

VARIOUS MATTERS HANDLED

Poor Chance for Ship Subsidy Bill

Push Panama Treaty Through

Washington, Feb. 17.—In the Senate a memorial was read from Po to Ricans asking that Cuban reciprocity treaty be amended to give coffee from that island entering Cuba the highest rebate.

Hear on the Judiciary Committee reported an anti-trust bill which is an amalgamation of Hoar and Littlefield measures with a number of drastic amendments.

The House committee on merchant marine has postponed the vote on the ship subsidy bill until Monday, and the prospects are said to be unfavorable.

The Republican senators caucus late this afternoon in the Marble room to arrange a program to insure the ratification of the Panama treaty and probably agree to a continuous session of the Senate, undertaking by this means to let Morgan exhaust himself. If an agreement on this course be reached this afternoon the Senate will remain in session all night tonight.

Mrs. Bear Entertains

The ladies of the A. N. W. enjoyed a delightful afternoon tea Tuesday, the guests of Mrs. John Bear at her home on Pine Street. The cosy parlor was tastefully decorated with English Ivy and Oregon wild grapes; while the dining room presented a most pleasing appearance to the lovers of needlework, the decorations being chiefly the handiwork of Mrs. Bear. A beautiful and elaborate tea cloth of Battenberg design, executed by the deft fingers of the hostess adorned the dining room table, on the center of which reposed a stately Palm. After several hours of pleasant conversation tea was served and other dainty refreshments. Mrs. Bear is a most charming hostess, and was ably assisted by the Misses Edna O'Connell, Grace McCormac and Susie Eickworth. At the conclusion of the afternoon's entertainment Mrs. O. J. Seeley (President) in behalf of the A. N. W. thanked the kind hostess for the pleasures of the afternoon so pleasantly and profitably spent by all, after which the guests departed each carrying home as a souvenir a miniature tea pot or a vase.

Those present were: Mesdames McCormac, Noble, Rochon, Taylor, Lando, Hall, Kelley, Edmund, Lindot, Hazard, Seeley, McKnight, Smith, Dangan, Norton, Hofer, Bear; Misses Eickworth, McCormac, O'Connell.

There Are Others.

Old Emdee—Well, how do you like your profession?
Young Emdee—Profession is O. K. It's the practice I'm kicking about—Town and Country.

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AN EDITOR'S TESTIMONY

Of the Superiority of Oregon's Climate

After nine days spent with his parents in Chicago the editor of the Salem Journal returned to Oregon, stopping a few days at Des Moines, Iowa, to meet old friends. He writes: "In Iowa we saw the terrible ravages of the awful wet summer that prevailed last year from June until November. Thousands of acres of grain could not be cut for excessive rains; corn is not half a crop; haystacks and corn shocks are cracked and rotting in the fields; the price of cattle and hogs is declining; corn is being shipped into the state; collections are slow and banks are accommodating only their best customers with their usual liberality when a pinch comes by asking collateral security and good endorsers.

"The Coal famine is on here in Iowa one of the best coal supplied states in the union. Railroads are confiscating coal in transit, and coal dealers refuse to sell to anyone but their old customers. After a few weeks spent in the Middle West I was glad to be again on the way home, the land of milder temperatures and weeping skies.

"Only a person who has been subjected to the freezing, shivering thing they call air in the prairie states for a few weeks in January, when you breathe something that tingles with ice, and the wind cuts you like a knife, can appreciate the soft and balmy Italian atmosphere of Western Oregon. The air with the fragrance of evergreen verdure and savor of the coniferous forests fill the lungs like cooling ambrosia. Pure as the breezes that waft toward the disembodied spirits winging their way across the Elysian fields, come the soft and melodious zephyrs that greet the weary denizen returning from the frozen climes of the East. Farewell to rubbing your ears to keep them warm; farewell to icicles on your mustache that makes you look like a tusked walrus from the briny deep; goodbye to overshoes, buffalo coats, fur gloves, horse-blanket underclothing, chilblains and frosted shinelocks that make you feel as if each pedal extremity was a combination of aching boils and rheumatics; where shivering you go to bed and shivering you arise; all those jackfrosts cinches are a thing of the past after you cross the cascade range and drop softly down into the land where roses bloom the year round on the cheeks of those you love, as well as under the sheltering walls of comfortable homes, where the furnace is not eating up in the winter what you earned the rest of the year."



The Crow—You look familiar.
The Snow Man—Yes, I'm the same old last year's scarecrow, only I've got on my winter clothes.—New York Journal.

Very conservative in all matters are the Turks, and especially slow to adopt modern improvements of any kind.

ENJOYABLE BANQUET AT NORTH BEND

New Woolen Mill Gets A Good Sendoff With Champaign And Eloquence

As a crowning climax to the driving of the first pile for the woolen mill at North Bend the banquet given Monday night was a swell affair. Those receiving invitations were about all present. The invitations were unique in themselves, and appropriate to the occasion, being decorated with hand painted sheep, and other designs emblematic of the woolen mill industry.

The old cook house was transformed into a perfect bower and the decorations were exquisite in their way. The entire room was covered with Oregon grape, the state's legal flower, and each end of the room was draped in the stars and stripes and in the center was suspended a large diamond S, standing for Simpson. At 8:15 the guests began to file to the plates spread for the occasion and from that time on it was one grand round until the festivities were at an end, which was 1:15 a. m.

Dr. Haydon of Bandon, acted as toastmaster and proved himself equal to the occasion and nearly every one was called upon to speak.

Mr. L. J. Simpson made the speech of welcome to the guests, which was appropriate and well received, and he prayed himself as ready at making felicitous remarks as at stirring up industrial activity.

J. M. Upton spoke for the Bandonians and in a few well chosen words expressed their well wishes for the success of this enterprise.

J. W. Bennett spoke in behalf of Marshfield, and Dr. McCormac added his quota to the prevailing good feeling.

Mr. Clark spoke of the new enterprise and announced that he hoped to have the new mill weaving cloth within 90 days.

The band discoursed good music throughout the evening which made the time pass only too quickly. And for a banquet gotten up on the spur of the moment it was truly an excellent layout and seldom surpassed where ample time has been given to prepare it, and reflected great credit on Geo. N. Farrin, who prepared it on short notice, just after having his business demoralized by fire.

The steamer took the Marshfielders home about two o'clock and the woolen mill initiation will not soon be forgotten. All wished it a success.

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Theford's Black-Draught has saved doctors' bills for more than sixty years. For the common family ailments, such as constipation, indigestion, hard colds, bowel complaints, chills and fever, biliousness, headaches and other like complaints no other medicine is necessary. It invigorates and regulates the liver, assists digestion, stimulates action of the kidneys, purifies the blood, and purges the bowels of foul accumulations. It cures liver complaint, indigestion, sour stomach, dizziness, chills, rheumatic pains, sideache, backache, kidney troubles, constipation, diarrhoea, biliousness, piles, hard colds and headache. Every drug-gist has Theford's Black-Draught in 25 cent packages and in mar-moth size for \$1.00. Never accept a substitute. Insist on having the original made by the Chattanooga Medicine Company.

I believe Theford's Black-Draught is the best medicine on earth. It is good for any and everything. I have a family of twelve children, and for four years I have kept them on foot and healthy with no doctor but Black-Draught. A. J. GREEN, Ilwaco, La.

Went Overboard

Jas. Ferry Jr. took a sudden and involuntary bath in the bay yesterday, which was probably more amusing to the spectators than to himself. He was out on Dean & Co's wharf with some companions, practicing with a ball. The ball took a spurt for the edge of the dock, and Jimmy started after it. He sprinted and was just about to overtake it as it reached the edge of the dock. There it struck the edge of a plank and bounced back: no so Jimmy. His momentum was too great, and though he threw himself down in the attempt to stop, he bounced and rolled over the edge of the dock and splashed into the bay, and as it was low tide, he made a big hole in the water. He grasped a pile and was soon fished out.

This reminded one of the spectators of a similar incident, some years ago, when a number of boys were throwing large ballast rocks from the edge of the wharf, and each trying to throw farthest. Leo Matson stepped back and took a short run to gain momentum and gave his rock, a large one, a mighty heave. But in the excitement of the moment he forgot to let go of the rock, with the result that he was jerked overboard with the utmost celerity.

WONDROUS ELOQUENCE.

It So Surprised a Barber That He Collapsed Completely.

As it sometimes happens, the patient to silence. After several fruitless attempts to extract more than a grunt or two from the one in his care, the tonsorial artist made a final effort to arouse the man's conversational powers. Pating the top of the head gently, he ventured the remark: "Der hair on yer top, sir, it is a bit thinning out—do you?"

"Yes."
"Of der tonic, den, a leetle, eh?"
"No."
After another long pause:
"Have it been bald long?"
The man smiled wearily. Then, after taking a long breath of preparation for his effort, he replied:
"I came into the world that way. Then I had an interval of comparatively luscious luxuriance, but it was not enduring. I have long since emerged from the grief of deprivation. It no longer afflicts me. Do not permit it to weigh upon you."

The German pondered over this for awhile without, however, appearing to apprehend the meaning of the man's words.
"Der hair id look better, sir, if perhaps you kept it long in der back like?" he suggested after another period of silence.

The man removed his gaze from the floor, fastened it upon the ceiling, cleared his throat again and spoke once more.
"Let me assure you, my tonsorial friend, said he, "that the appearance of my hair as I have been accustomed to dress it is very satisfactory to myself and, perhaps I might also say, to my friends. What little hair still adorns my head I have possessed for a long time. I know it well. I have been on familiar terms with it for many years. I have inadvertently mingled spruce gum and chewing tar with it in my years of extreme youth. I have often sun dried it in order to present a proper non-gulity appearance at home after surreptitious swimming expeditions. I have had it pulled the wrong way by boys whom I learned to lick afterward. At the same period of my life I even endured the ignominy of having it cut—in ascending tiers—by experimental maiden aunts. The consequence of all this is that that bit of remaining hair and I are old and, I trust, inseparable friends. I indulge the hair, and the hair indulges me. The hair indulges me by permitting me to wear it after my own conception of the way it ought to be worn, and I indulge the hair by firmly declining to have it trifled with by gentlemen of the scissors who possess artistic ideas more bizarre than my own. I fear I'll have to ask you to indulge us both—the hair and me. Cut it the way I directed you to cut it."

The barber collapsed.—Philadelphia Ledger.

He Was Posted.
Shakespeare had a way of putting wit and humor into the mouths of clowns and fools. This was forcibly impressed on me a few days ago.

I was walking down Beacon Hill. Coming up the hill was a man who had a little more of the "life sustaining fluid" than he could well take care of. He came stumbling, staggering along. Just as he got to me he ran point blank into an electric light post.

"Look out!" I said loudly.
"Ah! th-thank you," he replied. "I was p-posted before you spoke." I went down the hill as fast as I could walk.—Boston Evening Journal.

Still in Doubt.
"I'll bet that 'Beware of the Dog' sign," said Meandering Michael, "is nothin' but a bluff."
"That's what Clancy said," responded Tattered Dejan, "an' he wint in about wan month ago to see."
"An' was it?"
"Oh damn, he has not yet returned from the tour av investigation."—Indianapolis Sun.

His Conclusive Question.
"Do you think that Shakespeare wrote his own plays?"
"Of course I do," answered the man who is always positive however ill informed he may be. "If Shakespeare didn't write his own plays, whose plays did he write?"—Washington Star.



Common Phrase Illustrated.
"She lost her head."
—Chicago Tribune.

His Experience.
Wederly—That old adage about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure is the rankest kind of nonsense.
Singleton—Because why?
Wederly—Because a married man has no leisure.—Chicago News.

A Literary Man.
Mrs. Casey—I hear your son Mike has gone into literature.
Mrs. Clancy—So he has. He's got a job as janitor in a library.—Judge.

No Waste.
"It seems to me," remarked the customer, as she watched the man at the market, "you are slicing a good deal of that meat."
"Not at all, madam," he said genially. "I weighed it first."—Detroit Free Press.

Took Him at His Word.
"Queer people, this," said the rural editor.
"In what way?"
"Well, I merely advised them to give the new mow-er plenty of rope, and—bless my soul—they lynched him."—Atlanta Constitution.

Forewarned.
Patience—And you say the engagement is off?
Patrice—Oh, yes; she was imprudent enough, one night, to inform him that she came from good old fighting stock.—Youkers Statesman.

Just What He Wanted.
Mrs. von Blumer—What sort of a hostess does Mrs. Caterby make?
Von Blumer—Splendid. She made me feel as if I wasn't at home.—Life.

Found Her Place.
The tall, angular woman who had entered the car found it full of men busily engaged with their newspapers. "I am sorry," she said grimly, "there is no room for me among the reading matter."
And accordingly she proceeded to get next to the displayed ads. that lined the upper portion of the car.—Chicago Tribune.

Home Preaching.
The Rev. Dr. Goodman—I'm so sorry your husband isn't here, Mrs. Smith. I'm afraid you forgot to tell him I intended to preach today on municipal problems.
Mrs. Smith—Indeed, I did not. I told him that the last thing, but he said he would stay at home and read his Bible.—Town and Country.

He Never Stalled Again.
Borum—I say, Miss Sharp, what's the difference between a woman and a monkey?
Miss Sharp—What is the distance from your chair to mine?
Borum—Oh, about six feet.
Miss Sharp—Well, that's the difference.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

It Would Seem So.
Fair Niece—Why do you object to duets so strenuously, Uncle Tom?
Uncle Tom—Because when two people attack one inoffensive piece of music simultaneously it's taking an unfair advantage.—Chicago News.

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