The Greatest Virtue.

A friend asks, "What is the greatest virtue?" The philosophers and theologians have answered this in a million ways. One does not need much philosophy or religion to answer it.

All life is a tangle of contradictions. Every sentiment, every thought, every act, has its opposite. As in life, so in nature. There is a continuous warring and clashing, a perpetual haggling and struggling. And it is good that it is so. Without it there would be little happiness, and less knowledge. We could not appreciate what it is to be well if we were never sick. Joy would have no significance did we not know sorrow. Sugar is sweet because we know how salt tastes. Electricity is useful because it has a positive and negative current. That life is most useful that has been tempered by the greatest number of contradictions.

The answer to the question can be read best in the feelings of the multitude as they are stirred by the contradictions of life. There can be no greater virtue than self-sacrifice. There is something sublimely grand in the quality of that degree of unselfishness that makes the possessor willing to sacrifice self for the happiness of others. I have heard all the strings of the heart played upon by the great masters of art, but the chords from none have touched the souls of the multitude as have those blending into the symphony of this virtue—self-sacrifice.

James Hearne, the actor, wrote a little play of simple country life. There is not much in it as great plays go. The scenery is plain, the stage action slow, the characters are those of simple, old-fashioned country people, such as are found in hundreds of other plays; yet for years "Shore Acres" has thrilled repeatedly the largest audiences in our great cities. Why? Because every important thread in the warp and woof of the fabric of that play is taken from the skein of self-sacrifice. Little by little, as the play progresses, is unfolded the wonderful story of self-sacrifice, until the tears of sympathy for this heroic virtue stream down the cheeks of the spectators.

Those who have heard the wonderful Madam Madjeska in "Camille" will recall the intense interest which she arouses in the character. They will also remember that it is not until Camille sacrifises herself to the interests of the one she loves that the sympathy of the audience is fully aroused.

The lowly life of the Nazarine has, during 19 centuries, appealed to all classes of people because it was a life of the most intense self-sacrifice. Take this virtue away from the Christian religion and you have shorn it of that dominating principle which commands the love and veneration of all.

Truth wears well. People have learned that DeWitt's Little Early Risers are reliable little pills for regulating the bowels, curing constipation and sick headache. They don't gripe. W. F. Kremer.

The Doctor Was Out.

A doctor perpetrated a witticism at his own expense late one night week. He had lost his latch key, the door was locked, he was cold from a long drive, and the more he clanged the doorbell the more the suspicion grew in his mind that somebody had chloroformed the household.

But his sister had been aroused by the bell.

"Some one to see the doctor and he's out, and I shall have to answer the bell or they'll ring all night," she said to herself, and hurried down to the door clad in light attire and sleepy patience.

Opening the door a little, not far enough to present her dishabille to any intruding eye, she shouted into the frosty air:

"The doctor's out!" and closed the door with the quickness of a camera slide.

"Yes I know he's out," screamed the irate M. D., "and he wants to get in."

A Double Dose.

The youngster was about to get a thrashing from his father for fighting.

"Papa," sobbed the child, "you think it is fair fer a fellow to get two lickin's fer fightin'?"

"Of course not; I'm not going to give you two whippings."

"No, but you're goin' to give me one, and I got one already from the boy I was fightin'."

The Blind Author of Sankey's Hymns.

It is interesting to know that there lives in Brooklyn a song-writer who has written songs for the past sixty years, and whose songs have been sung by nearly three generations of people. It is also interesting to know that this poet who has brought so much music, gladness, and goodness into the world is a blind woman—blind from her birth. Her name is Fanny Crosby; she is now more than seventy years old, is still active, and still writes enough songs to keep Mr. Ira D. Sankey busy singing them.

Her first songs were secular, and of those that were sung the wide world over we may readily call to mind "Music in the Air," "Hazel Dell," "Never Forget the Dear Ones," "Proud World, Goodbye, I'm Going Home." These songs held high places in the repertoires of our mothers and grandmothers.—From "A Noted Blind Singer," in Demorest's Magazine for November.

A stubborn cough or tickling in the throat yields to One Minute Cough Cure Harmless in effect, touches the right spot, reliable and just what is wanted. It acts at once. W. F. Kremer.

Marion county threw $15,000 away in the six months ending September 30th—$6000 for "road" (God save the mark!) work; $3000 for squirrel scalps; and $3000 on pauper accounts, and $3000 for interest on endorced warrants. We use round numbers. Is it any wonder that the tax rate is high? We suppose that there are numerous other leaks. We should have a self-supporting poor farm: we should be out of debt; we should pay no scalp bounties from the general fund, and no more money should be paid out for making clouds of dust in summer and pillars of mud in winter. Let's reduce expenses, get out of debt, build real roads and pay for them with money secured for long time bonds.—Oregon Statesman.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has the largest sale of any salve in the world. This fact an its merit have led dishonorest people to attempt to counterfeit it. Look out for the man who attempts to deceive you when you call for DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.

Crescent City and Grants Pass Stage Line Passenger Rates.

From Grants Pass.

To Wilderville	$ .75
To Love's or Anderson	$1.00
To Selma	$1.25
To Kerby	$2.00
To Waldo	$3.00

Excursion rates good for 60 days from date, from Grants Pass to Crescent City:

To Crescent City and return	$15.00
Two persons, each	$12.00
In companies of 3 or more, each	$10.00

That book is a poor friend that does not improve on acquaintance.

It is better to be approved by God than to be applauded by our fellows.

A Woman's Work.

For thirteen years this woman suffered from a helpless infirmity which baffled skillful medical treatment. She was restored to health in a remarkable manner, and is now helpful to other sufferers.

For thirteen years Mrs. George L. Rogers, of West Main Street, Canton, N. Y., suffered from the indescribable tortures of inflammatory rheumatism.

Only persons who have been afflicted with this disease know what such suffering is.

Those who have never felt the pangs of this ailment have not the remotest idea of its tortures.

For years this was an obstinate disease to cure.

In recent years, however, there has been formulated a remedy which successfully copes with it.

The many cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People attest to that fact.

One of the striking examples is Mrs. Rogers' experience.

In speaking of it to a reporter she said:

"Thirteen years ago I was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism and a complication of diseases.

"I cannot begin to describe my sufferings during that time.

"You can judge somewhat of what I endured, when you look at these hands." They were distorted, twisted and swollen.

"My foot, too, is so much out of shape that the big toe lays across the others, the end touching the little toe.

"Notwithstanding I am sixty-five years old, have a pleasant home and other comforts, life to me was far from enjoyable, for all other things pale into insignificance when you are without good health.

"I tried different doctors and many proprietary remedies, but no permanent benefit was obtained.

"Last March I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"Before I had finished the first box I began to feel that they were doing me good.

"I continued using them and steadily grew better.

"I have used thirteen boxes of the pills and to-day feel better than for the past fifteen years.

"My appetite is good; I feel bright, cheerful and have a desire to live and enjoy society.

"I have been a member of the Methodist church for many years, but for six years was unable to attend.

"Now I am able to attend the church services regularly and certainly appreciate that privilege.

"I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a wonderful medicine and am confident no other remedy could have effected the wonderful cure they have in my case.

"I am glad to state this, hoping that some sufferer may profit by it and obtain relief."

It was nature's own remedy that accomplished this cure caused by impure blood, for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are composed of vegetable remedies that exert a powerful influence in purifying and enriching the blood. Many diseases long supposed by the medical profession to be incurable have succumbed to the potent influence of these pills. This universal remedy is sold by all druggists.

Free Trial Treatment

Answer a few questions and get a trial treatment free. It is free. The questions are asked, as no two questions are alike, and the treatment must be prepared specially. A special treatment will be prepared for you free. If you suffer from Nervous Debility, Night Losses, Lost Manhood, Emissions, Melancholy, Dizzy Spells, Spots Before the Eyes, Sleeplessness, you ought to get a special treatment. No patent medicine, but a carefully prepared treatment. Every man can have a trial treatment free. Thousands have been cured, and they write in black and white saying so. Answer questions and get a trial free.

Are you weak?
Where? How long?
Do you have pains?
Where? How long?
Night sweats? How often?
Do your eyes blur? When?
Do you sleep at night? How long?
Are you constipated?

Answer these questions and a special trial treatment will be prepared and sent to you by mail free. You take no chances. Address

DR. J. H. HUDSON,
7 STOCKTON STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FORGOT WHERE HE WAS.

And in His Bewilderment the Deacon Betrayed a Family Secret.

Deacon Puffly is a pillar of church and society in one of the townships. He has passed the age of his greatest activity, but his desire to do good is as manifest as ever, and any weakness of the flesh is largely due to the fact that he carries so much of it, says the Detroit Free Press.

While the deacon reads of the suffering Cubans and the movement to send them relief, he at once sent word around that there would be a meeting at the district schoolhouse to talk over the situation and raise means for the good cause. There was a goodly gathering, and after the deacon had put the machinery in motion he settled back in his seat to hear from the several others who left like relieving their minds. The fire in the big box stove was a hot one; there was a lack of proper ventilation and when the usual bedtime for the deacon had arrived he dropped gently asleep.

Shortly after this occurred there was some important point to be settled, and the chair expressed a desire to hear from Deacon Puffly. His wife quickly rose to the emergency and gave her husband a pinch that was emphasized by a twist.

"Ouch!" shouted the deacon. "Quit that, Betsy. Get up and kindle the fire yourself; I'm sick this mornin'."

By the time that order had been restored the deacon was wide awake, and in his confusion doubled the liberal subscription he had already made for the benefit of the sufferers.

SOME MISNOMERS.

Unfortunate Names That Have Been Thurst Upon Various Individuals.

"It's strange," said the observer, the other day, "how so many people are misnamed."

The cause of this remark was occasioned by a man whose name was Luck, who passed down the street, says the Louisville Commercial.

"You see that man. From his name you would think he was destined to be one of the most fortunate creatures who ever drew a breath. Although his name is Luck he was certainly born under the unluckiest star that ever shone.

"I have noticed him," continued the observer, "from his childhood. When he was a little boy he couldn't go to school with his lessons correct but what he would make a mistake somewhere else and be sure to get a flogging from his teacher. Since he has grown up he has started in several kinds of business. He's a rank failure in them all. Starting out with nothing but the brightest prospects before him, he is overcome by some calamity, and down his business goes. He is a good fellow, too, and for the life of me I can't tell what is the matter with him.

"However, he is only one instance of a misnomer. I know a man whose name is Good. Well, if there was ever a bad man it is that fellow Good. When a boy he was whipped every day by his mother. Later he commenced to steal. He has served several terms in prison."

NEW PIGMENT FOR ARTISTS.

A Rich Color Is Made from the Smut of the Oat and Is of Umbre Tint.

A Scotch artist has discovered that a pigment of great beauty of color and fastness can be made from the smut of the oat, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The color is a deep, rich umbre shade, sometimes approaching to sepia in tone. The smut is a fungoid growth, which is often seen in the shape of deep brown or sepia-colored spore dust on oats and other cereals. Specimens of the pigment painted on paper as a water color have withstood the exposure to direct sunlight for many months, and shown little change in strength of color when subsequently compared with unexposed duplicate specimens. In mild, diffused daylight, the color remains quite fast and unaltered. The brownish-black powder taken from smutty oats is very dry and light in nature, and when moistened with a few drops of alcohol and then mixed with mucilage and water, it can be effectively handled. In its deepest tones it is of a fine sepia shade, deepening to a brown black. When diluted with water or Chinese white it gives pleasing tints of a flat brown, of the pheasant-egg cast. The new pigment has been received with much approval by artists.

The Rights of Newsboys.

The judgment comes from the district court at the national capital that the sale of newspapers on the streets is a legitimate business, and that newsboys have a right to enter street cars and sell papers to passengers provided they behave themselves and leave the car when their business is finished. One newsboy was forcibly ejected from a car in Washington some time ago and had a leg crushed by a car running on the other track. He has just obtained an award of $5,000 damages from a jury under instructions to the above effect by the judge.

A BEAUTIFUL CITY.

Such Is Manila, the Central Point of Interest in the Philippine Islands.

Manila is a beautiful city, about the size of San Francisco. It is built on both sides of the River Passig, which is navigable to its source, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Old Manila lays on the left bank. Parts of the masonic stone wall, which was built around it 200 years ago, are still visible, and some of the gates survive, through which a stream of solemn friars, grinning Chinese, resplendent Spanish officials, beggars in rags, pious nuns, handsome senoras, gay native girls, mestizos in uniform, natives in breech-clouts, four-horse carriages, two-wheel pony wagons and creaking buffalo carts pour from morning till night. The cathedral, monasteries and government offices are in old Manila; the business quarter, the foreign shipping houses, the banks, stores and custom house are in Binondo, on the other side of the river. Between the walls and the shore are the Luneta, the fashionable promenade, where the band plays and society enjoys the evening breeze, flirts under hundreds of electric lights and drives around the circle in carriages, which follow each other in slow, dignified procession. The best houses in Manila are built of stone, and are handsome residences, though there is no window glass used in their construction. Instead of glass the windows are glazed with transluscent oyster shells. This is cut into squares so small that a window eight feet by four will contain 350 of them. It is found that they temper the fierce glare of the sun and soften the light.

Try Schilling's Best tea and baking powder.

BORROWED FROM GAMBLERS.

How a Game Between Two Chicago Police Reporters Interested Big Players.

It was a lively game of poker, says the Chicago Chronicle. The bets at the start were not large, because the players did not have much money. The scene was in the old reporter's room in the city hall and the players were night police reporters. One was named Peckham and another Jekill.

It was Peckham's deal. All dropped out but Jekill, who drew two cards. Peckham did not draw any. The betting was fast and furious. Each player put up all the money he had in his pockets. Then each borrowed from his friends.

"I've got a good hand," said Peckham.

"So have I," replied Jekill. "I'd bet more money if I had it."

"So would I," said Peckham. "Let's leave the hands here and go out and borrow."

Gambling houses were running in Chicago in those days. Peckham went to Bankins' and Jekill to John Condon's. Each told what his hand was and each gained supporters. A crowd went back to the city hall, among them being some of the most prominent gamblers in town. Bets were made in larger amounts.

When the call came it was found that Peckham had a straight flush in spades with a king at the top and that Jekill had a straight flush in diamonds headed by a queen. The gamblers said they were the two most remarkable hands in one game they had ever seen. Peckham, the winner, gave the party a supper at which wine flowed freely.

DISGUISED BY HIS BEARD.

A Long Absent New Yorker's Mother Mistook Him for a Tramp and His Wife for a Masher.

"The detectives who recaptured a jail breaker the other day in spite of a recently grown beard, recognizing him from a description of him as he appeared over two years ago, deserve credit, in my opinion," said a New Yorker lately. "My mother, and, later, my wife did not know me after a separation during which I had stopped shaving. My mother not only repudiated me, but added insult to injury. She and my father were at a New Jersey seaside resort when I returned from a vain attempt to make my fortune in the west many years ago. On my reaching the place I asked for my father. As he had not finished dinner, my mother appeared in his stead. On seeing me, without giving me time to speak, she returned precipitately to the dining-room. I followed, entering the room in time to hear her say:

"'Andrew, there's a very shabby-looking man who wants to see you. I think he wants to borrow money.'

"My wife never saw me with a beard until her return from England, where she had spent the second summer after our marriage. I was not on the dock when the steamer arrived, and my wife started up the street to go to my temporary bachelor home. I met her at the second corner and took off my hat. She bolted into the middle of the road and looked around for a policeman. My beard was prematurely white on the cheeks, and as I was better dressed than on the other occasion spoken of she mistook me for an elderly masher. She made me shave the next day."

HISTORIC BELT BUCKLES.

Philadelphia Firemen Have Them Made from Bell Which Announced American Independence.

Hardly of less historical interest than the famous liberty bell of Philadelphia was the old clock bell which announced the hour on July 4, 1776, when the declaration of independence was promulgated.

The bell had been used in earlier days to call assemblages of the citizens of the Quaker city, but after the revolution it was lost.

Recently the Philadelphia Press discovered that the relic had been destroyed. It had been bought for a few hundred dollars by the Roman Catholic church of St. Augustine for its steeple. The whole clock machinery was bought, but the question is yet unanswered as to whether the dials were sold or not. The church was burned down in 1844.

Several of the firemen collected from the mass of bell metal pieces broken off by the fall of the tower and carried them home as souvenirs. Several of the fire laddies had these molded into buckles for their organization, the Humane engine company, and one of the men promises to bequeath to some museum of revolutionary relics his belt and buckle, so that the country may have another remembrance of the crowning point in our history.

First Run on a Bank.

The first "run" on banking institutions in London was in 1667. Many Lombard street goldsmiths and bankers had lent out the money intrusted to them and, being called upon for payment, were unable to meet the demand. A crowd of creditors and others assembled and a riot followed, in which four bankers were hanged at their own doors before order could be restored and the angry creditors persuaded that they were not being swindled.

Metric System Adopted in Russia.

By a decree of the czar, the metric system of weights and measures has been adopted for use throughout the Russian empire, and a commission has also been organized to consider the reform of the Russian calendar so as to harmonize with that prevailing in the other civilized countries.

Ohio's Army of College Students.

Ohio has the largest number of college students, 24,000, one-third of whom are women.

The University of Oregon graduated last June the largest class in its history. The class numbered thirty. The fall term will begin September 19th. Students who have completed the tenth grade branches can enter the sub-freshman class. No examinations are required for graduates of accredited schools. Reasonable equivalents are accepted for most of the required entrance studies. Catalogues will be sent free to all applicants. Persons desiring information may address the president, Secretary J. J. Walton, or Mr. Max A. Plumb all of Eugene, Oregon. The courses offered are those of a good university. There are departments of modern and ancient languages, physics, chemistry, biology, geology, English, psychology, mathematics, elocution, advanced engineering, astronomy, logic, philosophy, and physical education. Music and drawing are also taught. The tuition is free. All students pay an incidental fee of ten dollars yearly. Board, lodging, heat and light in dormitory cost $2.50 per week.

Subscribe for the COURIER, $1.25 a year.

Oh, the Pain of Rheumatism!

Rheumatism often causes the most intense suffering. Many have for years vainly sought relief from this disabling disease, and are to-day worse off than ever. Rheumatism is a blood disease, and Swift's Specific is the only cure, because it is the only remedy which can reach such deep-seated diseases.

A few years ago I was taken with inflammatory Rheumatism, which became so intense that I was for weeks unable to walk. I tried several prominent physicians and took their treatment faithfully, but was unable to get the slightest relief. In fact, my condition seemed to grow worse, the disease spread over my entire body, and from November to March I suffered agony. I tried many patent medicines but none relieved me. Upon the advice of a friend I decided to try S. S. S. Before allowing me to take it, however, my guardian, who was a chemist, analyzed the remedy, and pronounced it free of potash or mercury. I felt so much better after taking two bottles, that I continued the remedy, and in two months I was cured completely. The cure was permanent, for I have never since had a touch of Rheumatism though many times exposed to damp and cold weather.

ELEANOR M. TIFFELL,
8711 Fowelton Avenue, Philadelphia.

Don't suffer longer with Rheumatism. Throw aside your oils and liniments, as they can not reach your trouble. Don't experiment with doctors—their potash and mercury will add to your disability and completely destroy your digestion.

S.S.S. For The Blood will cure perfectly and permanently. It is guaranteed purely vegetable, and contains no potash, mercury, or other mineral. Books mailed free by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

GEEMANS GO TO THE OPERA.

They Are More Discriminating Critics Than the French and Dramas Are Cleaner.

The opera begins in Dresden at seven o'clock and closes at ten, writes Lilian Bell from Berlin to the Ladies' Home Journal. The best seats are absurdly cheap, and whole families, whole schools, whole communities, I should say, go there together. Coming straight from Paris, from the theatrical, vivacious, enthusiastic French audiences, this first German audience seemed serious, thoughtful, appreciative, but unenthusiastic. They use more judgment about applause than the French. They never interrupt a scene, or even a musical phrase, with misplaced applause. Their appreciation is slow, but hearty, and always worthily disposed. The French are given to exaggerating an emotion and to applauding an eccentricity. Even their subtlety is overdone. The German drama is cleaner, the family tie is made much of, sentiment is encouraged instead of being ridiculed as it too often is in America, but the German point of view of Americans is quite as much distorted as the French. That statement is severe but true. It would be utterly impossible for the American girl to be more exquisitely misunderstood than by French and German men.

HE MIXED HIS TERMS.

But He Probably Appreciated the Force of the Law None the Less.

A daily observation of that part of the community that from either poverty or weakness gives employment to the criminal courts, furnishes opportunities for the study of humanity that few can enjoy, says the Louisville Commercial. These people usually have very limited education, many of them have none; yet the natural shrewdness of the race, sharpened by experience and by suffering, develops some extremely keen minds. What they learn, they learn "by ear," as it were; wherefrom some very amusing occurrences arise.

A lawyer, who is a close observer, said: "Some time ago I talked with a French negro from New Orleans, who was a prisoner in the county jail. This was when the police were charging persons who were arrested on suspicion, as 'suspected felons.' He was to be presented in the circuit court for indictment. I said: 'What are you in jail for?' He answered: 'They say I am a "respected fellow!"' 'Well, when do you get a trial?' 'I don't know,' he said, 'I go to the circus court to-morrow!'"

Wonder what the grave judges would think of that?

A CAMEL'S TWO AVERSIONS.

The Big Ungainly Animal Hates Black Clothes and Does Not Want to Be Touched.

Camels very frequently wear muzzles made of rope, and this leads to a misconception, says a writer in London Sketch. It is merely to prevent them snatching at the trees along the wayside, and not on account of viciousness, for they are the kindest and most humane of animals, and, I feel convinced, could not find it in their hearts to hurt a fly. They are, moreover, not half so conceited and overbearing as they look.

Two great dislikes they have. One is to people wearing black clothes and the other to being jostled in the streets, or even touched.

I once went to call on a beautiful white camel, and, as it was Sunday, I put on a black coat. The camel looked at me, edged away, and finally turned his back to me.

Not understanding, I insisted on patting him, whereupon he repeated the same antics and gave a deep growl and the driver explained that a camel detests somber raiment, probably because he becomes accustomed to the bournouses of the Arabs.

LOCKED IN DEATH.

Courageous Buck Deer Whose Fierce Conflicts Often Prove Fatally.

Although it is generally known how the buck beer fight and how sometimes in consequence their antlers become so intricately entangled, there are few persons who have seen them when so interlocked, says the New York Times.

At certain seasons of the year when the does are breeding their young the bucks are both very fierce and courageous in their protection of them and the approach of another buck is a signal for battle. In these conflicts it frequently happens that one or the other is killed and there are occasional instances in the course of these struggles of the antlers becoming interlocked between each other, which results in the death of both animals. One instance is on record where three pairs of horns were found thus entangled together, the skulls and skeletons lying as proof of the deadly outcome of the battle.

It is in October and November that the buck becomes so combative and in a few weeks thereafter he loses his sleek condition, sheds his horns and retreats to the denser forest.

THE PLUG HAT.

A Movement to Dethrone the Time-Honored "Stovepipe."

The Author Is an English Lord Who Poses as a Leader in London Society—The "Plug" Will Hardly Be Done Away With.

Roughly speaking, the average Englishman is pretty certain to make one or two remarks when he gets up in the morning. If the sporting instinct is strong in him—and it is in most Englishmen—he exclaims: "Let's go and kill something." But, if he is animated by a desire to set the world right, he soliloquizes thus with himself: "Go to, now; let us start a reform movement." Next, perhaps to killing something, the Englishman most loves to compel a lot of other people to be good, or at least better than they were before, according to his way of thinking. It makes no difference that the people he acts out to reform may not be such a bad sort—that, on the whole, they measure up fairly well to the standard of average worth and respectability. They do something, or perhaps only think something, that the reformer has decided must not and shall not be done or thought. So he starts a movement, with himself as leader, establishes a propaganda, forms a society with a name as long as the moral law, and then goes up hill and down dale making converts. The number of movements that blossom out in England every year into societies, with paid officials and portentous reports of good work done, is past computation. Many of them, it is true, are closely related to the forward movement of humanity, and are deserving of all the support they receive, but others are purely fantastic and visionary, like the "Society for Protesting Against the Evil of Using the Right Hand in Preference to the Left, as Contrary to Scripture and Common Sense." But, however visionary such societies are, they all get support and make numerous disciples.

Here, for instance, is Lord Ronald Gower, a somewhat well-known figure in the social and aristocratic world of London, coming forward with a brand-new movement of abolishing the "plug" hat, on the ground that it is a "most uncomfortable and hideous headgear, worthy of a scarecrow, but not of a human being." These be swelling words, and it may be true words, but what are they going to amount to? Does Lord Ronald Gower seriously expect to convert the Anglo-Saxon race from the "plug" hat habit? If so, he is nursing a chimera of the most chimerical kind. Even the Grand Old Man himself wouldn't succeed in such a crusade. For, mark you, the "plug" hat is strong in its very weakness, and sits securely on the head of the English-speaking race, not because it is the ideal hat, but because it isn't. It is uncomfortable, says this lordly reformer. Of course it is, and therefore the average Englishman will wear it and nothing else when he is dressed up and on public parade. If he wants to be comfortable he goes home and gets into his dressing gown and slippers. The fact that the "plug" hat is uncomfortable is the best possible evidence that it must be good form. And when a thing is good form, what more can you ask?

But, continues the critic, the "plug" hat is hideous. The word "hideous" is, perhaps, a little strong; "ugly" would be nearer the truth. If, however, Lord Ronald Gower thinks that the English people will give up the "plug" hat when he tells them it is hideous or ugly he makes the mistake of his life. They know already that it is ugly, and that is why they wear it. If it was a dream of artistic beauty they would have none of it. The descendants of the old sea kings are no mollycoddles; they are not going to go around wearing beautiful hats. Outside beauty is a snare; what matters it, indeed, how ugly your hat is if only your heart beats true to your native land? Such would be the average Englishman's defense of the "plug" hat's ugliness, if he ever thought it worth while to defend what needs no defense. The "plug" hat is both uncomfortable and ugly. Very true. But it is an evolution of Anglo-Saxon civilization. It was not reasoned into its present shape, and it is certain that it will not be reasoned out of existence, even though parliament and the bench of bishops should start a movement with that object in view.—N. Y. Tribune.

Hood's Pills Stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure biliousness, headache, dizziness, sour stomach, constipation, etc. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS ONE FOR A DOSE. Remove Pimples, Prevent Biliousness, Purify the Blood, Cure Headache and Dyspepsia. "A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. They neither gripe nor sicken. To convince you, we will mail sample free, of full box for 25c. Sold by druggists. DR. BOSANKO CO. Phila. Pa.

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OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Executor's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Horace Woodcock, deceased; notice is hereby given, that the undersigned has been by the county court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Josephine, sitting in Probate is duly appointed sole executor of the estate of Horace Woodcock; deceased, with his will annexed.

All persons indebted to said estate are hereby required to call on the undersigned and settle without delay; and all persons having claims against said estate will present the same, duly verified as required by law, within six months from this date.

HORACE S. WOODCOCK,
Executor of said estate with will annexed.
DAVIS BROWER,
Attorney for the estate.
Dated July 21, 1898.

A high purpose lifts life.

A good soldier forgets himself.

Usefulness needs no advertisement.

Light words may cause heavy hearts.

Patriotism without reverence is jingoism.

Prayer will prevail when preaching will fail.

The worst failure is the failure to do the right.

Principals are a protection only when practiced.

A Beautiful Present

In order to further introduce **ELASTIC STARCH** (Flat Iron Brand) the manufacturers, J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co., of Keokuk, Iowa, have decided to **GIVE AWAY** a beautiful present with each package of starch sold. These presents are in the form of

Beautiful Pastel Pictures

They are 13x19 inches in size, and are entitled as follows:

Lilacs and Pansies. — Pansies and Marguerites.

Wild American Poppies. — Lilacs and Iris.

These rare pictures, four in number, by the renowned pastel artist R. LeRoy, of New York, have been chosen from the very choicest subjects in his studio and are now offered for the first time to the public.

The pictures are accurately reproduced in all the colors used in the originals, and are pronounced by competent critics, works of art.

Pastel pictures are the correct thing for the home, nothing surpassing them in beauty, richness of color and artistic merit.

One of these pictures will be given away with each package of **Elastic Starch** purchased of your grocer. It is the best laundry starch on the market, and is sold for 10 cents a package. Ask your grocer for this starch and get a beautiful picture.

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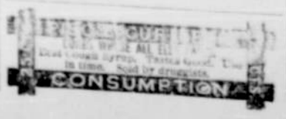

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