stating that they had us surrounded. The general sent them back with a proposition which delayed matters till after nightfall. Then he ordered the four regiments composing the brigade to cut their way out in four different directions, each fighting on its own hook.

That was a terrible night. I shall never forget it. Our regiment took to a wood, where we came upon several regiments, and in the fight one half were captured, and the other half getting through and away. I was with those who were captured. Two of the other regiments were taken entire, and a third had the good fortune to strike an unguarded opening and marched through it.

The next morning I with the other prisoners was undergoing an inspection by the general who had captured us when one of the officers with him, a beardless boy, rode up to me and put out his hand.

"How are you, captain?" he said. "I owe my life to your stupidity. If you'd been smart I would have swung within a few hours after you passed me into your lines."

"Who are you?" I asked, puzzled by a resemblance I could not explain.

"I'm the country girl who sold you butter and eggs. My neck being in a halter, I got nervous and left the wrong egg in the basket. That egg you couldn't see through was filled with sand and a message from my general to General B. here, arranging for a concerted plan to capture you Yanks. Of course you couldn't see through it."

When I was exchanged the war was over. I was glad of it, for I had no heart to continue in the service after the fearful results of my stupidity. From that day to this I have never been able to hear the sight of an egg.

SPENCER TROWBRIDGE.

Old Lady (in tears, to chemist)—Will you poison my dear little Pido? He's in such—such agony. Chemist (politely)—With pleasure, madam. Old Lady (indignantly)—With pleasure, you nasty, unfeeling man! Then you shan't do it!—London Answers.

### A Fast Train.

Passenger—Does this train stop anywhere for dinner? Brake-man—Nah, it don't. Passenger—Then I understand for the first time why it is called a "fast" train.—Judge.

### TWO MINUTE SKETCHES

#### Sir Isaac Newton.

By J. A. EDGERTON.



A dull boy, he became the greatest mathematical genius of modern times.

IN this age of doubt many of our most cherished legends are being assaulted, the various apple stories along with the rest. There have been at least three famous apples in history—the one eaten by Adam and Eve, the one shot off his son's head by William Tell and the one whose fall suggested to Sir Isaac Newton the law of gravitation. Despite the scolding of the higher criticism, we still cherish these pipkins and are determined to stand by them.

Newton was rather a dull boy and was literally kicked into exertion. He stood at the foot of his class and one day was booted by the boy higher up. The Newtonian spirit was aroused by this indignity, with the result that young Isaac not only whipped the kicker, but determined to go ahead of him in the class. This he did, and more, for he went to the head of the row and stayed there.

The second spur to effort received by the young man came at the time he sought admission to Cambridge University. He knew so little about Euclid that the professor of mathematics opposed admitting him. Newton thereupon determined to know Euclid and succeeded so well that he became the greatest mathematical genius of modern times.

Voltaire started the story of the apple that fell and hit Newton so hard that the young man determined to find out what made it fall. If so great a skeptic as Voltaire could swallow the story, there is no reason why it should not be accepted by the other skeptics.

When Sir Isaac first made his computations on the subject of gravitation, he was misled by the erroneous notions then held of the length of the earth's radius. He therefore abandoned the theory temporarily. Later the error was corrected, when he returned to the subject, completed the demonstration and gave it to the world in his famous "Principia."

In the meantime he had made his almost equally famous discoveries concerning light, dividing white light into the primary colors and determining the difference of refraction between them. He also did much in perfecting the telescope, gave to mathematics integral and differential calculus and made other contributions to science which marked him as the chief intellect of his age.

### Fans From a Fish's Fins.

Curious little fans are made from the pectoral fins of the fish known as the sea robin. The sea robin is not a very large fish, but its pectoral fins are large in proportion to its size, and in nature they suggest fans from the manner in which the fish opens and closes them. The pectoral fins of the smaller sea robins are marked with brown, those of the larger fishes with maroon, beautifully shaded. The fins have many rays or ribs. In making a fan the fin is first stretched out on a board to dry. A large tin will make a fan about six inches in breadth. The rays spread out in it, as the split bamboo strips do in a Japanese fan, except that the rays are tapering, and they are much stiffer and more delicate. When the fin is dry it is mounted as a fan, and when it has been thus completed it is dipped in varnish. The varnish not only brings out the colors, but it serves also as a preservative. Thus treated the fan will last for years.

### The Cussedness of a Sail.

Sometimes a sail is only playful, and willful at the worst, and after a slight show of resistance will succumb to your arts, but at times they fight you fiercely, hitting back viciously, spitefully battling for every inch, taking most treacherous advantage of any relapse of alertness or looseness of clutch. When a canvas has got that devil in it, look out for yourself. That is when it fights to kill. That is when it hurls men off yard and boom to their death. At times you can only conquer after a steady and well-generated fight. At other times a bit of trickery will succeed. I have cursed a sail and turned away pretendingly beaten, when, thrown for a moment off guard by my apparent carelessness, it has opened its defense. A tiger spring, a turn of rope, and the victory is won. But I tell you it makes a man of you, a fight to the finish with a sail. Every nerve tingling, every vein flushed with blood, you take the last turn, and with a "Hang you, you're fast now," go aft and report all snug.—T. F. Day in Outing Magazine.

### Where to Find It.

Two sons of Erin shared the same bed as well as the same bottle of whisky. Pat waited till he found Mike slept, when he quietly arose and emptied the bottle. Soon after Mike, waking, stole out of bed and, groping about in the dark, was asked by his companion: "Thwnt are yez lookin' fer, Mike?" "Oh, nothin'," says Mike. "Well, Mike," says Pat, "ye'll find it over there in the corner in the bottle."—London Answers.

### The Sultan's Kloaks.

In every city of the Ottoman empire there is a kiosk set apart for the sultan, who never even sees it. These palatial abodes are built of rare marbles and finished in fine woods, enameled in silver and gold, with mirrors and lusters from Vienna, mosaics from Florence and Rome, and are nominally guarded by major domos, who live there in royal ease and luxury unparalleled. Hundreds of millions of francs are thus squandered, while not a sou is spent in making roads, fertilizing valleys or constructing ports.

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Notice for Publication.  
I, Albert S. Dresher, of the County of Multnomah, State of Oregon, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the petition of the above named party, filed in the office of the County Clerk of said county, on the 11th day of February, 1908.  
He claims as his witnesses:  
Clara Childs, of Portland, Oregon,  
Mary E. Wilson, of Portland, Oregon,  
Charlotte Reed, of Portland, Oregon,  
Will Kelley, of Buxton, Oregon.  
Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 9th day of February, 1908.  
ALGERNON S. DRESHER,  
Register.

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Forest Grove Time Table  
NORTH BOUND.  
No. 7 departs 6:45 a. m., arrives at Portland 8:00 a. m.  
No. 3 " 8:30 p. m. " " " 10:30 a. m.  
No. 9 " 1:30 p. m. " " " 2:50 p. m.  
No. 1 " 4:44 p. m. " " " 6:35 p. m.  
SOUTH BOUND.  
No. 2 lv. Portland 7:00 a. m. lv. Forest Grove 8:34 a. m.  
No. 5 " " 11:00 a. m. " " " 12:23 p. m.  
No. 4 " " 4:10 p. m. " " " 5:46 p. m.  
No. 10 " " 5:40 p. m. " " " 7:00 p. m.

**E. C. SIMPSON, Agent.**  
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