The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY .....February 20, 1913

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

Erection of a cannery at Junction City is planned by the Junction City grange.

Oregon has 84 national banks and 73 applications to join the federal reserve association have been received. Saturday will be the final day for filing applications.

Oregon's building at the San Francisco exposition is to be equipped with furniture made by the manual training classes in the Oregon public schools, according to announcement of Assistant State Superintendent E. F. Carlton.

County Judge Frank L. Tou Velle has gone to Chicago, where he will turn over to the bond buyers the $500,000 road bonds voted last fall by Jackson county for the improvement of the Pacific highway from the California border to the Josephine county line.

Senator Chamberlain has introduced a bill to allow the longevity pay claim that was due Lieutenant George J. Campbell of Portland. The amount of the claim is $5,192.64. Dr. William Campbell, of Portland, is a son of the deceased claimant.

The parent-teacher forces of Pendleton are leading a fight for the annihilation of the cigarette in Pendleton. The city council is expected to act on an ordinance prohibiting use of tobacco in any form by boys less than 18 years old.

The little town of Holdman, Umatilla county, and the vicinity is in rigid quarantine, established by Dr. E. J. McFaul, county health officer, in an endeavor to stop the spread of smallpox, an epidemic of which has reached alarming proportions.

The Linn county grange has adopted resolutions urging the submission of an initiative measure regulating the courses and departments of the university of Oregon and Oregon agricultural college to prevent conflicts in studies.

Disapproval of the agricultural extension bill is expressed by United States Senator Lane, because of the fact that too many agricultural experts are provided positions and not a single farmer has urged the passage of the bill.

The matter of getting a good road from Wheeler to Nehalem city is being strongly agitated in Tillamook county. Wheeler is almost entirely isolated by land, having no direct connection with either the north or south beaches and other parts of the Nehalem valley, since the only outlet is a poorly constructed road leading to Mohler.

Declarations of intention to be candidates for justices of the supreme court on the republican ticket have been filed with Secretary of State Olcott by Chief Justice McBride and Justices McNary and Bean. Justice Ramsey, the only democrat on the supreme court bench, has announced that he will be a candidate.

According to reports received by eastern Oregon sheepmen, R. F. Bicknell, a buyer of sheep and wool, is now in Morrow county endeavoring to contract for the 1914 clip at prices approximately 2 cents in advance of those paid last year. Acording to these reports some sales have been made, but most of the growers are refusing to contract.

According to figures recently issued by the Southern Pacific railroad, the Rogue River valley has changed from a non-supporting to a self-supporting community in two years. The balance of trade in favor of the valley now totals 1175 cars. Of these, more than 100 cars are of fruit, but hay, potatoes onions and hogs are produced here and sent out. Two years ago these products were shipped in.

Governor West states that beginning the first of April he will issue for publication monthly statements of the expenditures of the state fish and game department and comparisons of the figures with those of the corresponding month last year. He said his idea was to keep the expenditures down to a minimum and to show the public that he intended to have the department operated on the most economical basis.

R. E. Clanton, ex-master fish warden and now superintendent of hatcheries, in his report for January, says that because of the mild weather the propagation work at the Bonneville fish hatchery has been more gratifying than usual. Superintendent Wilson has on hand 14,106,790 young salmon. The fry resulting from the fall chinook eggs are all hatched. There are 1,250,000 eastern brook trout eggs which are under different periods of incubation at the station.

The women of the Civic club have inaugurated a new plan for making Pendleton a better looking home town and have announced prizes in a contest between pupils of the grade schools in a contest of home industry. Four prizes will be awarded, one to the boy or girl who makes the most improvement in his or her yard at home, one for the best showing of sweet peas, one for the best showing of vegetables and one for the best showing of vines. The contest will last until the close of school.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Events Occurring Throughout the State During the Past Week.

Steelhead for Yamhill.

Sheridan.—Steelhead salmon have never been found in the Yamhill river, though they are found in many streams of smaller size on the east side of the Willamette. Representative R. L. Graves is determined to make the Yamhill one of the best angling streams in the state, and to this end has secured three carloads of young steelhead salmon to stock the stream. One of these will be liberated at McMinnville, one at Sheridan and one at Willamina. A car of trout will be liberated at Carlton.

Nab Portland Chinese Woman.

Portland.—Mrs. Toy Yoke, who is alleged to have eloped on November 27 from this city with Won Wah, the latter having in his possession $1000 in money and jewels, belonging to Lee Hong, was arrested in Chicago, according to word received by the local police.

She will be brought here to answer to a charge of grand larceny, local officials say. It is alleged the couple eloped immediately after the theft from Hong.

O.-W. R. & N. Buying Land.

Pendleton.—Ellsworth Benham, of Portland, representing the O-W. R. & N. Co., arrived at Stanfield and at once began buying land for the right of way of the proposed Coyote cut-off. This action apparently confirms the report which has been current for the past few days that the railroad company expects to commence operations this spring.

State Hangs Man, Sues.

Astoria.—The county court made an order directing that G. C. Fulton be employed to prosecute a suit in equity to foreclose a lien of the state in the sum of $622.70 against the estate of Oswald C. Hansel, who was executed at the state penitentiary recently.

The amount due is the court costs for the trial of the case against Hansel, when he was convicted of murder.

EXPRESS RATES LOWERED

State Railroad Commission Says Tumble Will Come About March 1.

Salem.—Express rates in Oregon will take a big drop about March 1. The extent of the tumble was made known by the state railroad commission upon receipt of word from the interstate commerce commission that certain modifications desired to be made in this state from the interstate schedule will be favorably considered.

There are three features about the new rates that are of particular importance. One is that through rates will hereafter be quoted from any point in Oregon to any other point within the state. Another is that the western states will put in a 55-cent minimum rate, as compared with the 70-cent rate on interstate shipments, and the third is a special modification for the benefit of Oregon, adjusting rates within the state to commercial conditions, instead of following in every case the rate basing points selected for the interstate rates.

Because the rates vary with distance and with the weight of the package, it is impossible to state the percentage of decrease, but in a general way it may be said that the rates from Portland to eastern Oregon points will be lowered from 25 to 60 per cent. The decrease to southern Oregon towns will not be so great, as the distance north and south does not allow so large a variation, and the blocks are longer north and south than east and west.

"Shoot Up" Country Dance.

Pendleton.—By "shooting up" a country dance Lou Caper and Jack Murdock, two farm laborers, staged a frontier day drama at Juniper. No one was injured, but the two succeeded in thoroughly terrifying the women and completely intimidating the men, finally escaping on horseback under cover of their guns.

Mammoth's Tooth Found.

Albany.—A fairly well-preserved tooth of a mammoth was found by J. G. Crawford, a local archaeologist, in a car of gravel which had been received here from Canby.

The tooth is seven inches long, five inches high and three inches wide. It shows some decay.

Drain to Have Cannery.

Drain.—A co-operative cannery association was organized here with a capital of $2000, practically all subscribed.

The association expects to have the cannery ready for the coming year's crop of vegetables and fruit. Farmers are enthusiastic over the prospects for a market for surplus fruits and vegetables.

LOST TIME.

Lost wealth may be replaced by patient industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by medicine, but lost time is gone forever.

When a Job Looks Good.

"Brown is bragging about the good job he has now."

"Yes, he started yesterday. You see, he hasn't been in it long enough to discover the work that goes with it."—Detroit Free Press.

NEWS FROM OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL

President Will Veto Burnett Immigration Bill if Literary Test Is Embodied.

Washington.—President Wilson will veto the Burnett immigration bill if it comes to him for his signature with the socalled literacy test contained in it.

This became known from an authoritative source after Chairman Smith, of the senate immigration committee, had announced that the bill, virtually as it passed the house, including the literacy test, would be favorably reported to the senate soon. Prospects are that the bill will pass the senate as reported from the committee, but the measure never will become law, according to close friends of the president.

The president does not consider literacy a test of character, and believes some other means should be devised to prevent undesirable aliens from entering the United States.

It also became known that suggestions with reference to Chinese and Japanese immigration made to the house committee on immigration last Friday by Commissioner Caminetti, of the immigration bureau, were not in accord with the views of the president. Mr. Caminetti's views were expressed without previous knowledge by the white house. The Burnett bill contains no Asiatic exclusion provisions, the house having voted down all amendments in that direction.

Reserve Time Limit Expires Feb. 22.

Warning has been issued to national banks by M. C. Elliott, secretary of the federal reserve bank organization, that to comply with the currency act they must signify within 60 days of its enactment their intention to join the new system. Several banks had expressed the belief that the law allowed them 12 months to make known their intentions. Under the law national banks that do not so signify within 60 days must prepare to liquidate, and are allowed 12 months for this process.

The circular explains also that state banks and trust companies which signify their intention of becoming members of the system will be allowed to participate in the selection of directors of reserve banks in their districts.

At the close of business at the treasury department Saturday, 6849 national banks had applied for membership out of a total of 7500 in the United States. The time limit for applications is February 22.

Investigate How to Make Hens Lay.

How to make hens lay more eggs was one of the multitude of investigations authorized in the agricultural appropriation bills reported.

Congress will continue to distribute free seeds, the weather bureau service will be extended to the Panama canal and insular possessions, more than $200,000 will be spent studying how to eliminate the waste and profits in foodstuffs between the producer and the consumer and a general reorganization of the department of agriculture along lines of great efficiency as laid down by Secretary Houston were authorized in appropriations aggregating $25,060,000.

Higher Naval Rank Created.

The bill to create six vice-admirals in the navy was passed by the senate and now awaits action by the house. Their salaries were fixed at $11,000 a year and the age of retirement at 65 years.

How a British naval commander in Mexican waters might assume command over American forces by virtue of his seniority of rank was discussed in animated fashion in the course of the debate on the bill.

National Capital Brevities.

President Wilson will likely name the men to compose the new federal reserve bank board by about March 1.

The senate passed the Smoot bill to open withdrawn Alaska coal lands to homestead entry, but reserving to the government title to the coal.

President Wilson spent several days in bed last week nursing a cold. All engagements were cancelled.

The new appropriation bill provides for an army of 500,000 men. Changes in the articles of war which had not been disturbed for many years are provided in the measure which just passed the senate.

As a result of the signing of the Kenyon "redlight" bill by President Wilson, a moral crusade has been started in Washington, D. C. Police supervision of moving picture shows is contemplated.

Temporary method of electing senators in states which have not been provided with the machinery for carrying out the seventeenth amendment to the constitution, is opposed by southern senators.

The senate committee has completed the postoffice appropriation bill, the measure being $5,000,000 in excess of the amount as it came from the house. Maximum salaries of rural carriers would be increased to $1200.

Desert Sands.

There is a popular idea that deserts like the Sahara are the bottoms of ancient seas which have been lifted above their original elevation by geological forces. This notion is an erroneous one. Authorities contend that the sands of all the great deserts have been formed on the spot by the disintegration of the solid rocks on which they rest.

Reckless Question.

"I wasted a full hour yesterday."

"How?" "Asked Green how his baby is getting on."—Detroit Free Press.

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is to register at the Bristol, get interviewed by the papers, attend one or two sessions of the convention, which lasts three days, and then go off into the mountains with the Rodneys. The society reporters will do the rest."

"With the Rodneys? My dear fellow, suppose that they object to the substitution? Really, you know, it's not to be thought of."

"Deuce take it, man, the Rodneys are not to know that there has been a substitution. Perfectly simple, can't you see?"

"I'm d—d if I do!"

"What a stupid ass you are, Brock! The Rodneys have never laid eyes on me. They know of me as Edith's husband, that's all. They are to take you in as Medcroft, of course."

At this point Brock set up an emphatic remonstrance. He began by laughing his friend to scorn; then, as Medcroft persisted, went so far as to take him severely to task for the proposed imposition on the unsuspecting Rodneys, to say nothing of the trick he would play upon the convention of architects.

"I'd be recognized as an impostor," he said warmly, "and booted out of the convention. I shudder to think of what Mr. Rodney will do to me when he learns the truth. Why, Medcroft, you must be crazy. There will be dozens of architects there who know you personally or by sight. You"—

"My dear boy, if they don't see me there they can't very well recognize me, can they? If necessary you can affect an illness and stay away from the sessions altogether. Give a statement to the press from the privacy of the sickroom—regret your inability to take part in the discussions and all that, you know. Hire a nurse if necessary. You might venture to express an opinion or two on vital topics in my name. I don't care a hang what you say. I only want 'em to think I'm there. No doubt our enemies will have a spy or two hanging about to see that I am actually off for a jaunt with the Rodneys, but they will be Viennese, and they won't know me from Adam. What's the odds, so long as Edith is there to stand by you? If she's willing to assume that you are her husband"—

"Good Lord!" half shouted Brock, leaping to his feet, wide eyed. "You don't mean to say that she is—is—is to go to Vienna with me?"

"Emphatically yes. She's also invited. Of course she's going."

"You mean that she's going just as you are going—by proxy?" murmured Brock helplessly.

"Proxy, the devil! 'Pon my soul, Brock, you're downright stupid. She can't have a proxy. They know her. The Rodneys are in some way connections of hers, and all that—third cousins. If she isn't there to vouch for you, how the deuce can you expect to"—

"Medcroft, you are crazy! No one but an insane man would submit his wife to— Why, good Lord, man, think of the scandal! She won't have a shred left"—

"At the proper time the matter will be explained to the Rodneys—not at first, you know—and I'll be in a position to step into your shoes before the party returns to Paris. Afterward the whole trick will be exposed to the world, and she'll be a heroine."

"I'm absolutely paralyzed!" mumbled Brock.

"Brace up, old chap. I'm going to take you around to the Ritz at once to introduce you to my wife—to your wife, I might say. She'll be waiting for us, and, take my word for it, she's in for the game. She appreciates its importance. Come now, Brock, it means so little to you, and it means everything to me. You will do this for me—for us?"

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Medcroft.

FOR ten minutes Brock protested, his argument growing weaker and weaker as the true humor of the project developed in his mind. He came at last to realize that Medcroft was in earnest and that the situation was as serious as he pictured it. The Englishman's plan was unusual, but it was not as rattle brained as it had seemed at the outset. Brock was beginning to see the possibilities that the ruse contained. To say the least, he would be running little or no risk in the event of its miscarriage. In spite of possible unpleasant consequences, there were the elements of a rare lark in the enterprise. He felt himself being skillfully guided past the pitfalls and dangers.

"I shall insist on talking it over thoroughly with Mrs. Medcroft before consenting," he said in the end. "If she's being bluffed into the game I'll revoke like a flash. If she's keen for the adventure I'll go, Rox. But I've got to see her first and talk it all over"—

"'Pon my word, old chap, she's ripping, awfully good sort, even though I say it myself. She's true blue, and she'll do anything for me. You see, Brock," and his voice grew very tender, "she loves me. I'm sure of her. There isn't a nobler wife in the world than mine. Nor a prettier one either," he concluded, with pride in his eyes. "You won't be ashamed of her. You will be proud of the chance to point her out as your wife, take my word for it." Then they set out for the Ritz.

"Roxbury," said Brock soberly when they were in the Rue de la Paix after walking two blocks in contemplative silence, "my peace of mind is poised at the brink of an abyss. I have a feeling that I am about to chuck it over."

"Nonsense! You'll buck up when Edith has had a fling at you."

"I suppose I'm to call her Edith?"

"Certainly, and I won't mind a 'dear' or two when it seems propitious. It's rather customary, you know, even among the unhappily married. Of course I've always been opposed to kissing or caressing in public. It's so middle class."

"And I daresay Mrs. Medcroft will object to it in private," lamented Brock good naturedly.

"I daresay," said her husband cheerfully. "She's your wife in public only. By the way, you'll have to get used to the name of Roxbury. Don't look around as if you expected to find me standing behind your back when she says 'Roxbury, dear!' I shan't be there, you know. She'll mean you. Don't forget that."

"Oh, I say," exclaimed Brock, halting abruptly and staring in dismay at the confident conspirator, "will I have to wear a suit of clothes like that and an eyeglass and—and—good Lord! spats?"

"By Jove, you shall wear this very suit!" cried Medcroft, inspired. "We're of a size, and it won't fit you any better than it does me. Our clothes never fit us in London. Clever idea of yours, Brock, to think of it. And, here! We'll stop at this shop and pick up a glass. You can have all day for practice with it. And, I say, Brock, don't you think you can cultivate a—er—little more of an English style of speech? That twang of yours won't"—

"Heavens, man, I'm to be a low comedian too!" gasped Brock as he was fairly pushed on to the shop. Three minutes later they were on the sidewalk, and Brock was in possession of an object he had scorned most of all things in the world—a monocle.

Arm in arm they sauntered into the Ritz. Medcroft retained his clasp on his friend's elbow as they went up in the lift, after the fashion of one who fears that his victim is contemplating flight. As they entered the comfortable little sitting room of the suit a young woman rose gracefully from the desk at which she had been writing. With perfect composure she smiled and extended her slim hand to the American as he crossed the room with Medcroft's jerky introduction dinging in his ears.

"My old friend, Brock, dear. He has consented to be your husband. You've never met your wife, have you, old man?" A blush spread over her exquisite face.

"Oh, Roxbury, how embarrassing! He hasn't even proposed to me. So glad to meet you, Mr. Brock. I've been trying to picture what you would look like ever since Roxbury went out to find you. Sit here, please, near me. Roxbury, has Mr. Brock really fallen into your terrible trap? Isn't it the most ridiculous proceeding, Mr. Brock"—

"Call him, Roxbury, my dear. He's fully prepared for it. And now let's get down to business. He insists upon talking it over with you. You don't mind me being present, do you, Brock? I dare say I can help you out a bit. I've been married four years."

For an hour the trio discussed the situation from all sides and in all its phases. When Brock arose to take his departure, he was irrevocably committed to the enterprise. He was, moreover, completely enchanted by the vista of harmless fun and sweet adventure that stretched before him. He went away with his head full of the brilliant, quick witted, loyal young American who was entering so heartily into the plot to deceive her own friends for the time being in order that her husband might profit in high places.

"She is ripping," he said to Medcroft in the hallway. All of the plans had been made and all of them had been approved by the young wife. She had shown wonderful perspicacity and foresight in the matter of details. Her capacity for selection and disposal was even more comprehensive than that of the two men, both of whom were somewhat staggered by the boldness of more than one suggestion which came from her fruitful storehouse of romantic ideas. She had grasped the full humor of the situation, from inception to denouement, and to all appearance was heart and soul deep in the venture, despising the risks because she knew that succor was always at her elbow in the shape of her husband's loyal support. There was no condition involved which could not be explained to her credit; adequate compensation for the merry sacrifice was to be had in the brief detachment from rigid English conventionality, in the hazardous injection of quixotism into an otherwise overly healthful life of platitudes. Society had become the sepulcher of youthful inspirations. She welcomed the resurrection. The exquisite delicacy with which she analyzed the cost and computed the interest won for her the warmest regard of her husband's friend, fellow conspirator in a plot which involved the subtlest test of loyalty and honor.

"Don't shake hands," she warned.

"Yes," said Medcroft simply. "You won't have reason to change your opinion, Brock." He hesitated for a moment and then burst out, rather plaintively: "She's an awfully good sort, demme, she is. And so are you, Brock. It's mighty decent of you. You're the only man in all the world that I could or would have asked to do this for me. You are my best friend, Brock—you always have been." He seized the American's hand and wrung it fervently. Their eyes met in a long look of understanding and confidence.

"I'll take good care of her," said Brock quietly.

"I know you will. Goodby, then. I'll see you late this afternoon. You leave this evening at 7:20 by the orient express. I've had the reservations booked, and—and"— He hesitated, a wry smile on his lips, "I daresay you won't mind making a pretense of looking after the luggage a bit, will you?"

"I shall take this opportunity to put myself in training against the day when I may be traveling away with a happy bride of my own. By the way, how long am I expected to remain in this state of matrimonial bliss? That's no small detail, you know, even though it escaped for the moment."

"Three weeks."

"Three weeks!" He almost reeled.

"That's a long time in these days of speedy divorces," said Medcroft blandly.

The Gare de l'Est was thronged with people when Brock appeared fully half an hour before departing time. In no little dismay he found himself wondering if the whole of Paris was going away or, on the other hand, if the rest of the continent was arriving. He felt a fool in Medcroft's unspeakable checked suit, and the eyeglass was a much more obstinate, untractable thing than he had even suspected it could be. The right side of his face was in a condition of semiparalysis, due to the muscular exactions required. He had a sickening fear that the scowl that marked his brow was destined to form a perpetual alliance with the smirk at the corner of his nose, forever destroying the symmetry of his face. If one who has not the proper facial construction will but attempt the feat of holding a monocle in place for unbroken hours he may come to appreciate at least one of the trials which beset poor Brock.

Every one seemed to be staring at him. He heard more than one American in the scurrying throng say to another, "English," and he felt relieved until an Englishman or two upset his confidence by brutally alluding to him as a "confounded American toady."

It was quite train time before Mrs. Medcroft was seen hurrying in from the carriage way, pursued by a trio of facteurs laden with bags and boxes.

"Don't shake hands!" she warned in a quick whisper as they came together. "I recognized you by the clothes."

"Thank God, it wasn't my face!" he cried. "Are your trunks checked?"

"Yes, this afternoon. I have nothing but the bags. You have the tickets. Then let us get aboard. I just couldn't get here earlier," she whispered guiltily. "We had to say goodby, you know. Poor old Roxy! How he hated it! I sent Burton and O'Brien on ahead of me. My sister brought them here in her carriage, and I dare say they're aboard and abed by this time. You didn't see them? But, of course, you wouldn't know my maids. How stupid of me! Don't be alarmed. They have their instructions, Roxbury. Doesn't it sound odd to you?"

Brock was icy cold with apprehension as they walked down the line of wagons lits in the wake of the bag bearers. Mrs. Medcroft was as self possessed and as degagee as he was ill at ease and awkward. As they ascended the steps of the carriage she turned back to him and said with the most malicious twinkle in her eyes:

"I'm not a bit nervous."

"But you've been married so much longer than I have," he responded.

Then came the disposition of the bags and parcels. She calmly directed the porters to put the overflow into the upper berth. The garde came up to remonstrate in his most rapid French.

"But where is m'sieur to sleep if the bags go up there?" he argued.

Mrs. Medcroft dropped her toilet bag and turned to Brock with startled eyes, her lips parted. He was standing in the passage, his two bags at his feet, an aroused gleam in his eyes. A deep flush overspread his face. An expression of utter rout succeeded the buoyancy of the moment before.

"Really," she murmured and could go no further. The loveliest pucker came into her face. Brock waved the garde aside.

"It's all right," he explained. "I shan't occupy the—I mean, I'll take one of the other compartments." As the garde opened his lips to protest she drew Brock inside the compartment and closed the door. Mrs. Medcroft was agitated.

"Oh, what a wretched contretemps!" she cried in despair. "Roxy has made a frightful mess of it, after all. He has not taken a compartment for you. I'm—I'm afraid you'll have to take this one and—and let me go in with"—

"Nonsense!" he broke in. "Nothing of the sort! I'll find a bed, never fear. I daresay there's plenty of room on the train. You shan't sleep with the servants. And don't lie awake blaming poor old Rox. He's lonesome and unhappy, and he"—

"But he has a place to sleep," she lamented. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Brock! It's perfectly horrid, and I'm—I'm dreadfully afraid you won't be able to get a berth. Roxbury tried yesterday for a lower for himself."

"And he—couldn't get one?"

"No, Mr. Brock. But I'll ask the maids to give up their"—

"Please, please don't worry, and please don't call me Mr. Brock. I hate the name. Good night! Now, don't think about me. I'll be all right. You'll find me as gay as a lark in the morning."

He did not give her a chance for further protest, but darted out of the compartment. As he closed the door he had the disquieting impression that she was sitting upon the edge of her berth, giggling hysterically.

To be Continued Next Week.

Terraced.

She—What a singular chin Mrs. Flatleigh has! He—Singular? I should call it plural!—Boston Transcript.

Right to the Point.

Two veterans were speaking about the battle of Bull Run. One of them was a Yankee, the other an Irishman.

"Pat," said the Yankee, "were you at the battle of Bull Run?"

"I was," said Pat.

"I'm sure you ran," said the Yank.

"I did," said Pat, "and the man that did not run is there yet."—New York Globe.

Dangers of a Cold.

Do you know that of all the minor ailments colds are by far the most dangerous? It is not the colds themselves that you need to fear, but the serious diseases that they so often lead to. For that reason every cold should be gotten rid of with the least possible delay. To accomplish this you will find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy of great help to you. It loosens a cold, relieves the lungs, aids expectoration and enables the system to throw off the cold. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

Salt and Fresh Water Lakes.

Fresh water lakes are always only expansions of rivers, due to the particular topographical configuration of a valley. They are all characterized by the fact that the water that they receive runs out either continuously or intermittently and that the chemical constitution of their water remains constantly the same as that of the streams and rivers of the same region. Salt lakes, on the other hand, are always closed basins, without outlet, and their water is removed only by surface evaporation. These facts being well understood, we see at once why the former lakes contain fresh water and the others salt water. Water is nature's great solvent. Hardly a single substance, simple or compound, escapes its dissolving action. Consequently the water that flows over the earth's surface or in its depths contains constantly in solution substances that finally accumulate in the great common reservoir, the ocean, whose mass, removed only by evaporation, becomes more and more charged with saline matter.

A Threat or a Promise?

John, a rather backward rustic, sat at one end of the sofa and his sweetheart at the other. Both minds were too full to carry on conversation, but at last the lady spoke:

"John, what are you thinking about?"

John, awakened from his dreams, answered with a drawl, "Oh, jest the same as you are," and was surprised to get the retort:

"If you do I'll slap you!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Biliousness and Constipation Cured.

If you are ever troubled with biliousness or constipation you will be interested in the statement of R. F. Erwin, Peru, Ind. "A year ago last winter I had an attack of indigestion followed by biliousness and constipation. Seeing Chamberlain's Tablets so highly recommended, I bought a bottle of them and they helped me right away." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

Tiger Superstitions.

Numberless are the superstitions associated with the tiger. The natives of India believe that its whiskers are a deadly poison and that when finely chopped and secretly put into a person's food they will assuredly cause death. What is known as the "evil eye" is greatly dreaded in India, and to avert this parents hang the claws of tigers round the necks of their children.

Lacking in Distance.

Artist—You don't seem quite to like the picture. I'm not altogether satisfied with it myself. A little lacking in distance, isn't it? Candid Friend—Yes; I guess that's what's the matter. 'Bout five miles would help it a heap.—Puck.

Electric Fans.

The electric fan was invented by an electric engineer, to whom the idea came while experimenting with a propeller for an electric boat.

A liquor license costs only $193 in Brussels and is permanent.

Excellent for Stomach Trouble.

"Chamberlain's Tablets are just fine for stomach trouble," writes Mrs. G. C. Dunn, Arnold, Pa. "I was bothered with this complaint for some time and frequently had bilious attacks. Chamberlain's Tablets afforded me great relief from the first, and since taking one bottle of them I feel like a different person." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

The Way of the World.

"I was walking down the street with a friend of mine the other morning," relates a man who is more than ordinarily observant. "And on our way we met another man, who was evidently acquainted with my friend. My friend addressed him cordially, but he responded rather distantly, I thought. But I said nothing about it. The next morning I again walked downtown with the same friend. And again we met the man we had met the day before. This time it was he who spoke cordially, and my friend who answered coldly. Indeed, my friend came very near to cutting him dead. This time I needed an explanation of the mystery.

"'Are you paying him back for his coldness of yesterday?' I asked.

"'No,' answered my friend. 'You see, I have owed him money for some time. And last night I paid it.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It Shocked Dickens.

Survivors of great railway accidents do not readily forget the experience. Charles Dickens did not, when on June 9, 1865, a train fell through the bridge at Staplehurst, England, and the carriage in which he was traveling hung over the side. He acted with great coolness and courage, helping to extricate the wounded and then scrambling back to rescue the manuscript of "Our Mutual Friend." But, though uninjured, he never recovered from the shock. Afterward, when traveling, as his daughter relates, "he would often suddenly fall into a paroxysm of fear, clutch the arms of the railway carriage, large beads of perspiration standing on his face and suffer agonies of terror." Dickens died on the anniversary of the accident, five years later.

Dewey on Farragut.

Farragut has always been my ideal of the naval officer—urbane, decisive, indomitable. Whenever I have been in a difficult situation or in the midst of such a confusion of details that the simple and right thing to do seemed hazy, I have often asked myself, "What would Farragut do?" In the course of the preparations for Manila bay I often asked myself this question and I confess that I was thinking of him the night that we entered the bay and with the conviction that I was doing precisely what he would have done. Valuable as the training of Annapolis was, it was poor schooling beside that of serving under Farragut in time of war.—George Dewey's Autobiography.

Cough Medicine for Children.

Never give a child a cough medicine that contains opium in any form. When opium is given other and more serious diseases may follow. Long experience has demonstrated that there is no better or safer medicine for coughs, colds and croup in children than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is equally valuable for adults. Try it. It contains no opium or other harmful drug. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.