The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY.....January 1, 1915

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

During the last ten months more than $250,000 has gone into the construction of business blocks and dwellings in Astoria.

Plans are under way for a big celebration at Molalla on February 2 in honor of the opening of the Willamette Valley Southern Electric.

Milwaukie will spend from $30,000 to $40,000 in the construction of a municipal water plant to supply Bull Run water through meter from Portland.

The new steel bridge over the Yamhill river at Dayton has been formally accepted by the county officials and thrown open for the use of the public.

More than 1,000,000 letters and postcards were delivered in Portland during the past week, according to estimates made by Postmaster F. S. Myers.

Mrs. Mary Doak, one of the oldest residents of Wasco county, who had passed the century mark, died at the home of her son, A. C. Doak at Pleasant Ridge.

Plans for the new public building at Pendleton have been completed and bids will be asked for in February, according to information furnished Congressman Sinnott.

The annual meeting and election of officers of the Oregon and Washington division of the Travelers' Protective Association was held at the Multnomah hotel in Portland.

After January 1, Portland will have 61 fewer saloons, one less liquor wholesaler, three fewer grills and five less grocery-liquor establishments than are in business in the city at present.

County superintendents of Oregon have gathered at Salem to pass upon the papers written upon by applicants for teachers' certificates during the recent examination. All but five counties are represented.

Ex-Judge Seneca Smith, pioneer Portland attorney, a former heavy property owner, and one of the most prominent residents of the state, died at his home after an illness of several months. He was 70 years of age.

Whisky Run, an old mining camp a few miles above Bandon, has taken on new life during the past six months and several mining concerns have employed men, dredging and sluicing. The greatest values found now are in platinum.

Provided W. H. Chapin, convicted in Multnomah county of larceny by bailee, can make restitution to Mr. and Mrs. William Grace, an aged couple whom he defrauded by larceny, he will be given a pardon, according to an announcement made by Governor West.

State Architect W. C. Knighton asserts that the regular charge for services on the state's building projects from March 22, 1911, to December 22, 1914, would have been $64,495.78 while the operating expenses of his office were $42,457.99, a saving of $22,229.79.

An attempt is being made on Coos Bay by Deputy Game Warden Thomas, of North Bend, to create a game reserve of all the area of Pony Inlet inside the bay shore, and about all the mud flats in the upper bay, comprising in all over five square miles of water.

The jury failed to reach an agreement at Roseburg on the statutory charge against Roy Farnum indicted in connection with the death of Edna Morgan, whose body was found in the ruins of a barn which had been destroyed by fire eight miles east of Glendale, December 8.

State Bank Superintendent Sargent recommends in his annual report that the "loan shark" law be amended so as to allow a minimum charge or cost of $1 per loan. "The provisions of the present law practically prohibit the making of small, short time loans, which are really the most needed by deserving borrowers," says Sargent.

In a letter to Senator Chamberlain, the forest service disapproves the recommendation of Superintendent Steel that 130,000 acres of the National Forest land be included in Crater Lake National Park. The forest service contends that the land in question is not suited for the national park and is chiefly valuable for national forest purposes.

Labor Commissioner Hoff's weekly report of accidents shows three persons were killed, the fatalities occurring at Rainier, where Isaac Cupp and Frank Story, loggers, and Charles Byron Hammons, railroad employe, were victims. Fifteen of the 41 accidents reported occurred in activities connected with the lumber and logging industry. The total number of accidents is not as large as during the fall season because many industries are shut down now.

In his annual report to Governor West, State Forester Elliott directs particular attention to the fact that the forest fire hazard of the future depends chiefly upon how thoroughly the present-day operators dispose of the slash resulting from logging, woodchopping and other woods work, and asserts that even today, with the logging industry of Oregon in its infancy, areas covered with unburned or partially burned slash are by far the greater source of dangerous and damaging fires.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Events Occurring Throughout the State During the Past Week.

Hood River Companies Will Merge.

Hood River.—Despite the recommendation of the state railway commission, which was engaged here in hearing complaints against the rates of the Hydro-Electric company and the Hood River Gas & Electric company, that the two companies should consolidate, the announcement that the concerns would be consolidated the first of the year came as a surprise to local business men. The merger was not expected until later.

John A. Lang, an attorney of Portland, will be president of the consolidated companies, and George F. Mevins secretary-treasurer.

To Help Unfortunate Girls.

Portland.—E. Henry Wemme, who died in Los Angeles, left real estate valued approximately at $400,000 for the creation of an endowment fund to establish a maternity hospital for unfortunate girls, according to the terms of his will.

The will provides that at the end of three years the fund and the hospital shall be given to the Christian Science churches of Portland, which may in their own discretion continue the hospital or divert the fund to other charitable purposes.

A. W. Lawrence Made State Printer.

Salem.—Arthur W. Lawrence, of Portland, was appointed state printer by the state printing board to succeed R. A. Harris January 1.

The board receded from its action of a few days ago in appointing W. M. Plimpton temporary state printer, for the term beginning January 1, it appearing that he was disqualified by a constitutional provision which says that only those who have had 10 years' experience as a practical printer shall be eligible.

BUDGET IS $8,775,396

State Secretary's Estimate of Next Biennial's Expenses is Ready.

Salem.—The first biennial budget which will be submitted to the legislature early in January shows that the various state departments estimate that they will require a total of $8,775,396.47 for the years 1915-1916. This is a large increase over 1913-1914, when the legislature appropriated $7,973,320.83, and a still heavier increase over 1911-1912, when the legislature appropriated $5,252,336.10.

Of this sum the legislature must appropriate $3,889,095.64, the remainder of the revenue being derived through continuing appropriations, millage taxes and fees.

Under the law the various departments must submit estimates to the secretary of state not later than November 15, and he must have a complete itemized statement ready for the members of the legislature several weeks before the beginning of the session.

Among the items that must be taken care of by the next legislature are deficiencies totaling $58,224.62, which have been authorized by the state's emergency board.

Oregon Stone Probe Started.

Corvallis.—President Ball, of the Corvallis commercial club, appointed a committee, consisting of Victor P. Moses, A. J. Johnson, and N. R. Moore of this city, to investigate building stone in Oregon, and after thorough investigation, if such stone is found in quantity, to report the facts to the Oregon delegation in congress, and request that Oregon stone be used in the construction of all federal buildings to be built in Oregon.

Kaolin Deposits Are High Grade.

Ashland.—Deposits of kaolin, which are to be found in abundance a few miles northeast of this city, have been submitted to experts for analysis, with the result that the product has been found equal to any in the country. The kaolin proper is adapted to pottery work, while its residue may be used for remedial purposes akin to those for which anti-phlogistine is employed.

Rabies Cause of Heavy Stock Loss.

Baker.—According to the report of County Stock Inspector Dr. F. T. Notz, rabies in Baker county during the last few months has caused the loss of over 300 head of cattle, and several hundred sheep on the ranges, through infection carried by coyotes.

Packing Plant Planned for Albany.

Albany.—In a few weeks Albany will have an important new industry, a meat packing plant to be established by H. L. Nobergall. Equipment is being procured and as soon as a site is selected the plant will be assembled and placed in operation.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"Oh, Child New Year!"

O H, child New Year, on whom my mantle falls,
I, the departing year, who leave to thee
The labors, tasks, the duties and the calls
Which are the heirlooms of the past, to be
A precious trust, the heritage of time.
How will thou face the future all alone,
How front the foes of sin and vice and crime,
Which muster round with force and might unknown?
Take courage, child of time; be not dismayed;
Equip thyself with faith and hope and love
And seek for strength and wisdom from above.
With these to help thee never be afraid.
Go forth with gladness on thine untrod way,
And strength shall come to thee from day to day.

Best He Could Do.

Foggs' Old Friend—Great heavens, man! Do I find you reduced to playing a cornet at the street corner to make a living? Foggs—I ain't doing this to make a living. My wife won't let me practice in the house.

The Joy That Killed.

A senator was praising the humor of a certain congressman.

"'His humor, however,' he concluded, 'is rather grim. I told him the other day about a mutual acquaintance who had died, a man he had never liked.

"'And his wife is dead, too,' I said. 'He himself died on Monday; his wife died two days later. The papers didn't say what killed her.'

"'She was tickled to death, I guess,' said the congressman grimly."

HEROES OF MEDICINE.

Many an Obscure Physician Has Died For Humanity's Sake.

The physicians who have met death from diphtheria, from smallpox, from tuberculosis in the heroic discharge of duties so common as to seem trivial, cannot be computed. Time has failed to keep a record of the noble dead. A roster of their honored names is out of our power. Obscure heroes who have fallen in the strife for humanity fill our churchyards, where they sleep in unacknowledged graves.

St. Paul boasted he was a citizen of no mean city. We may boast in the same spirit that we belong to no mean profession, to no ignoble calling, and while ungrateful beneficiaries may accuse us of practicing medicine for money, we may be sure that alike in city and in country, alike among the homes of wealth and the hovels of destitution, there exists a great body of men who by unselfishness, by fortitude, by kindness and charity, sustain amply the traditions and fulfill worthily the scope of our noble calling.

To those men what is a money fee? It is not time and study and care alone that they offer to the afflicted. It is their own strength, their sleep, their very lives that they lavish upon them, and what is a fee in exchange? Do men sell their blood for gold?—"Recreations of a Physician," by A. Stuart M. Chisholm, M. D.

DIAMONDS IN SUGAR.

We Know They Are There, Because Science Has Extracted Them.

Although at first thought the statement seems incredible, it is perfectly true that a lump of sugar may be converted into diamonds.

Not all the substance of the sugar of course will enter into the composition of the diamond, but only the carbon that it contains. Sugar consists of carbon united with oxygen and hydrogen.

It is an easy matter to separate out the carbon, and in certain experiments for the production of diamonds this sugar carbon has been employed.

The diamonds so produced were of course very small and destitute of commercial value, but still they were real diamonds, and the chemical result achieved would be no greater in principle if they were as big as the Cullinan.

Scientists have often expressed the hope that an improvement in the process of manufacturing diamonds may be effected whereby the necessity of dissolving the carbon in molten iron may be dispensed with, and the required combination of great pressure with great heat may be brought about by some such operations as squeezing the carbon between redhot metal plates.—New York World.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Events Occurring Throughout the State During the Past Week.

Hunter Slays Game Warden.

Medford.—Game Warden A. S. Hubbard of Ashland, 30 years old, was shot and killed by Loris Martin, a professional deer hunter, near Trail, when attempting to make a search of Martin's cabin for evidence of poaching.

Sheriff Single and Deputy Sheriff Wilson walked to the cabin of Loris Martin, arrested him and brought him to the jail at Jacksonville, where he is held without bail. Much to the surprise of his friends, Martin made no attempt to get away and did not resist arrest. He met Sheriff Singler on the trail in front of his cabin, and with the remark, "Guess I am the man you are looking for," handed over his rifle, kissed his mother good-by and was brought at once to Medford. According to Martin's story he shot Hubbard in self-defense.

Eastern Oregon Fears Mad Coyotes.

John Day.—The spread of rabies among the coyotes of eastern Oregon is becoming a menace that is demanding serious attention. This problem is assuming such serious proportions that steps for the extermination of the coyote may be taken by the state or federal government at once.

In the interior counties of the state the mad brutes are causing much damage to stock. In the past six weeks it has been reported that a sheep herder in Malheur county was bitten and died before he could be taken to Vale for treatment, and another herder in northern Grant county, it is reported, was recently bitten and died before he could be given Pasteur treatment.

Part Distribution of Forest Fund.

Salem.—The distribution of 25 per cent of the United States forest reserve fund for the fiscal year ending June 30 has been announced here and shows that a total of $61,606.50 is to be apportioned to Oregon. Figures given out at the office of the secretary of state show that there are 15,580,934 acres in the forest reserve area in Oregon, out of a total area of 61,188,480 acres, and the apportionment is .003953967.

ACCOUNTANTS MAKE REPORT

Claim That Some Officers of Counties Are Short and Others Careless

Salem.—Great extravagance and negligence is shown by the majority of the counties of Oregon, according to a statement by John Y. Richardson, chief accountant of the state insurance department. Richardson told of shortages totaling $13,872.62 which he says have been unearthed recently.

The shortages ranged, at the time of the audit, from $98.16 to $7358.20. The former represented the shortage in the accounts of the treasurer of Josephine county, and the latter that in the accounts of the treasurer of Wheeler county. The Wheeler county treasurer has recognized his shortage by paying on it the sum of $7000. The shortage claimed in the account of the treasurer of Baker county is $1223.09, and that in the accounts of the treasurer of Marion county, $116.66. The report shows a shortage of $251.42 in the accounts of the sheriff of Douglas county, and that the county judge of Wallowa county is apparently short $2867.25. Further, the reports show that the business affairs of Columbia, Crook and Cilliam counties have been conducted by a number of their officials in a careless and unsystematic manner, and negligence and extravagance are manifest in the majority of the counties of the state.

George Solomon Freed at Albany.

Albany.—George Solomon, indicted jointly with Vada Grier for murder in the second degree for the killing of the woman's husband, Frank Grier, was discharged following the acquittal of Mrs. Grier.

The case against Solomon was dismissed because of insufficiency of evidence to convict, inasmuch as Solomon had had no part in the actual killing.

Miser Found Dead in Squalor.

Marshfield.—Dead beneath his bed of rough planks in the back room of a dirty basement and in the midst of squalor, John Golden, a Coos Bay pioneer, known to be worth more than $20,000, was found by the police. The man was 75 years of age and lived alone.

O. A. C. Announces Short Course.

Corvallis.—The Oregon Agricultural college has just issued its annual announcement of the winter short course, January 4 to 30. The circular of 24 pages is filled with pictures showing the work to be offered to the four-week students and each course is fully outlined.

Not Much of It.

She—What did you think of Mrs. B's ball gown? He—She must be a great economist.—Vermont Crubbe.

Best Diarrhoea Remedy.

If you have ever used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy you know that it is a success. Sam F. Guin, Whatley, Ala., writes, "I had measles and got caught out in the rain, and it settled in my stomach and bowels. I had an awful time, and had it not been for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy I could not possibly have lived but a few hours longer, but thanks to this remedy, I am now well and strong." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

A Christmas Message

Glad Tidings Came After Years of Waiting.

By F. A. MITCHEL

I am a letter carrier. Most of my fellow carriers dread the Christmas season because they are obliged at that time to work so hard. I confess that before it is over I get very tired, but the delivery of letters and packages to those who are made happy by them more than counterbalances the physical strain. It is delightful to see a person, I refer more especially to the young—on receipt of a letter tear off the cover and the sudden change from expectation to realization on taking out a bank bill or a fat check. Or it may be a token from some distant loved one in the shape of a gift sent as a package.

But there are Christmas gifts of a different kind which may be far more acceptable than money or goods. I once delivered to a poor woman on Christmas eve a letter from her sailor son, whose ship had been wrecked and who she supposed had been lost, announcing that he was safe, on his way home and expected to be with her for a Christmas dinner the next evening. On another occasion I delivered to a lady an announcement that a husband from whom she had been long estranged had learned through a confession of one who had traduced her that the story was a lie, and he would be with her on Christmas eve to ask her forgiveness for having believed a lying talebearer in preference to his own wife.

I have delivered hundreds of letters and packages from Santa Claus to children, being replies to requests for something desired for Christmas or containing the article named, for of late years such letters are taken care of and referred to association which provide the gifts asked for. But the message I brought that gave me the greatest pleasure was— But thereby hangs a tale.

I am a free rural delivery carrier. I drive a sort of two wheeled vehicle, in which there is plenty of room for the mail I have with me and containing a number of pockets which I find very convenient. I drive a white horse, and, although I jog over the same route every day, I sometimes think my lot is more enviable than that of some persons whose position is a great deal more exalted than mine. I live an outdoor life, breathing the fresh air, and, though a lone bachelor, I have made a number of friends along my route of whom I am very fond. Sometimes it seems to me that I have a family in whom to be interested larger than the famous "old woman who lived in a shoe and had so many children she didn't know what to do," for the joys and sorrows of innumerable persons to whom I deliver mail are opened to me, and I sometimes feel them as much as if they were my own.

There was a house on R. F. D. No. 6, the one intrusted to me by Uncle Sam, that stood at a turn in the road, so situated that from it one could see my vehicle coming from the postoffice when I was a long distance away from it. In that house lived Molly Sturgis, as pretty and as good a girl as ever breathed the pure country air. I could see Molly standing at the gate waiting for me, or part way down the road to meet me, as well as she could see me, though she had the advantage of me in being able to discern at a great distance my white horse. Many a time when she was eagerly expecting a letter she would watch a point where his white coat would emerge from behind a house more than a mile away from her, and she would be able from long practice to know just how long I would be in reaching her.

Molly received letters addressed to her in a man's handwriting, and from her eagerness to get them it was evident that he was her lover. I could usually tell just how important were the lovers' tiffs between them by Molly's anxiety to get his letters. If there was a serious spat and she was very much worried, she would come a long distance to meet me. At such times, knowing that I would be inconvenienced at looking back among my pile to give her a missive, instead of putting it in its proper place I would put it in my pocket. Then when nearing her I would hold it up that she might see it as soon as I came close enough for her to do so.

One day while making up my mail I was told that a man was waiting for me in the outer office, and I went to meet him. He was a fine looking young man with an honest countenance, but evidently much troubled.

"Are you the carrier of free rural delivery route No. 67" he asked.

"I am."

"Mary Sturgis, to whom you have delivered letters from me, has often

SHE FLEW TO HER LOVER'S ARMS.

mentioned you, and I judge from what she says that you would do anything in your power for her comfort."

"I certainly would."

"A great calamity hangs over me which will distress her very much. I am expecting every moment to be arrested on a charge of theft, and I am not sure but that the person who took the money has the advantage of me. To save himself he must convict me, and I fear he will be able to get pals of his to swear falsely that they saw me do the theft. I have come to you to ask you firstly to examine any newspaper you may deliver at the Sturgis house before delivering it and if it contains any mention of my case to keep it from Molly. Secondly, in case I go to jail I ask you to help me to get letters through to her without her knowing where they were mailed."

This request it was not in my power to grant without placing myself in the position of a criminal myself. My long experience in observing facial expressions enabled me to judge to my own satisfaction of the young man's guilt or innocence, and I made up my mind that he was telling the truth. I shrank from permitting Molly to know—at least until it was best she should know—of what would be a horror to her. I wanted time to think the matter over, but her lover said there was no time to spare and begged me to give him the required promise at once. So I told him I would do what I could in the matter so long as I was convinced that it was best that Molly should not know the secret.

We arranged that he was to mail his letters in an envelope addressed to me and I, having torn it off, would mail the one inclosed to Molly, doing whatever postmarking I was able to make it appear that the letters were mailed from such place as he should designate to me on a slip of paper contained in the outside envelope.

It was not long before I was delivering Henry Bradshaw's letters to Molly Sturgis, he writing her that he had accepted a position that would require him to travel a good deal and he feared it might be a long while before he could see her again. I knew that he was serving a term in state prison. Had I not believed him innocent I doubt if I could have borne the strain of a deception, which might have landed me also in the penitentiary. Fortunately I had an unsophisticated girl to deceive so that the work was not very difficult. I collected several worn out stamps, which I manipulated in such fashion that she could not read the postmark.

Bradshaw kept me advised of the point he wished the letters to hail from, and Molly told me the rest. This information helped me to do my part of the work the more intelligently—that is, to guard against errors which might give away the truth. Bradshaw was evidently taking some very long trips, sometimes even leaving the United States for other countries. While he was at sea there would be long intervals between his communications. I remember that at one time his instructions were to postmark a letter from San Francisco. Molly opened this letter before me, and her face fell.

"He's going to Honolulu," she said, "and I shall not hear from him again for a long while."

The next letter I received brought instructions to postmark it Honolulu. Of course I had no such stamp, but I made one for Hanover do, stamping the letter so badly that the postmark could not be read.

And so it was that Henry Bradshaw while in stripes was supposed to be traveling all over the globe, while I was aiding and abetting him in deceiving his sweetheart as to his real condition. Finally I was detected by a fellow carrier in using one of my stock of old stamps, and I was not sure for awhile but that the discovery would go hard with me. I told him the story and, moistening the gum on the envelope I had stamped, took out the letter and showed it to the man who had caught me. He was convinced and, considering me guiltless and not appreciating the importance of keeping his mouth shut, told other carriers, and what I was doing became common talk among my fellow laborers. But they were as much interested in the matter as I, and I was deluged with stamps that different carriers gave me for my purpose.

We helped Bradshaw to keep out of jail so far as his sweetheart's knowledge of his whereabouts was concerned for more than two years. Then one day early in December, when I delivered a letter to Molly that I had postmarked or, rather, smudged—New Orleans, she began to dance up and down like a delighted child, exclaiming:

"He's coming for Christmas! He's coming for Christmas!"

Then reading a little further her face fell, and she said:

"But he's had a lot of bad luck. The firm for which he has been traveling has been put out of business by the great war in Europe, and a large amount of salary due him is lost." Then reading, "I can't bring you any Christmas gift,"

"Poor fellow!" she exclaimed, looking up with a world of sympathy in her face. "What do I care for a Christmas gift if I love him!"

"Were you thinking of being married when he comes?" I asked.

"Oh, that's impossible now!"

"For want of funds?"

"Of course! I have nothing."

I drove on, but I couldn't get over my delight at the dear girl's good fortune, to say nothing of my being relieved of the work in her behalf resting upon me. I wondered whether Bradshaw had served his term or had been exonerated. I wished I could devise some scheme by which Molly could have him for a husband for a Christmas gift.

A few days before Christmas he came to the postoffice to see me. The man who had committed the theft of which he was accused had been caught in another and confessed to both. Bradshaw had been released a couple of weeks, but had kept dark in order that his hair that had been clipped might have time to grow to a length that would not give away the fact that he was an ex-jailbird. He told me that he was going to see Molly on Christmas morning.

Before he left me I secured his promise to come to see me the day before Christmas. Then I passed the good news around the carriers who knew my secret, and it was decided to take up a subscription for a wedding present to Molly that would enable them to marry. Not only this, but knowing that there were several vacancies in our ranks several of us went to the postmaster and asked him to give one to Henry Bradshaw, which he agreed to do. The subscription list went to all the employees of the post office, and quite a sum was raised for the wedding gift.

The morning before Christmas Bradshaw came to see me, and I took him in to the postmaster, who gave him his appointment as carrier. Then I told him of the wedding present that had been collected for Molly and asked him if he wouldn't like to marry her the next day. He didn't draw back a bit at the proposition, and I told him that I had arranged to get off duty after my single delivery and I wished him to meet me at 4 o'clock.

He showed up at the appointed time, and, getting into my wagon, I drove him to Mary Sturgis' house. When she saw us coming in together she flew to her lover's arms, while I stood looking on. Then Bradshaw confessed everything and when Molly learned how I had helped in the matter she gave me a kiss. Whereupon I produced the funds for the wedding Christmas gift. She asked what it meant, and when I told her she hung her head, blushing.

Bradshaw and I dined at the house and on Christmas evening the wedding was celebrated, I being the best man.

All of which goes to show that there are worse fellows in the world than we letter carriers.

Got Square on Himself.

An inhabitant whose heels were striking sparks from the pavement as he walked entered the waterworks office the other day selected a clerk and fiercely announced:

"Sir, you can send up and take your old gas meter out of my house."

"This is not the gas office."

"It isn't?"

"No, sir. This is the waterworks office."

"Oh, it is! Well then, send a man up to my house at once and turn the water off. I'm not going to walk a mile and a half for nothing!"—London Answers.

Got In Her Answer.

"Maria," said Mr. Jollyboy very solemnly, thinking to take a rise out of the wife of his bosom, "I heard of a dreadful operation which was undergone by a girl. She seemed in danger of losing her sight, and the clever ophthalmic surgeon who operated on her found"—

"Yes!" breathlessly interposed Mrs. Jollyboy. "Found what?"

"That the poor girl had a young man in her eye!" rejoined hubby, with a chuckle.

Silence reigned supreme for the space of five minutes, at the end of which time Mrs. Jollyboy said quietly:

"Well, of course, it would all depend on what kind of young man it was, as there are many men she would have been able to see through." And, with a serene smile, Mrs. J. resumed her knitting.—London Express.

The Sociable Neighbor.

"Now, don't talk too much when you go to call on our neighbor. You may answer questions, of course."

"That is all I ever do," said the child. "And they ask a great many questions. Last time they asked how much salary papa got and if he ever quarreled with you." — Kansas City Journal.

Cured of Indigestion.

Mrs. Sadie P. Clawson, Indiana, Pa., was bothered with indigestion. "My stomach pained me night and day," she writes. "I would feel bloated and have headache and belching after eating. I also suffered from constipation. My daughter had used Chamberlain's Tablets and they did her so much good that she gave me a few doses of them and insisted on my trying them. They helped me as nothing else has done." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.