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MELONS IN STORAGE.

How a Rural J. P. Decided a Suit Between Neighbors.

Problems worthy of Solomon's acumen are often submitted to these rural arbitrators, justices of the peace. In the Macon county (Mo.) archives is a case of this sort:

Timothy Kain, a farmer of Eastey township, set out some watermelon vines which grew so luxuriously that they trespassed upon the field of his neighbor, Felix Hopper. When gathering time came Kain's attempt to harvest his runaway product was rebuked by Hopper and his shotgun. The controversy got into court, and Squire William Easley, for whom the township was named, was asked to decide the ownership of ten watermelons worth 15 cents apiece. The lawyers for Kain read books to show that his rights of property followed the vines clear into the next county should they travel so far. Hopper's lawyers produced equally sound reading to prove that Hopper was entitled by law to anything that camped on his premises. It wasn't Hopper's fault, they said, if the vines wanted to spread out and go visiting. He had the same right to them that he would have to a colony of honeybees that might get tired of being with Kain and concluded to move over and make honey for Hopper.

Squire Easley let the lawyers spout until they had read through all their books; then he arose to his six feet and said:

"Mitchell has read books that make it absolutely certain them melons belong to Kain. I hadn't any doubt in the world about that till Guthrie here got up and turned Mitchell's law bottom side up. There's no question but what there's enough law in the books for both Kain and Hopper, and that ought to make 'em happy. The court decides under the circumstances that with the law deciding both ways there's nothing to do but to hand out justice as he sees it. The judgment of the court is that those are Kain's melons."

"Thank you, your honor," said Mitchell, arising and bowing.

"But that he's indebted to Hopper 20 cents apiece for storage," finished the justice.

"But, your honor," said Mitchell indignantly, "you can't do that. They haven't filed any claim for storage. Besides, you're allowing them more for their melons than they're worth on the market."

"The court will take judicial notice of the defendant's rights, offset or no," said Squire Easley, with some asperity. "And your own evidence shows Hopper was diligently guarding Kain's property for him. That's worth something."

"Guarding it?"

"Yes, Kain himself testified Hopper was there with a shotgun when he climbed over the fence."—Kansas City

THRILLING SPORT.

Rafting Down the Canyons of an Unmapped Glacial River.

With provisions for only ten days a party of explorers in Alaska found one September that they must build rafts and take their chances of letting the swift river carry them to settlements where food could be obtained; otherwise ice and snow would shut them in from all hope of rescue. In "The Shameless Diary of an Explorer" Robert Dunn tells of the journey on the roughly made rafts.

"At 11 o'clock today began the most thrilling sport I know, rafting down the snaky canyons of an unmapped glacial river.

"Fred and I captained the Mary Ann II, the other three the Ethel May. We rasped and hauled them over the gravel shadows of our tributary, shot out between the main walls of the stream and seized upon that boiling current.

"We reached silently from cliff to cliff, jammed pike poles into the slate shelf overhead, twirled out of eddies. We bumped and grounded. We dashed overboard and on the run eased her across shallows. We tugged half an hour to make an inch at each shove through the gravel, suddenly plunged in to our necks, and she leaped free as we scrambled on.

"Bowlers rose through white ruffs of water in midchannel. We might or might not hang on them for a perpendicular minute.

"You must be very handy with a pole. You must have a hair fine eye for moving angles, the strength of an eddy, the depth of foam ruffling over a stump. You must be surer of the length of your pole than a polo player of the reach of his mallet. You must be quicker than a St. Bernard dog. You must know the different weight of each log down to ounces, the balance of the duffel piled high like a dais, covered with the tent and the bean pot, the mackinaws and the ax lashed to all the lashings. It's a pretty game."

CLIMBING AN ICE SLOPE.

Vain and Perilous Effort to Scale Mount McKinley.

The long trail to the north brings out the best in men and the worst, declares Mr. Robert Dunn in "The Shameless Diary of an Explorer." As a member of a party which made a vain attempt to reach the top of Mount McKinley he tells something of the hardships of one day's travel:

Furtively, imperceptibly, the steepness had stolen a march on us. As one line of footholds gave out we had to slide dexterously to another. The steeper slope was swept clear and hard. Steps had to be cut.

We have only three ice axes. As I never gave them a thought this morning, all of them were gobbled up when we started, and I was left with only one long willow tent pole. It was never meant to balance you in half cut steps that may or may not hold your toe.

As the steps changed from a stairway to a stepladder the other three betrayed no excitement, no uneasiness. Neither did I at first, but I felt both. It was not dizziness, not vertigo, but simply that as I looked down the sheer 2,000 feet from where we clung by our toes imagination resistlessly told over how it would feel, how long it would last, what the climax in sensation would be, were I to fall.

As hour succeeded hour I lived each minute only to make the false step. Courage is only a matter of self control anyway.

Climbing the highest mountain on the continent with a tent pole! Sometimes I boiled in those dizzy, anxious places that I had put myself in such a position with such men. Yet I must reap my own sowing. Once I asked if it wasn't customary to rope on such steep slopes, but no one but Fred answered, and he said: "Y' ain't goin' to ketch me tied up to anybody. A man don't want to take chances with any one but himself, haulin' him down from these places."

One requisite of explorers besides aversion to soap and water is insensitiveness. They can't see; they can't feel. They couldn't do these stunts if they did.

THE HUMAN BRAIN.

It Is the Most Marvelous Machine in the World.

The human brain is the most marvelous machine in the world. It occupies less space in proportion to its capabilities than any machine it ever invented. It sends a special nerve to every ultimate fiber of some 500 muscles, to many thousand branching twigs of arteries, to every pinhead area of the numerous glands which keep the machine properly oiled, heated or cooled, to some sixteen square feet of skin, which is the outpost guard of its castle, with such completeness that the point of a pin cannot find an area unguarded. It possesses special quarters for the reception and translation of a constant stream of vibrations that are the product of all things movable or still in the outer world. On the retina of every open eye is a picture of the outer view, a focused imprint of every ray of light and color, and in the visual chamber of the mental palace stands a vibrascope, a magic lantern that receives the retinal picture in its billion speeding series of light waves and throws them upon its mental screen as a living moving picture of light and shade and color. In the chamber of sound is a vibraphone, over whose active wires passes every wave of sound from the dripping of the dew to the orchestral fortissimo, from the raucous screech of the locomotive to the sighing of the wind through the meadow grass. In the chambers set apart for scent and taste and touch are the secret service guards to report upon the air and food which give sustenance to the palace and upon the solid qualities of the tactile world. And, wonder of all wonders, this complex human brain can think in all languages or in no language and even conceive its own physical mortality.—Edward A. Ayres in Harper's Magazine.

Love your neighbor, but don't pull down the fence.—German Proverb.

An Indian Summer Romance.

By MARGARET FOX.

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It had not been an eventful summer for Marion Leigh. She knew it would not be when she saw it looming up in all its inevitability—an invalid aunt, an isolated mountain retreat and herself in the dual role of nurse and companion.

But she was wise enough to recognize the time-old truth that "beggars cannot be choosers" and to accept it graciously. As a dependent orphan she had little voice in the ordering of her own career.

But now as she watched the leaves falling silently, somberly, and thought over the long, tedious days she had lived through and the longer and more tedious ones to come her bright courage seemed all at once to leave her.

The proverbial melancholy of the season controlled her mood, and she became introspective.

There had been just one bit of brightness that stood out as a relief against the dreary background of that monotonous summer, and whether she was glad or sorry for it Marion herself hardly knew.

She had welcomed Bruce Wolcott's coming with spontaneous delight, not because it had any special significance for her, but because he stood for all that she had known of youth and freedom and jollity, of which there was so little now in her surroundings, so much still in her natural makeup.

But Wolcott had proved more than merely young and care free and jolly as she remembered him; he was alertly sympathetic and unflinchingly generous.

In recalling the many thoughtful, sweet things he had done for her Marion refused to blame herself for misinterpreting them as acts significant of deeper purpose.

The change had come almost in a day, it seemed to her now. It was not that his generosity ceased, but the personal note that had come so near trans-

found herself following his lead, sometimes with a meekness of which she was wholly unconscious and again with a strange mingling of fear and tumultuous happiness that proclaimed him master of her heart.

"But the boy because his power had come to him so easily was careless of it. Besides, there were so many other things that were more worth while. He told the girl about some of them boastfully, expecting her to share his enthusiasm. And because she seemed to him indifferent and no longer a comrade interested in the same things of life he sought her less and less frequently, and at length they drifted quite apart.

"But the girl never forgot. She followed his career from afar and was proud of all his successes. Yet, much as she admired and revered the man, in her heart it was the boy whose image she treasured. She still imagined him with her, sharing her keen delight in every bit of beauty that she chanced upon, holding her hand tight whenever the turbulent waters came near sweeping her on with them.

"If the man ever remembered"—

And here the fine spun fancy came to a full stop owing probably to some sudden interruption.

For a few minutes Wolcott sat absorbed in deep thought. So she did love him after all! And what he had overheard her tell her aunt coming suddenly along by her open window one day had been all a part of her daily heroism. Her lips had said: "No, auntie; I do not love him. He is only just a friend. He can never mean anything more to me." But her heart had said—

He reread the last part of the confession and then, taking out his pencil, wrote hurriedly.

"If the man ever remembered," he began, continuing the thread of the story. "It was no wonder what had become of his jolly little playmate and to try to recall what it was that had separated them. He was glad that he had done big things, and although while he was doing them he did not stop to analyze his motive or his inspiration, he knew afterward that he had done them for her in the hope that she might hear of them and be proud. And after they were done and he had earned a breathing space he knew that he should never do anything more worth while until he should find her again and have her near him always to love and to worship.

"He yearned for a warm clasp of her little hand and the sound of her laughter. What a fool he had been to let such priceless possessions pass when they were his for the taking! Would it be possible to regain them now? Would she forgive him and love him and enshrine him again as master of her heart?"

Suddenly Wolcott heard an embarrassed little laugh behind him.

"Oh, I—I didn't realize you were here," Marion was saying in almost stammering confusion. "I came out to get a book I left here this morning."

"Yes, I found it," Bruce acknowledged awkwardly, the written sheets scattered in telltale fashion about him. "You didn't dare"—began Marion, blushing and turning white and blushing again in a way that kept Wolcott staring at her in fascinated admiration.

"Yes, I did, but I'll play fair," he answered, smiling at her with all his old engaging frankness. "You may read the end of the story—Marion. I took the liberty of finishing it."

He watched her closely while she read it and noticed, with a great bounding of joy in his heart, how her hand trembled as she came to the last words.

"But it isn't finished, is it?" she asked gently after a little pause.

"You are the only one who knows, dear," he answered tenderly. "Am I by any chance the little boy in your heart—the boy you've always loved, Marion?"

He was holding her hand now, and he felt the sudden tightening of her clasp.

"The boy I've always loved," she answered softly, "and—the master of my heart."

A Busy Ten Dollar Bill.

Mr. Brown keeps a boarding house. Around the table sat his wife, Mrs. Brown; the village milliner, Mrs. Andrews; Mr. Black, the baker; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter, and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed and lumber merchant. Mr. Brown took \$10 out of his pocket and handed it to Mrs. Brown with the remark that there was \$10 toward the \$20 he promised her. Mrs. Brown handed the bill to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying, "That pays for my new bonnet." Mrs. Andrews in turn passed it to Mr. Jordan, remarking that it would pay for the carpenter work he had done for her. Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, requesting his receipted bill for flour, feed and lumber. Mr. Hadley gave the bill back to Mr. Brown, saying, "That pays \$10 on my board." Mr. Brown again passed it to his wife, remarking that he had now paid her the \$20 he had promised her. She in turn paid Mr. Black to settle her bread and pastry account. Mr. Black handed it to Mr. Hadley, asking credit for the amount on his flour account. Mr. Hadley again passed it to Mr. Brown, with the remark that it settled for that month's board, whereupon Mr. Brown put it back into his pocket, observing that he had not supposed a greenback would go so far.—Osceola (Ia.) Sentinel.

Lose?

"I should think a doctor with so many friends would have lots of practice."

"But he won't treat his friends. He says he hates to lose them."—Kansas City Times.

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