

THE ITEMS

SATURDAY APRIL 11, 1903.

Shamrock III is described as a "wonder." It is probable however that more Englishmen than Americans are doing the wondering. We confess ourselves to feeling somewhat confident.

In his Milwaukee speech the President defined the policy of the Republican party as one to regulate not destroy trusts, and that the existing legislation is all that is practicable at the present time. Control of trusts by means of the tariff a futile remedy.

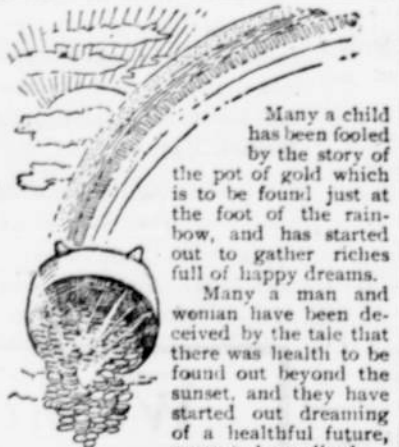
While the editorial scribe of the Commoner is following in mind and with quill the various meanderings of Mr. Roosevelt on his western trip he may be reminded of certain rear platform speeches of his own in the campaign of 1896 and think, "Alas, what might have been!"

President Roosevelt believes in a strong American Navy also that in matters international we should present the dignity becoming a great nation. "Speak softly and carry a big stick; you will go far," was his trite quotation at Chicago the other night, when referring to our naval policy and the Monroe doctrine.

Special agents of the United States Land Office and the Interior Department have discovered evidence of extensive frauds in this state, and steps have been taken towards prosecuting the offenders. Several United States Commissioners will be among those prosecuted for frauds as a result of four months' investigation by special officers.

Dewey's remarks comparing the American and the German navies to the detriment of the latter, created considerable ill feeling among the Germans, both in Germany and in this country. So close that occurrence, however, ten large Dutch green bay trees have been purchased for the White House ornamentation, and this is believed to have made the score a standoff, says a Washington correspondent.

From January 1, 1902, to March 31, 1903, a period of 15 months—the population of Oregon has increased more than 44,000. Unquestionably the immigration during that period has been larger than in any of the 15 months in the history of the state, and the heavy tide is just setting in. Figures from all sections of the state obtained by correspondents of the Oregonian tell the story without exaggeration.



Many a child has been fooled by the story of the pot of gold which is to be found just at the foot of the rainbow, and has started out to gather riches full of happy dreams. Many a man and woman have been deceived by the tale that there was health to be found out beyond the sunset, and they have started out dreaming of a healthful future, never to be realized.

People who have tried change of climate in vain for the cure of weak lungs have been perfectly and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures deep-seated coughs, bronchitis, bleeding lungs, emaciation, and other conditions which, if neglected or unskillfully treated, find a fatal end in consumption.

"Last spring I had a severe attack of pneumonia which left me with a very bad cough, and also left my lungs in a very bad condition," writes John M. Russell, Esq., of Brent, Cherokee Nat. Ind. Terr. "I had no appetite and was so weak I could scarcely walk. My breast was all sore with running sores. I got two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which I believe saved my life. I cannot express my gratitude to you. I am able now to do very good work."

Any substitute offered as "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery" is a shadow of that medicine. There are cures behind every claim made for the "Discovery," which no "just as good" medicine can show.

Somebody started a story that the clever men of the department of agriculture at Washington had propagated a grain known as "corn wheat," which is as big as corn and as good as wheat, and now the department, being overwhelmed with requests for seed, is busily explaining that there is no such thing as corn wheat and that it is not at all likely that such a hybrid could ever be produced.—Baker City Democrat.

It pays any business man to advertise, in season and out of season. Keeping everlastingly at it is the secret of many a man's success, while a half-hearted sluggish neighbor with equally favorable opportunities, fails by the wayside. "Keek-a-movin'" should be the slogan of every business man, and in no way is this more important than in maintaining a rapid, fire-choke-bore system of advertising.—Ex.

The man whose occupation, or trade or business is the best in the land, whose town is the best in the county, whose state is the best in the union, whose nation is the best in the world, is a good citizen, let him be a millionaire, a mechanic, a teacher or a day laborer. He will do his trading at home, even if he does have to pay a little more. He will take the home paper, even if it is a little smaller than some of the metropolitan weekly papers. Then as a reward he will have the highest regard of his neighbors and will be forever prosperous.

The press dispatches announcing preparations for a tremendous land rush in June next when a million acres in Southern California are to be thrown open to entry, indicate that a good many of our people are still looking for homes upon the land. Much of this land is desert however and can only be made habitable and productive through irrigation. There is little question but that the western lands which the government is preparing to irrigate under the national irrigation act, will be taken up by thrifty settlers from the east as fast as the dams can be built and the water placed upon the lands.

We never like to say anything to injure a man's business, but this juvenile courting on the streets of our city breeds pneumonia. The world loves a lover, but it has no love for the kind that do the Romeo and Juliet business on the streets of the city, when they should be at home reading or in bed dreaming. These young people who thus court on the streets need to be made acquainted with a shingle. There are youngsters in this city who are talking of conjugal bliss when they cannot even conjugate the verb love. The boys are no more to blame than the girls; it is a mutual thing with them. What is needed is for every mother to have a curfew bell of her own, ring it and see that the girls and boys hear it ring.—Ex.

Some of the Eastern papers are expressing alarm and "I told you so" over the prospects the irrigation of the western lands by the Government is going to cost more per acre than was indicated by assessments and state agents made during the discussion of the irrigation bill. This is needless fear in view of the fact that the money is all to come back to the Government. If a certain dam and ditch costs a million dollars and provides for the irrigation of 100,000 acres of land the settlers who take that land must pay \$10 an acre to the Government. Neither is there any fear that this money will ever be remitted by hasty act of Congress. Every western interest would oppose such a measure for under the irrigation law the money when paid back to the Government is to be used over again for building other irrigation works in other states.

CATCHING A DEER.

A Hunter's Unsuccessful Attempt to Capture a Fawn Alive.

Catching a wild deer by the tail is not to be recommended as a first-class way of getting venison, but it is a good way for a conscientious man while shooting deer is prohibited by law. The process of grabbing deer by the tail is full of difficulty, but it is not to be compared, in that respect, with hanging on after getting a grab on the tail. The deer is wary. The deer is fleet and its tail is short, but in spite of all difficulties a man who is not 100 feet from me as I write caught a young deer by the tail a few days ago and remained a sort of tail attachment over windfall and slough and stump for a considerable distance, says a Glen Flora special.

The man was out in the forest on his big farm looking for wildcats with an especial eagerness on account of the bounty of six dollars a cat offered by the authorities. As he was wading by the creek with a pair of old shoes protecting his feet from the rocky bottom he espied a fawn at a lick. While he was looking at the little spotted beauty it lay down beside a log, and the hunter resolved to get the little animal alive. He knew that if he could get hold of one or both of the fawn's hind legs he would succeed.

Luckily the cows of the farm appeared at that same moment on the way to the creek for a drink, and the fawn, evidently a frequenter of the pasture, seemed to be unconcerned after a quick glance at the cows. Seizing the opportunity the hunter, while the cows were coming and cracking branches and sticks, stole up to the log. A moment later the fawn passed directly in front of him, and the hunter made a quick thrust of his arms to catch the deer by the hind legs. He partly succeeded, but in the struggle that followed, with the staring cows and yearlings as spectators, the delicate limbs of the fawn began to slip out of the vise of the human hands and somehow or other in desperation the man grabbed the fawn's tail.

The little animal began to run, and the hunter, who is a very strong man, held desperately to the tail. Down an old logging road they went a little way, and then the fawn turned in. It could not run very fast with a man attached to its tail, but the first quarter of a mile was done in good time, nevertheless. About the beginning of the second the fawn went over a log and headed for a thicket. In spite of all, the little beauty reached the brush and plunged in. The hunter was scraped off, and he had the pleasure of seeing the fawn join its mother on the other side of the thicket and dart off with her into the depths of the forest.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

SOUND OF THE SUNBEAM.

Delicate Mechanism Which Determines the Vocal Properties of Color.

One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that have been made within the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lampblack, colored silk or worsted or other substances, says a writer in Pearson's Weekly. A disk having slits or openings cut in it is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow.

On putting the ear to the glass vessel strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel. Recently a more wonderful discovery has been made. A beam of sunlight is caused to pass through a prism so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum, or rainbow. The disk is turned and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it.

Now place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wool or other material. As the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum and there will be silence in other parts.

For instance, if the vessel contains red worsted and the green light flashes upon it loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard if the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel and other colors make no sound at all. Green silk gives sounds best in red light.

Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors and utters no sound in others.

In the Wrong Shop. Canvaser—I have a little device here that will save you lots of time. Business Man—My dear sir, things are so quiet that I don't know what to do with the time I have. I had an hour's conversation with a book agent yesterday and I tried to get him to stay longer, but he wouldn't.—N. Y. World.

Getting Even. "I'm putting up a prescription for your wife's milliner," said the drug clerk to his employer. "What shall I charge her?" "What is the usual price for what she is getting?" "Fifty cents." "Charge her \$2.75."—Texas Sifter.

Not the Right Man. "Yes, dear, I had to decline him, because I knew he could never make me a happy woman." "Why do you think that?" "He told me he would never live beyond his income even for my sake."—Town Topics.

An Autumn Discrepancy. Another dark sorrow is joined to the sum of woes that embitter life's dream: The longer the nights that are chilly become the shorter the bed covers seem.—Washington Star.

DID NOT HOLD HIS PEACE.

As a Result the Wedding Proceeded with Another Groom.

"I attended a mountain wedding in McDowell county, W. Va.," said a writer in the Washington Star. "Everything went along smoothly at first. The cabin was brilliantly lighted with candles and one of the best fiddlers in the country was present to furnish music for the dance to follow the wedding ceremony. Nothing occurred to mar the proceedings until the minister came to the point where he invited anyone who had anything to say why the couple should not enter the bonds of matrimony to speak or thereafter hold his peace, when a rough-looking mountaineer arose and said:

"Anything ter say, parson? Well, I reckon I hev. I hev allus intended ter marry that gal myself, an' ther feller knowed it, so he jess kep' outen my way. I sent 'im word to prepare for a lickin', an' he lef' the country, but kep' a-writin' ter the gal. Now, I'm heere ter make my word good, an' 'fore this hys event goes any farther, the taller-faced coward has me ter fight."

"In vain the preacher tried to restore order. A rug was soon squared in the center of the room and the men went at it. In about ten minutes the groom announced that he had enough, and the victor, taking the arm of the blushing bride, deliberately changed the groom's name in the marriage license to his own, while the vanquished lover made his escape. Everybody appeared to be satisfied, and the marriage took place as though nothing had occurred to mar the solemnity of the occasion."

SAVED HER WHEN A BABY.

And Thirty Years After He Met and Married Her.

A romantic marriage occurred at Atlanta a few days ago, the parties to it being Mr. H. F. Bailey, of Jackson, Miss., and Miss Hodges, of Virginia. Mr. Bailey is somewhat past 50 years of age and the bride is about 30, says an exchange.

The couple first met during the war when Miss Hodges was a baby. It happened when the northern soldiers approached Jackson, Miss. The parents of Miss Hodges resided there at the time, and when the grand rush to avoid the Yankees was made Mr. Bailey, then a confederate soldier, secured a wagon and moved the Hodges family. In the hurry and excitement the little girl was forgotten, and she was not missed until the family had gone several miles.

Mr. Bailey volunteered to go back and find her, which he did. The child was found in the road near her home, crying. Mr. Bailey carried her to her parents.

Soon after that Mr. Hodges moved with his family to Virginia, and Mr. Bailey saw them no more for 30 years.

Last year, says the Chicago News, his wife died, and it occurred to him to look up his old friends and see what had become of the little girl whom he had saved from the invaders in the long ago. He went to Virginia and found her teaching school. They corresponded and agreed to meet at Atlanta during the fair and be married.

BITS OF MIRTH.

Miss Passe—"How do you like my new photograph?" Little Girl—"It's perfectly lovely. Did you really sit for it yourself?"—Tit-Bits.

"Bridget, why didn't you heat my room better? It's only 50 degrees." "Oh, I thought that for such a small room 50 degrees would be enough."—Fliegende Blätter.

A Criticism—"I don't like her singing. Her notes come from her chest." "Well, ought they not?" "No, indeed. They ought to stay there."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Ebr'yt'ing an all right in its place," said Uncle Eben. "Er shap' razer melts er man a good bahner one minute, an' a ter'ble tough citizen de nex."—Washington Star.

Explained—"What makes you women kiss when you meet?" "It is a sort of apology in advance for what we mean to say about each other after we part."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Excuse me, sir," said Herker to a boorish traveler, "but what is your business?" "I am a gentleman, sir. That's my business." "Ah," said Barker. "I see. You are taking a vacation."—Harper's Bazar.

"What did you see in America, uncle?" cried the boys. "Oh, I saw the Catskill mountains," said Uncle Peter, jocosely. "I expect it was one of those mountains that brought forth the mouse," said Jack, thoughtfully.—Household Words.

Always Moving—"John," said the frightened wife in the middle of the night, "there's something moving down cellar, I'm sure." John listened intently. "Oh, it's nothing but the gas meter peering away," he said with a sigh of relief.—Harlem Life.

"Really," said Mrs. De Porque, "it's very distressing to see how common things are getting." "Yes," replied her husband; "luxuries are a good deal cheaper than they were." "It's positively shameful. Why, it's getting so that anybody can afford a diamond robbery nowadays."—Washington Star.

Animal Poorhouses.

Calcutta contains a pauper asylum for indigent animals. There are now about 4,500 inmates, ranging from bulls to chickens. The place is in charge of an experienced veterinary surgeon, with a staff of 80 persons.—N. Y. World.

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