

NEWS OF THE WEEK

F. B. Golden was a Condon visitor a few days this week.

J. E. Hunt returned Monday evening from a few days business visit in Portland.

Wm. Head of Rock Creek came up Monday evening to attend to some business matters.

Mrs. Edward Matthews of near Fossil is visiting this week with her sister, Miss Simmons of the public schools.

Dave Hardie of Trail Fork was in town this week attending to some business matters. While here his case with Geo. C. Myers over some sheep was settled in a satisfactory manner. Mr. Hardie paid this office a call.

Ed Palmer, who formerly conducted the harness shop at the south end of Main Street, arrived Saturday evening from Malheur county for a few days' visit with friends and relatives. Ed has sold his sheep there but still runs some cattle and horses. Since going to Malheur county his health has improved and he also reports that his father, who now lives with him, is feeling better. His ranch is sixty miles from town and the winter range is very good. Before leaving for his home he called at this office and subscribed for the GLOBE.

Elmer Hall returned Saturday evening from a ten days' visit with his brother, E. S. Hall, at Albany.

Hugh Hogan, an old offender, was arrested here yesterday morning by the officers on a warrant from Condon. His arrest was for leaving an unpaid board bill at a Condon hotel. He was released because the authorities did not come for him.—The Dallis Chronicle.

Chas. Hein of Mayville attended to business matters in Condon on Monday. While here he made a few minutes call at this office and renewed his subscription saying that he has been more than pleased with the paper during the past nine months. Mr. Hein is a rustler and is fast becoming one of the prosperous farmers of the Mayville country.

Jas. McCrae, who has been working near Antelope, sustained a very painful accident on Friday last, while leading a horse behind a buggy in which he was riding. The horse suddenly pulled back and it seems that the rope became twisted around the end of Mr. McCrae's finger, taking it completely off at the first joint. He came to Condon and the wound was dressed by Dr. Wood.

F. M. Pliter left Thursday morning for his home in Portland. He expects to return about the middle of next month.

SWEET-WHITNEY METHOD OF MUSIC.

A special feature of the course of study pursued at the St. Thomas Aquinas' School will be the introduction of the famous Sweet-Whitney method of music. It will be taught by a teacher who studied it under the personal instruction of the author, Gertrude L. Whitney of Ann Arbor University.

At the completion of the course students will be granted a certificate. Class and entertainment days will be given by the pupils at regular intervals by which parents and visitors can convince themselves of the merits of the method now introduced into the leading schools of music and having the approval of our most eminent musicians.

LET AN EXPERT



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Artesian Wells.
The theoretical explanation of the phenomenon is easily understood. The secondary and tertiary geological formations often present the appearance of immense basins, the boundary or rim of the basin having been formed by an upheaval of adjacent strata. In these formations it often happens that a porous stratum, consisting of sand, sandstone, chalk or other calcareous matter, is included between two impermeable layers of clay so as to form a flat porous U-tube, continuous from side to side of the valley, the outcrop on the surrounding hills forming the mouth of the tube. The rain filtering down through the porous layer to the bottom of the basin forms there a subterranean pool, which, with the liquid or semiliquid column pressing upon it, constitutes a sort of huge natural hydrostatic bellows. Sometimes the pressure on the superincumbent crust is so great as to cause an upheaval or disturbance of the valley. It is obvious, then, that when a hole is bored down through the upper impermeable layer to the surface of the lake the water will be forced up by the natural law of water seeking its level to a height above the surface of the valley, greater or less, according to the elevation of the level in the feeding column, thus forming a natural fountain on precisely the same principle as that of most artificial fountains, where the water supply comes from a considerable height above the jet.

A Perfumed Caravan.
Everybody knows how subtle, penetrating and permanent is the rich perfume of attar of roses. The larger part of the world's supply of this delicious scent is made in Persia, where there are many hundreds of acres devoted to the cultivation of roses for this purpose. At certain seasons of the year long caravans of donkeys, laden with attar, and under guard of soldiers to protect the rich booty from attacks by robbers, journey from central Persia to the little port of Bushire, whence it is exported to Bombay. Other donkey trains similarly escorted proceed to ports on the Caspian sea, which, after Hindustan, are the largest consumers of the costly luxury. When the wind is in the right direction the approach of one of these caravans is announced by the scent long before it can be seen, and the line of its progress can be traced by the odor for days after it has passed by.

Pirates of the Caspian.
The Turcoman dwellers in central Asia are terrible robbers. They are also slave dealers, selling all the prisoners whom they make in war or in their thieving raids. Besides plundering by land, they carry on their evil work by water, for they have a number of pirate ships on the Caspian sea which lie in wait for Russian and Persian vessels. They seize all the goods on board these ships, and the unfortunate crews are sold into slavery. The chief markets for slaves are Khiva and Bokhara. Sometimes they have a difficulty in finding purchasers for all their captives if these have been numerous, and they have been known to dispose of a Persian prisoner for a sum equal to 18 pence of British money. They keep many slaves to till their fields and treat them most cruelly.—London Answers.

The Crack in the Plate.
There was company to dinner at Nellie's house in South Broad street, and the diners were enjoying the first course, which consisted of oyster soup. Nellie made away with hers for some time in silence until she had nearly cleaned the plate, when she suddenly paused and, looking at her mother across the table, said in a stage whisper:
"Mamma, what you sink? Dere's a hair in the soup!"
"Hush, Nellie," said mamma, frowning. "It's nothing but a crack in the plate."
Nellie moved the bowl of her spoon back and forth over the supposed crack and then exclaimed triumphantly:
"Kin a crack move?"—St. Louis Republic.

A Diplomatic System.
"To what, sir," we asked a middle aged, happily married man recently, "do you attribute the success you have made of your married life?"
"It's a bit of elementary wisdom, my son," he replied. "When my wife is in the wrong, I agree with her, and all is well. When she is in the right, I argue against her; she emerges triumphantly, proves me foolish, feels good all day—and again all is well. Learn this, my son, 'ere you marry.'"—Cleveland Leader.

An Oversight.
"I want to pay this bill," he said at the hotel bar, "but I think you have made a slight error here in my favor. I've been reading over the extras, and I cannot find that you have charged anything for telling me you thought it might rain."

Probably.
"The Idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Kadley. "I wonder why that woman is watching me so?"
"Probably," replied her husband, "she's trying to find out why you are staring at her."—Exchange.

The Time to Call.
Mrs. Dunleigh—it is very singular that your mother always happens to call on me when I am out.
Little Flossie Dimpleton—Oh, we can see from our front window whenever you go away.

Is not every day the two confuses of two eternities for every man? Lines of influences from all the past and stretching onward into all the future do intersect them.—Carlyle.

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