

A WONDERLAND.

New Zealand's Belt of Geysers of Boiling Water.

If one can imagine a furious and active volcano with a crater a thousand miles in extent, sunk level with the earth and thinly covered with a screen of soil, one has some idea of the awe inspiring "wonderland" of New Zealand's north island. You cannot poke a stick into the ground without starting a boiling spring, and wherever you turn the ground is fairly alive with geysers of boiling water—steam jets and blowholes, with quivering volcanoes and gurgling "mud pots," all colored fantastically with rainbow hues, ranging from brilliant sapphire to vivid scarlet. Stranger still, the entire face of this region is constantly changing in shape and color, and there are hot springs here stretching in a continuous chain for 300 miles. The ground throbs and quivers with volcanic activity, and set in the midst of it all are native Maori villages of surpassing interest, a strange race of magnificent savages, who, although they have been cannibals within the memory of man, are now a highly intelligent race and actually send representatives to the parliament in Wellington.

The native women, gorgeous in garments of crimson, green and purple, are forever puffing stolidly at big pipes and going hither and thither about their household work with the quaintest of babies slung across their backs. This reminds me that domestic work in this strange region is made light indeed for white housewives as well as the Maori women. Every garden and back yard has its hot water provided by nature.

And when these easy going people grow hungry the mother prepares a meat pudding or a joint and drops it into a convenient pot of natural boiling water in the earth, and in a few minutes it is cooked. The same conveniences are still more in evidence on washing day. Stepping carefully through a tangle of boiling geysers and gurgling mud pots, one suddenly comes upon a great collection of native women and girls doing their washing in a vast smoking lake big enough to have steamers on it.—W. T. Fitzgerald in St. Nicholas.

LIVING PROOF OF IT.

How Marriage Develops the Best Traits in a Man.

"By the way, Mary," said Mr. Winterbottom, "young Ascot asked for my advice today about getting married."

Mrs. Winterbottom looked up from the pile of socks that she was darned. "And what advice did you give him, John?" she said.

"Er—hand me them matches, will you? My pipe's out," said Winterbottom.

She transferred the mound of mending from her lap to a chair, rose and, taking the matches to her husband, quietly resumed her work again.

"Well," continued Mr. Winterbottom, wallowing in his big chair, "I told Ascot to go ahead and marry at once. I told him what I have always believed—namely, that nothing develops the best traits in a man's character like matrimony. Nothing, I told him, so splendidly brings into blossom those seeds of unselfishness, of self sacrifice, that lie dormant in even the best of bachelors. The bachelor thinks only of himself. The married man forgets himself in the protecting care that he must eternally lavish upon wife and babes. Coarse, selfish brutes of bachelors I have seen transmuted by marriage into a fine gold of such selfforgetfulness and tender consideration, such delicate solicitude and courtesy—er—as!"

Mr. Winterbottom had been slapping his pockets and frowning. Now he stopped abruptly. "Here's my pipe out," he said, "and I forgot to bring down that pouch again. Do you mind, Mary? It's on the dressing table in the fourth story front."

Mrs. Winterbottom, with pleasant alacrity, hastened from the room—New York Press.

Spoiled the Prayer.

A west end man who had been out with a party of friends sipping from the bowl of joy more than usual staggered home, at a loss to know how to conduct himself to prevent his wife knowing he was intoxicated. After turning the question over in his mind several times he decided that it would be well for him to kneel in prayer just before retiring, as he sometimes did.

"What in the world are you doing there, John?" asked his wife.

"Praying."

"Well, your prayer might have more effect if you took off that silk hat!"—St. Louis Republic.

Can We Pull Anything?

Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent English scientist, said in a lecture that there is no such thing as pulling. To speak of a horse pulling a cart was, he said, incorrect. The horse did not pull the cart. It pushed against its collar and thereby produced motion in the cart. Similarly the oarsman pushed the water, and the man drawing a handcart had to clasp the handle, and the driving force was caused by the part which clasped the handle and was therefore behind it. Even if the cart was fastened to the man's coat tail he did not pull it. He pushed against his clothes.

Considerate.

"And would you marry me if I were a poor girl, working for a living?" asked the heiress.

"Darling," responded the accepted suitor, "it wouldn't be fair. You'd be doing enough in supporting yourself."—Philadelphia Ledger.

ANIMAL LEGENDS.

The Buzz of the Mosquito and the Swallow's Forked Tail.

In Palestine, where several religions exist side by side, legends have crossed and intermingled in such a way as to make a distinct folklore. A collection of stories from "Folklore in the Holy Land," by the Rev. J. E. Hanauer, contains many Biblical legends in new forms and with humorous additions. One explains how the mosquito came to buzz and why the swallow's tail is forked.

After the fall of man the serpent missed the reward which the evil one had promised him—namely, the sweetest food in the world. An angel was appointed to assign to every creature his food and dwelling place. The serpent asked for human flesh. But Adam protested and pointed out shrewdly that no nobody had ever tasted human flesh. It was impossible to maintain that it was the most luscious of food. Thus he gained a year's respite for the race.

Meanwhile the mosquito was sent round the world with instructions to taste and report upon the blood of every living creature. At the end of twelve months it was to report in open court the result of its researches.

Now, Adam had a friend in that sacred bird the swallow, which annually makes a pilgrimage to Mecca and all holy places. This bird shadowed the mosquito all the twelve months until the day of the decision. Then as the insect was on its way to the court the swallow met it openly and asked what flesh and blood it had found sweetest. "Man's," replied the mosquito.

"What?" asked the swallow. "Please say it again, for I am rather deaf."

On this the mosquito opened its mouth wide to shout, and the swallow darted in its bill and plucked out the insect's tongue.

They then proceeded to the court, where all living creatures were assembled to hear the decision. On being asked the outcome of its investigation the mosquito, which could now only buzz, was unable to make itself understood, and the swallow, pretending to be its spokesman, declared that the insect had said that it had found the blood of the frog the most delicious. Sentence was therefore given that frogs, not men, should be the serpent's food.

In its rage and disappointment the serpent darted forward to destroy the swallow. But the bird was too quick; the serpent succeeded only in biting some feathers out of the middle of the swallow's tail.

This is why swallows have forked tails.

SOAP BUBBLES.

How Some Pretty and Marvelous Effects May Be Produced.

There are degrees of skill in all pastimes, but one would hardly think that there were specialists in the art of blowing soap bubbles. An article in the Windsor Magazine by Meredith Nugent, however, shows that some very pretty and marvelous effects may be obtained by the exercise of care and patience with soap and water.

The first step is to make a solution by rubbing pure white castile soap into a bowl partly filled with water until a lather has been formed. Then remove every particle of lather, dip a clay pipe into the cleared solution and start to blow a bubble.

If you can blow one six inches in diameter so that it will hang suspended from the pipe and will allow your forefinger covered with the solution to be pushed through into the bubble without breaking, then the mixture is ready for use.

Six bubbles may be blown, one inside the other. This is performed by dipping the end of a straw in the soapy water and after resting the wet end upon an inverted plate or sheet of glass, which should have been previously wet with the solution, blow a bubble six inches in diameter.

Then dip the straw into the solution again, carefully thrust it through the center of this first bubble and blow another. Continue in this manner until all the bubbles are in position. Great care must be taken that the straw is thoroughly wet with solution for fully half its length before each bubble is blown. With practice ten or twelve bubbles may be placed inside of one another.

MAKES WORK EASIER

Forest Grove People Are Pleased to Learn How It is Done.

It's pretty hard to attend to duties With a constantly aching back;

With annoying urinary disorders.

Doan's Kidney Pills make work easier.

They cure backache.

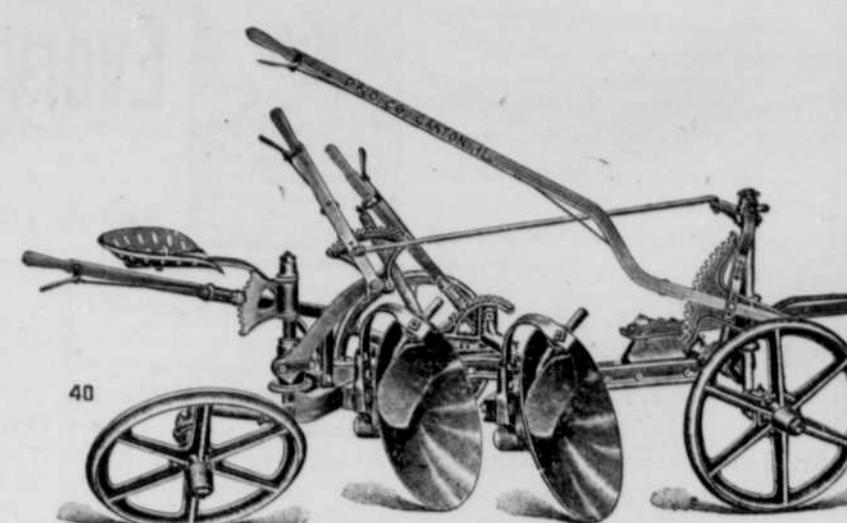
They cure every kidney ill.

Mrs. A. H. Voss, living in Beaverton, Ore., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have proved of great value to me. At the time I began their use, I had been suffering for a long time from a weakness of the kidneys and back. I would arise in the morning feeling refreshed and fit, but begin my household duties. My head ached at times and I seemed to be weak all over. My kidneys were out of order and gave me a great deal of annoyance. I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and after taking a few doses was greatly relieved. I was so delighted that I procured another supply and in a month was entirely free from the complaint. I am much better in every way since using Doan's Kidney Pills and give them the credit."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

The House that is Satisfied Only When You Are



CANTON PLOWS

The Canton plow is the only disc plow that will give perfect satisfaction on all kinds of land, and we can prove it. We have already sold a number of these plows this fall and can cite you to numerous satisfied users.

Ranges and Heaters

We carry the largest stock of Ranges and Heaters west of Portland. We sell on the installment plan at prices that are lower than the other fellow's cash price. If in need of anything in the Stove Line come and see us, if not come and see us anyway.

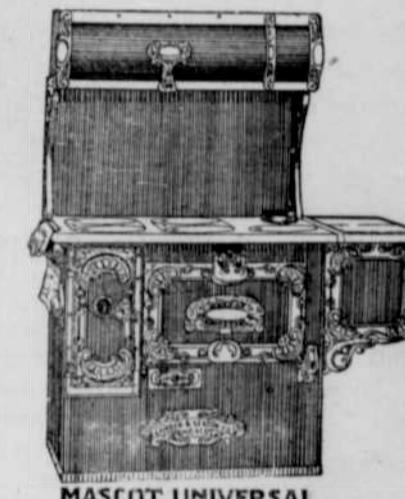
PAINT

We give you a written guarantee for five years. No other dealer dares do it; therefore our Paint is the best.

Notice

We pay spot cash for our goods and pay no rent.

Who can sell the cheapest?



M. PETERSON & SON, FOREST GROVE, OREGON

EASY PHYSICAL CULTURE.

How One May Promote Good Health Without Expense.

First of all, there is the sensible use of the odd moments of the day. For example, I must go out to my work in the city; I must get up from my chair after or at intervals during my work; I must go upstairs. Here are the opportunities:

During the wash I can rub myself well all over my skin. Having used the warm water and soap and warm water again, I can dip my hands in cold water and then give my skin a capital friction with the palms of my hands. This will afford excellent exercise for the arms and shoulders and, when I stoop, for the trunk muscles. It will clean me, will help to harden and invigorate me and will make my hands and my whole body glow delightfully. It will need scarcely any extra time.

When I go out into the street, and indeed whenever I go out, I can take two extra deep and full breaths of fresh air in through the nostrils. And I can repeat this wonderfully healthy practice whenever I wait at a crossing, whenever I wait at all, and just before I go into any building from the street, and also before any important work or interview, and, of course, the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. Here there is not one moment of extra time demanded, but there is so much effective but easy physical culture that at the end of a year the improvement in the breathing capacity, the endurance, the vigor, the complexion and even in the control of the temper may be almost beyond belief. And, best of all, the automatic habit of fuller and more rhythmical inhalations may be firmly fixed.—Eustace Miles in Metropolitan Magazine.

The Dear Old Days.

Touched by his sad story, a Harrisburg woman recently furnished a meal to a melancholy looking hobo who had applied therefor at the back door.

"Why do you stick out the middle finger of your left hand so straight while you are eating?" asked the compassionate woman. "Was it ever broken?"

"No, ma'am," answered the hobo, with a snuffle. "But during my halcyon days I wore a diamond ring on that finger, and old habits are hard to break."—Harper's Weekly.

PUBLIC SALES!

Public Sale.

The undersigned will sell at public auction on the premises, known as the Tim Thompson place, 1½ miles south of Gaston, on

Tuesday, Sept. 22, 1908

Sale begins at 10 a.m. The following described property: 4 work horses, including sorrel mare weight 1300; bay mare weight 1300; gray gelding weight 1450; black gelding weight 1250; 2 year old brown gelding, 3 brood sows and 16 pigs three months old, 9 shoats weight from 80 to 150 pounds, thoroughbred Poland China boar two years old, new Stoughton wagon 3½ inch wide tire, 3 inch wagon narrow tire, Deering binder 6 ft cut in good running order, 2 good 14 inch plows, Osborne spring tooth harrow, spike tooth steel harrow 60 tooth, new cedar press, new Chatham fanning mill, new Rock Island 14 inch gang plow, Hoosier grain drill 18 disks, 4 horse equalizer, 2 hay forks 1 double and 1 single, 2 ropes for hay fork 180 ft, 2 pitch forks, heating stove, 2 sets harness, 8 horse collars. Free lunch at noon. Terms of sale: Amounts under \$10 cash. Over ten dollars 1 years time at 6 per cent with approved security. Sums over \$10 2 per cent discount for cash.

HENRY MEYER, Owner.

F. L. Geiger, J. W. Hughes, Clerk Auctioneer.

Public Sale.

Having sold my farm two miles east and one mile north of Banks, two miles northwest of Mountaintdale, I will sell at public auction on the premises on

Wednesday, Sept. 30, 1908

Sale commences at 10 a.m., the following property, to-wit: 2 work horses, 5 milk cows 2 giving milk 2 will be fresh soon and one will be fresh in a month, 2 2-year-old heifers will be fresh about the middle of January, 2-year-old Jersey bull, yearling heifer, wagon 3½ wide steel tire, top buggy, Lazyback cart nearly new, cultivator, 12-inch plow, hay rake, mower, hay rack, 10-foot log chain, set horse

blankets, 6 milk cans, set work harness, single buggy harness, grindstone, some household goods. Free lunch at noon. Terms of sale: All sums over \$10 and less, cash. On sums over \$10, six months time will be given on notes bearing 6 percent interest from date on approved security, 2 percent off for cash on all sums over \$10.

PETER H. FIELDS, owner, I. W. Hughes, Geo. F. Naylor, Auctioneer. Clerk.

Notice.

To Whom This May Concern:

We, the undersigned, have had the clover huller belonging to Crop Brothers under W. H. Lyda's management hull our clover and are glad to say that they do the fastest and cleanest work of any machine we ever saw. Any one wanting clover huller will make no mistake by getting them to do their work.

C. B. CAMPBELL, WM. WESTEN.

Notice to Taxpayers.

The last half of 1907 taxes, where the first half was paid before the first Monday in April, 1908, will be due on or before Monday, Oct. 5, 1908, and unless paid by that date penalty and interest will be added from April 6, 1908, until paid.

G. G. HANCOCK, 11-t2 Sheriff Washington Co., Ore.

LET THE NEWS do your job work. We guarantee good workmanship, good stock and most reasonable prices. We print everything.

—White River Flour made of best Eastern Oregon wheat for sale at Bailey's Big Store.

—New stock of latest Ladies' Home Journal dress patterns at Bailey's Big Store.

Public Sale.

I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the Geo. V. James place, 4½ miles Southeast of Cornelius on

Thursday, Sept. 24th, 1908