

THE ITEMS

SATURDAY MARCH 28 1903.

POST CHECK SYSTEM.

We are pleased to note the interest and enthusiasm which being manifested in the bill recently before Congress providing for a post check currency. The post check system provides paper money printed in such a way that it may be used as check for its face value, says the Salem Sentinel.

There are hundreds of things a person wants to send money for, perhaps to the store at the county seat. Under the post check plan he would take his money, write the name of the store keeper on the blank lines printed on the face, attach and cancel a two cent postage stamp, and the transfer of money to the storekeeper is complete. He has drawn a check against the government for the amount of the bill thus changed into a check, and as a check it can go through the mails without the danger attached to the sending of a loose bill. His money has been money, but with a few strokes of the pen it is turned into a check. Its life is discontinued in one way and a new life starts. If he makes a blunder in writing, he puts on a two-cent stamp, cancels it, goes to the postoffice and gets a new one in its place, and this process may be repeated until the address is correctly written. The government secures a two-cent fee on the letter, it secures two cents on each bill made into a check, where if the farmer made the journey at his own loss, it would be also that much loss of revenue to the government.

The advantages and economies of doing business by mail are being realized more and more, and this branch of business is increasing with the rapidity which its importance demands. How much simpler and more popular could this purchasing by mail be made should the post check and the parcels post system be adopted. It provides a perfectly safe and economical plan of sending money through the mail at a minimum cost and without inconvenience.

One of the interesting incidents of last Congress was a memorial from the Colorado legislature for an appropriation of \$20,000,000 for constructing a highway across the American continent. A grand highway from ocean to ocean, constructed by the people, would be a long step forward in the direction of a national system of good roads such as most of the European countries have today.

THE BUGLER'S CHEST

It is well expanded. He uses his lungs to their fullest capacity. People in ordinary do not use much over half their lung power. The unused lung surface becomes inert, and offers a prepared ground for the attack of the germs of consumption. There is no need to warn people of the danger of consumption, but warning is constantly needed not to neglect the first symptoms of diseased lungs. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures obstinate coughs, bronchitis, bleeding lungs, and other conditions which, if neglected or unsatisfactorily treated, find a fatal termination in consumption. It is entirely free from opiates and narcotics.

"About three years ago I was taken with a bad cough, vomiting and spitting blood," writes Mr. D. J. Robinson, of Spring Garden, W. Va. "I tried many remedies; nothing seemed to help me until I commenced using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. After using ten bottles and four vials of his 'Pleasant Pills,' I commenced to improve. My case seemed to be almost a hopeless one. Doctors pronounced it ulcer of the lungs. I was sick nearly two years—part of the time bedfast. Was given up to die by all. I thought it would be impossible for me to live over night at one time. I haven't spit any blood now for more than twelve months, and worked on the farm all last summer. It was Dr. Pierce's medicines that cured me."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach. The "Medical Adviser" in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay for mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



To the long standing question, what shall be done with the jack-rabbit? Echo, answers that he shall be canned, says The Dalles Chronicle. The aim is to convert him from a pest into a table delicacy. Instead of being permitted to roam at large, free to devour what the farmer most desires to have preserved, the little denizens of the sage brush country will be slaughtered for commercial purposes and may possibly find their way in cans to the larders of the chief nations of the world. It is certainly a worthy object, this of converting a supposedly worthless animal into a useful food product. While at present there is no crying demand for canned jackrabbit, there is no telling how insistent that demand might become when once a taste for it has been cultivated. The rabbit of the sage brush country is said to be gamey, and experience has shown that a viand to become popular, fashionable and much in demand has only to be gamey. With this new delicacy once approved by epicures and experts in gastronomy, there is a possibility that it may grow in general favor so that no menu in a first class dining establishment will be complete or satisfactory unless the Oregon jackrabbit is included in the highly prized edibles. If the American people can once be educated to eat canned jackrabbit, there is no telling what change may be wrought in the condition of the people who live in the jack-rabbit country. With rabbits to be had for the taking, a fortune would seem to await every man who cares to chase it into a corral.

Here's to the man who does things, who tries and makes mistakes, who tries and succeeds. Better a try and a failure than never a try at all. About nine out of ten of the attempts of the man who does things are failures or only partial successes, yet he is the stronger for them all and his world is better. In business, in politics, in society, in morals, the man who does things is the main spring. Conservatism, indifference, laziness, inaction, are the clogs which delay progress.

The man who is alert, with busy mind and restless energy, drives unwilling circumstances or adverse conditions to panic and all things equal they are as often good as bad. As experience ripens they are good most frequent and he is blessed in due proportion. Get a move on! Develop a hustle! Think a few times when things do seem to stagnate. Push, branch out, do things. Mistakes carry their own morals, success stimulates and widens the horizon of every day conception. The world cries all hail to the man who does things; it even forgives his mistakes if it understands and approves his motives. This is gospel in small affairs as well as great. The one leads inevitably to the other. Whoop, it up, brethren, meaning also sisters, heaven is finally to the hustler.—Exchange.

On April 1st the president expects to start on his western tour and he will put in two months in making the trip twice across the continent. It has been many years since a president visited this state. President Harrison was here in 1901. The people, regardless of party affiliations, will join in welcoming a president to the state. Admiral Clark will be with the president's party. As captain he took the Oregon around the Horn during the Spanish war, a performance that filled the heart of every American with pride.

ESTRAY.

Lost one two-year old cow with calf. Brand, on ribs OO, and 7 on one hip and 72 on the other. I will pay \$5 reward for her recovery. Fred Mosier. Lzee, Oregon.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

How a Clever Salesman Sold an Organ to a Lady Who Had Little Use for It.

In one of the local music stores the other day several salesmen were relating experiences connected with the craft, when one of the party, who had been a dealer in organs in a small way in a western state, where he had acted as agent for a big concern in supplying the local trade, grew reminiscent, relates the Washington Star.

"I remember an incident connected with the sale of those cottage organs that has somewhat the flavor of the David Harum boss trade," said he. "My rival in the organ business in the western town was one of the slickest salesmen that ever ejailed the elusive currency from a folded fist. The fellow—his name was Bishop—sold organs to nearly every family in three counties. We got our instruments for about \$28 net, and the regular selling price was \$60.

"Bishop had a light wagon constructed especially for carrying a cottage organ, and he would load in one of the instruments and, together with his assistant, who was a fine musician, would start for the country.

"One day he drove to a farm owned and managed by a wealthy old Irish lady who couldn't tell a music score from a baseball tally sheet. As Bishop and his assistant drove up to the house with organ in the wagon the old lady came out before the door, and with her arms akimbo struck a Delavartean pose suggestive of the haughty decision, and said:

"Take that thing out of me yard! Move on wid yez. I won't have no music boxes around me. Don't ye dare to take it out av the wagon, or I'll break it open wid an ax."

"Oh, I didn't intend to take the organ out, Mrs. Murphy," said Bishop. "I only wanted to water my horses."

"It was a warm day and, after watering the animals, the two began conversing pleasantly with Mrs. Murphy until her aggressiveness relaxed. Bishop declared it was too warm to take to the road for a while and that they would have to rest. He presently induced the old lady to let them put the organ under a shade tree out of the sun. The two conspirators against the peace of the household strolled aimlessly about the yard, and after awhile the young fellow opened up the organ and began playing lively airs with the Irish sticking out all over them. He was an excellent performer and he coaxed all the Irish out of that instrument there was in it, and presently Mrs. Murphy peeked out at the door. The assistant played through his list of airs and started on some of the old songs dear to every native of old Erin, using the stops and pedals with great effect.

"And what do yez ask fer a thing like that?" the old lady presently asked Bishop.

"We usually get \$75 for that organ," he replied indifferently, and went on sauntering about the yard.

"The music continued, and after a few minutes Mrs. Murphy asked: 'Would ye sell it any cheaper fer cash?'"

"No," says Bishop, "that's the lowest cash price."

"Mrs. Murphy walked back to the house. Finally the young man closed the organ with a snap and backed up the wagon preparatory to reloading. Mrs. Murphy came out with unmistakable interest visible in her countenance. She looked the organ over a moment and then said:

"Now, Mr. Bishop, couldn't ye throw off five dollars if I'd give ye cash money?"

"No," said he, "this organ is the one I am using for a sample, and it's one of the best. I don't care to sell it anyway, but I have some down at the store," and he went on reloading.

"The old lady's Irish blood was up. She couldn't let an instrument that could express the sentiments of those old melodies so sweetly escape her, so she said: 'I don't want any other one. Just be aisy now and wait a minute,' and she dodged into the house, where the family bank, consisting of an old stocking, was opened, and she counted out \$75 for the lucky salesman.

"The organ was placed in the parlor, the assistant taught the old lady a chord, and as they drove away they could hear her hammering on the organ with execrating results. Down the road for half a mile they could hear 'tum, tum-tum, tum, tum-tum,' as she endeavored to get her money's worth. The only time it afforded her satisfaction, however, was when some visitor who could play dropped in, and then the music of old Erin could be heard from the roadway for hours."

Wild Flowers as Weeds.

It has been stated that the only difference between a weed and a wild flower is that it is a weed when it comes up where the cultivator does not want it. A wildflower, then, becomes a weed when growing in cultivated ground. One would hardly suppose that the Canna of our gardens, a beautiful wild flower of Florida, is often a great pest to the Florida horticulturist, and is classed there as among the worst weeds. It appears persistently in low ground, known to cultivators as hummock soil; its root stocks grow so deep in the ground that the plow does not turn them out, so that they grow up a bed as ever in newly plowed ground. The roots have to be dug out with a spade, in order to clear of them.—Golden Days.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

California has 62,000 acres of prune trees.

Oil fuel is used exclusively in the 16 melting furnaces of the new Philadelphia mint. The temperature in these furnaces can be raised to 1,000 degrees.

It is said that the flint which forms the substratum of London is nothing but petrified sponges. An examination of the fossil sponge or flint shows its structure.

The stick insect of Borneo, the largest insect known, is sometimes 13 inches long. It is wingless, but some species of stick insects have beautiful colored wings that fold like fans.

Several factories have been built in Germany for the manufacture of "forest wool" out of pine needles. It is used for making underclothes and for stuffing mattresses and furniture.

One of the most important industries attaching to the cheap power now produced by Niagara is the electrical tearing apart of the molecule of common salt resulting in the formation of caustic soda and bleaching powder.

A portable street light of great illuminating power is the device of the Westminster county council for lessening accidents from London fogs. A cylindrical tank 18 inches in diameter and two feet high is charged with 25 gallons of petroleum, and compressed air forces vapor from the oil into a standpipe provided with a burner. On igniting the torch flares up 18 inches to two feet, with a power of 1,000 candles.

Leroy Beaulieu, a well-known economist of Paris, has declared that the leisure class of men will have to work for their living in 1952. He made this interesting statement in a lecture on the conversion of the French three and one-half per cent. debt into three per cent. bonds. He said that the rate of interest is constantly decreasing, and predicted that in the next 25 years capital will be glad to get two per cent., and that 50 years hence such first-class securities as government bonds and railway securities will bear one per cent. interest, "which," said the lecturer, "will compel all except the very large capitalists to work for a living, and the leisure of the class of people now called well off will be abolished."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Pugilistic.—Nell—"Did Miss Billyums act as if it was a severe blow when she didn't get the prince?" Belle—"Yes; she took the count."—Philadelphia Record.

"What's the matter with Jimson?" "Doctor says it's a complication. Played ping-pong, golf, bicycled and got a motor car, and the four kinds of faces were too much for him."—London Answers.

Eezymark—"A lady told my fortune yesterday, and she said I would meet with a financial reverse." Sceptick—"And did you?" Eezymark—"Sure! She charged me \$2."—Ohio State Journal.

"Troubled with dyspepsia, are you? Did you ever try any of my medicine?" asked the druggist. "Oh, yes; but it wasn't that that gave it to me. I had it long before I took any of your stuff."—Yonkers Statesman.

"By the way," reminded the curious inquirer, "what's a synonymous expression for 'talking shop?'" "Well," replied Jonkley, "there's 'tonorial emporium,' and 'haircutting parlor.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Hangin' On.—Lariat Luke—"What became of that hanger-on from th' east?" Horrible Hank—"He's still hangin' on!" Lariat Luke—"Down at the Red Eye saloon?" Horrible Hank—"Now; hangin' on tew a cottonwood tree at th' edge of town."—Ohio State Journal.

The Point of Difference.—"You don't mean to cite your government as an example of a republic?" "Well," answered the South American dictator, "there's only one little difference between our republic and yours. Instead of elections we have revolutions."—Washington Star.

Two Sinners.—"It is very wrong to tell a falsehood," said his mother to little Jimmie, who had caught him in one. "Then we're both offul sinners, ain't we, maw?" queried Jimmie. "Both! What do you mean?" "Why, you told Missus Smith yesterday that you hoped she'd call again, an' after she wuz gone you said you wished she'd never come again."—Ohio State Journal.

Phenomena of Pelle Eruption.

While the fiery tornado, passing toward the south and west, widened the sweep of its destructive power in order to extend its devastations further, another remarkable phenomenon came to stop it in its course. Two strong atmospheric currents, laden with rain, moving, one from the southeast, the other from the north, fell of a sudden upon the sides of the fiery spout, and, encircling it along a distinctly marked line, cooled it to such a point that I have seen persons who, finding themselves precisely upon this line of demarcation, were struck on one side by fiery missiles, while on the other, and only a few feet away, nothing was falling but the rain of mud, cinders, and stones which descended on the countryside everywhere.—Century.

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