

Big Bargains Every Day At Baird's

Holiday Greeting:

At the close of a prosperous year of Mercantile Business in Newberg, I extend to my many friends and customers a holiday greeting, wishing for them the greatest measure of success during the coming year.

E. C. BAIRD.

BE SURE TO COME EARLY AT BAIRD'S

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Subject next Sabbath morning: "Shall We Have a Genuine Revival?" At night the topic will be: "Angels and Hornets for the New Year." All are invited.

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LAPIDARY

Having purchased the Whitten Lapidary we invite our friends to call and see us at the old stand. Mr. Whitten will remain with us for a time to have charge of the work.

Foster M. Mills
Dennis C. Mills

FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION.

Made Up of Adventurers Who Are Ruled With an Iron Hand.

Perhaps none of the world's modern troops have more of a glamour, romance and reputation for fierce fighting than France's Foreign Legion. Established in Algeria in 1831 and ten years later commanded by a German officer named Meyer, it then consisted of six battalions, one Polish, one Italian and four German, and a great many Belgians were scattered through its ranks.

Later it became one of the most heterogeneous bodies of troops in the world, says the World's Work. It contained specimens of almost every country, race and breed, men in whose breasts stirred the atavistic germ of the nomad, men who had slipped a cog in the wheel of life, men who had committed crimes and were "wanted" at home.

So these men, some adventurers, some wild dogs of humanity, some reprobates, having come together from all parts of Europe and having saved from the wages of their past lives at least one asset, courage, seek, under feigned names, either excitement or protection beneath the tricolor. It is said that the "Chinese is the only language that is not spoken in this modern babel."

Many an aristocratic European family, having with the aid of the world's police searched the earth over in vain for a missing member, has been offered the one hope of writing to the colonel of the Foreign Legion and in many cases with satisfactory results. One English traveler mentions seeing the son of a counsellor, the nephew of a cardinal and the son of a Frankfort banker reclaimed almost simultaneously. Discipline in such a corps is carried out with an iron hand. Obedience must be absolute or—well, court martials are pitiless and punishment rapid.

Gardens.

In the dark ages a garden was only a patch of "simples" tended by a patient, laborious monk. But the Italian garden of the day of Lorenzo de' Medici had become all that the garden wisdom, skill and expenditure could make. A formal garden of the Villa Falconieri, more than five centuries old, is still considered the most beautiful and dignified ornamental garden in the world, a painter's and a poet's

dream of cool, clear pools and stately cypresses. In Japan they go so far as to make every look one gets over walls or through windows a perfect picture.—New York Press.

Envy Silenced.

A story is told of Marshal Lefevre, duke of Dantzic, that favorite of Napoleon, which illustrates his own consciousness of the qualities that had made him what he was. He was vexed at the tone of envy and unkindness with which a companion of his childhood, who met him in his prosperity, spoke of his riches, titles and luxury, and said in reply:

"Well, now, you shall have it all, but at the price which I have paid for it. We will go into the garden, and I will fire a musket at you sixty times, and then if you are not killed everything shall be yours."

Just a Suggestion.

A woman bought several pots of jam, and, being about to go out, she told her little daughter not to touch them. But no sooner was she outside than the child took one of the pots, ate some of the jam and then put the pot back in its place.

Her mother on her return noticed it at once and said in a severe tone:

"What would you do, you naughty child, if you were in my place?" "I should say, 'Finish the pot, as you have begun it, but don't do it again.'"—London Tit-Bits.

Points of Difference.

A young heiress with a penchant for farming was explaining at length the many difficulties she encountered in pursuing her fad. "I really am a farmer," she protested, and then added regretfully, "although it must be confessed that almost all I plant I lose."

"Therein differing from me," courteously rejoined her table companion, a rising young physician, "for I find in my case that all I lose I plant."

A Wet Umbrella.

Never leave an umbrella standing on the point in the ordinary way when wet. The water trickles down, spoiling the silk and making the wires rusty. It is also a mistake to open it and leave it standing, as this stretches the silk, making it baggy so that it is impossible to fold it smoothly. The proper way is to shake out as much of the water as possible, then stand the umbrella on its handle to drain.

MOONSHINE MINING.

Illicit Gold Gathering in California in Former Days.

"Mining in California isn't much more spectacular than distilling now, but each has its feature of fugitive romance," said James Gillett, former governor of California. "In the south they have moonshine distilling, in California we have moonshine mining, though in a much less degree now than when I was governor."

"This illicit gold gathering sprang up in California after the legislature passed the law prohibiting hydraulic mining. The reason was that the hydraulic miners were filling up the streams with the debris they dislodged in their work. The bed of the Sacramento river was raised nearly eight feet, seriously hampering traffic, and tremendous damage was done to the river resources by this mining."

"The miners thought it was class legislation to make them stop their hydraulic work. They regarded it as a prerogative, the same as the mountaineer does making his own whisky. And they were most ingenious in concealing their operations."

"It was reported several times that this moonshine mining was going on in the mountains of Nevada county, near the famous Grass Valley mines. We sent detectives to stop them. A few arrests made the operators all the more wary. They would work at night, concealing their rams and piping in the daytime. When the spring freshets or heavy rains came they worked ceaselessly, using the muddy currents to hide their operations. The dirt in that country is red clay, and it was easy to tell whenever the miners were at work by the coloring of the stream."

"The profits were big. Often they would work on land that did not belong to them, stealing water from some irrigation ditch and dropping it several hundred feet, thus giving tremendous pressure. In a night they would clean up \$100 or more."

"When the detectives became active the moonshiners would operate with lookouts. They would also labor under the full moon. The lookout would stand with a pan of mercury, which would mirror the entire panorama. With it he could see persons approaching at his rear, casually give the signal to confederates and start across the mountains as though hunting or prospecting."

Lone moonshiners would work during the day with the pan of mercury as the alarm signal, fleeing whenever they saw any one approach.

"To this day the illegal miners operate on a small scale, but their neighbors seem to be in sympathy with them and protect them as much as possible. As their operations are not extensive enough to hurt the streams the state lets them go. The moonshine miner is a romantic character that has been overlooked as fiction material, but I have always enjoyed hearing about him. When governor I pardoned two that were sentenced to prison for illicit mining."—Chicago News.

English?

Notices printed in English, French and German have been put up in St. Paul's cathedral asking visitors not to wander about the building while divine service is going on.

One hopes rather nervously that the French and German notices are all right. Memories of queer things seen abroad come back to mind.

A Belgian take-you-while-you-wait photographer, for instance, used to show a notice, "Momentary execution of infants at all hours!" And a notice in a Swiss hotel dining room made this frank confession, "The wines at this hotel leave the traveler nothing to hope for!"—London Spectator.

The Cuckoo's Nest.

The teacher was giving the youngsters a talk on natural history.

"The field sparrow builds its nest on the ground," she said, "the kingfisher digs into the side of a hill or bank, and the woodpecker bores a hole in a tree. Now, can any little boy tell me where the cuckoo makes its home?"

A small boy in one of the back seats immediately replied:

"In a clock."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Her Choice.

Lawyer (cross examining)—Isn't your husband a burglar?

Witness—Yes.

Lawyer—And didn't you know he was a burglar when you married him?

Witness—I did, but I was getting a little old, and I had to choose between a burglar and a lawyer, so what could I do?—Boston Transcript.

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