

Furs Wanted

I will pay the highest market price for all kinds of Raw Furs. First house north of public school building, Scio, Bert Bilyeu.

Nature and Poetry.

Environment aids poetry, but does not create it. Nature is the grand agent in making poetry, and poetry is present wherever nature is. It sparkles on the sea, glows in the rainbow flashes from the lightning and the star-peaks in thunder, roars in the cataract and sings in the winds. Poetry is God's image reflected in nature, as in a mirror, and nature is present wherever man is.—Selected.

His Weak Point.

A man who takes a business view of things when recently asked his opinion of a person of quite a poetic temperament replied: "Oh, he's one of those men who have scorings after the infinite and divings after the unathomable, but who never pay cash!"

Something Else.

"Is loving a verb?"
"No; it's just plain nonsense."
Having made this reply to his daughter's question, Mr. Grouch looked a few daggers.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Laughing cheerfulness throws sun light on all the paths of life.—Richter

William G. Amos DENTIST

Main St. near Grant
Phone Independent 64

Lebanon Oregon

Mortgage Loans Negotiated

Notary Public

H. B. CHESS ATTORNEY AT LAW

Office on Sherman St

Lebanon, Ore.

Mortgage Loans Negotiated

Notary Public

N. M. Newport

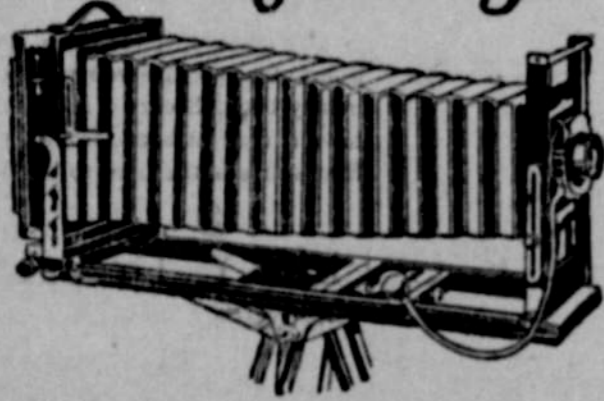
Attorney at Law

(CITY ATTORNEY)

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IOWA

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Summons

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR LINN COUNTY

Frank E. Parrish, Plaintiff
vs.
Geo. W. Stinson, as Trustee, Mrs. J. A. Stinson, also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described herein, the above named defendants, Defendants.

To Geo. W. Stinson, as Trustee, Mrs. J. A. Stinson, also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described herein, the above named defendants:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You are hereby notified that Frank E. Parrish, the holder of Certificate of Delinquency number 898, issued on the 20th day of April, 1934, by the Tax Collector of the County of Linn, State of Oregon, for the amount of Thirty-eight and 00/100 (\$38.00) dollars, the same being the amount then due and delinquent for taxes for the year 1931, together with penalty, interest and costs thereon upon the real property assessed to you, of which you are the owner as appears of record, situated in said County and State, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Lot No. Three (3) in Block No. two (2) in Kirkpatrick's Second Addition to the Town of Lebanon Linn County, Oregon, as the same appears by the maps and plats of said addition to said Town of Lebanon, as same appears of record in the County Recorder's office for said Linn County, Oregon; also

The South one-half of Block No. five (5) in Wasson's Addition to the Town of Lebanon, Linn County, Oregon, as the same appears by the maps and plats of said addition to said town now on file in the Recorder's office for Linn County, Oregon.

You are further notified that said Frank E. Parrish has paid taxes on said premises for prior or subsequent years with the rate of interest on said amount as follows:

Year's Tax	Date Paid	Tax Receipt Number	Amount	Rate of Interest
1932	April 30, 1934	8886	\$17.41	15 per ct.
1933	April 30, 1934	0981	\$18.90	15 per ct.
1934	Sept. 23, 1935	8735	\$21.38	15 per ct.
			\$57.69	

Said G. W. Stinson, Trustee, as the owner of the legal title of the above described property as the same appears of record, and each of the other persons above named are hereby further notified that Frank E. Parrish will apply to the Circuit Court of the County and State aforesaid for a decree foreclosing the lien against the property above described and mentioned in said certificate. And you are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the first publication of the summons exclusive of the day of said first publication, and defend this action or pay the amount due as above shown together with costs and accrued interest and in case of your failure to do so, a decree will be rendered foreclosing the lien of said taxes and costs against the land and premises above named.

This summons is published by order of Honorable D. B. McKnight, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Linn, and said order was made and dated this 5th day of November, 1935, and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 11th day of November, 1935.

All process and papers in this proceeding may be served upon the undersigned residing within the State of Oregon, at the address hereafter mentioned.

HILL & MARKS
Attorneys for Plaintiff
Address Albany, Oregon

DOMESTIC BLISS.

Shown in the Confessions of a Happily Married Man.

It takes my wife a long time to read anything I skim whole pages instantly. She hates to be read aloud to I love it.

When we travel I always suggest to her in advance the car we shall take. She agrees, but will suddenly change her mind and insist upon taking another one I grumble to myself and obey. She likes the top of the auto up I loathe it up. It remains up.

I always praise her golf, no matter how badly she plays. She always deprecates mine, no matter how well I play. When I criticize anything she does I don't say it, I think it. That sometimes makes trouble enough.

I compliment her occasionally before others. She pretends that she doesn't understand why I do it.

When I buy a new suit she will never admit that she admires it until it is worn out. Then she says the next one isn't half so becoming as the last. When she gets a new gown I admire it intensely until it is about time to replace it with another. She never liked any hat that I have ever bought. I like every one of hers—on principle.

I laugh at her when she gets too serious. When I get too serious she scolds me.

I keep her informed about my business only when she asks me. She never asks me, so you know the result.

I tell her a funny story every day if I have two I keep one for the next day. Sometimes she laughs at them.

She asks me occasionally if I think her hair is as long as it was. I always tell her it is longer.

I hate bridge, dinner parties, dancing and the opera. She respects my opinion and makes me do them all.

She makes out checks and forgets to enter them on the stubs. Every time I catch her in this omission she reminds me of the celebrated occasion when I left the tickets to a large theater party in my other suit.

She always keeps her temper when I lose mine. I keep mine when she loses hers.

I once told her she was thoroughly spoiled. She kissed me and said she knew it.—Life

LUNGS OF A BATTLESHIP.

Ventilation is a Serious Problem in Building War Vessels.

One of the most difficult problems in building a battleship is to secure satisfactory ventilation. She is a very complicated creature, made up of so many steel boxes, large and small, for the accommodation of officers, men, coal, ammunition and stores, dotted here and there with so many steel ladders, automatic lifts, steel bulkheads and water tight doors, varied here and there by miles of electric wires belonging to lights, telephones, bells and motors, to say nothing of the endless mileage of pipes for flooding, draining, pumping, fresh water, fresh air or compressed air and speaking tubes.

First in importance comes the ventilating of the boiler and engine rooms. When you begin to think of gangs of coal black demons working away in the bowels of the ship at a temperature of 120 degrees; when, too, you commence to realize that unless the furnaces receive their required draft the speed of the battleship drops to below that of her sisters in the squadron, you appreciate the importance of the steam driven fans to the furnaces and boiler rooms. The supply of air comes down through large water tight trunks, which are continued right up to the weather deck, armored gratings being provided at the protective deck.

For ventilating engine rooms large electric fans are employed. So, too, the coal bunkers have to be ventilated, owing to the gas which the coal gives off. This gas when mixed with air forms an explosive, so in order to prevent the possibility of injury to men or ship supply and exhaust pipes are fitted in such a manner as to cause a current of air.—Pearson's Weekly

Only Nation Without Budget.

We are the only civilized nation that hasn't a budget system. France, Germany, Russia, Japan, England, Italy, Spain, Rumania, Servia, Portugal, Bulgaria and Venezuela—all these countries and many more have budgets in each country, that is, certain responsible officers prepare a definite plan for doing things, estimate the cost of executing it and suggest means for raising the money. There is only one important nation that has no business plan, and that is the one that has chiefly distinguished itself as a nation of business men—the United States.—World's Work

Repartee.

On the train going out Subbu got into conversation with a stranger, who remarked:

"I see you are putting up a good many new buildings."

"Yes," answered Subbu, "new buildings are the only kind we put up"—Kansas City Journal

What men want is not talent, it is purpose, not the powers to achieve, but the will to labor.—Balwer Lytton

THE CHINESE WAY

Taking a Street Car Ride in the City of Shanghai.

A PUZZLE FOR A WHITE MAN.

Experience of an American Tourist Who Made a Bluff at Appearing to Know All the Ropes—A Patient Conductor and an Interested Cargo.

Writing of his adventures in the Chinese city of Shanghai, Homer Croy, in Leslie's Weekly, tells of the experience he had there in taking a ride on a street car.

The car was full of Chinamen, with not another white soul aboard, all sitting there in their skirts, their faces as expressionless as the heads of drums, but as soon as I came in their faces began to fill with interest, one nudging another until the whole car was looking at me.

I felt that something was wrong, but I could not figure out just what. I knew that it shouldn't create that much of a sensation for a white person to get on a car in Shanghai, but still they were looking at me as if I could be signed by a circus. I struggled to look unconcerned, but I knew that my cheeks were backfiring.

The conductor, in his suit of blue jeans, with a satchel over his shoulder, came up and said something to me, while I nodded with earnest carelessness and handed him a twenty cent piece, knowing that he could get enough out of it to satisfy his wants.

"Mun stau chong du?" he asked. I nodded again and held out my hand for the change, plainly showing that I made the trip on the line twice a day.

"Mun stau chong du t'ing kang shon da?" he asked with more feeling, pointing down the street with one hand.

"I didn't catch the drift of his remarks, but I wasn't going to show him that I wasn't an old citizen and tax payer, so I shook my head this time and nestled back in the seat as if it were all settled. But the conductor became more excited than ever, drafted the other hand and gurgled:

"Mun stau chong du t'ing kang shon da feah da tau sz whoo peh quong?"

So I waved in the other direction and tried to nestle again, but the conductor came back with another round of monosyllabic re-enforcements. With that his fellow men in the car came to his help with an arsenal of words, each one thinking that he could make it plain by raising his voice just a bit higher than any one else.

Reaching in his satchel, the conductor offered me a slip of paper spotted with Chinese writing. I took it and started to stuff it nonchalantly into my pocket, but he became more excited than ever and came back with another string of empties, while I put the slip back into his hand as if it made not the slightest bit of difference in the world to me whether I kept it or whether he had it—I would leave the details of the trip to him.

The conductor used his hands some more and then turned and signaled for somebody from the car ahead. Another man in blue jeans with a satchel over his shoulder came and listened for a few blocks while my conductor explained. A Chinaman can never explain anything in a sentence or two; he has to go into details and go through his whole selling talk before he feels that the other has grasped the general drift of thought.

The other man bent over. He was evidently a master of English. "How muchee far you goee, mister? You payee how far you lidee."

Then I understood. When you get on you have to tell the conductor how far you are going, and he charges you for just that distance. But even after my fare was settled the natives on the car kept looking at me and pointing with their chins, as is their custom.

When I went to get off I saw several other white people piling off, but they were all from the front end of the first car. Then I looked at the markings on the car and saw what was the matter—I had been riding in the third class section with the coolies!

All the Shanghai street cars are divided up into classes—first, second and third. The white people all ride first class, the better to do Chinese second, while no one ever ventures third except the coolies.

Luck.

Jack—Congratulate me, old man. Tom—What's up? Are you engaged? Jack—No. Miss Roxleigh refused me the day before her father made an assignment.—Boston Transcript

His Own Den Too.

Husband—A man is coming to see me on business. Can I have him come into my den? Wife—And interrupt my dressmaker? Never!—Life.

To Her Taste.

Jeess—Why did Mae marry Harold? He's a perfect blockhead. Bess—Well, you know she always liked hard wood trimmings in a house.—Judge

NO DRY BATTERIES.

They ARE Contain Moisture or They Would Be Useless.

So called dry batteries are in common use for small electric call bell systems and private telephone lines and were used extensively for ignition on earlier makes of automobiles. Applying the word "dry" to the battery is misleading, for there is no such thing as a "dry" battery. There never was, nor will there ever be.

If it were dry no current would generate, as it requires moisture to produce chemical-electric activity when the circuit is completed from the plus to the minus elements.

The so called dry battery is really an "inclosed wet battery," which retains its moisture to its limit of life, whether in service or not. The limit of life depends on the stored capacity, how frequently the circuit is applied to it, evaporation due to age and deterioration of the conducting elements.

The battery consists of a zinc cylinder case containing a carbon in the center, the intervening space filled with a paste compound of one part zinc oxide, one part sal ammoniac, three parts plaster of paris and two parts water. The quantities are greater as the capacity of the battery is increased.

As soon as a circuit is completed a chemical combination is started, and the current flows from the internal part of the zinc to the carbon, then out from the carbon to the appliance and returns to the zinc. The external terminals of the battery are the reverse of the internal.

When the battery is exhausted it can be recharged by sending current into it from a close circuit battery, such as a nitric or sulphuric acid cell. Pouring water through a small hole at the top of the battery is an aid to the return of its life, but neither this nor the former will restore the battery to its original efficiency.—New York World

THE MYSTERIOUS EAGLE.

Curious Ancient Monument Left to Us by the Indians.

On the broad top of a stony, rain gullied hill in middle Georgia there lies a very large eagle, concerning which conflicting stories are told. The one point that seems to be certain is that the Indians left the eagle as a legacy to the state. A hundred years from now it will probably be found lying on its back with outspread wings and tail, even as it lies today. For it is made of quartz rocks so cunningly placed that it would require a pick in a strong man's hands to displace any one of them. The rocks lap and overlap in such a manner as to represent feathers. No cement holds them in position, and the stones vary in size, weighing from a half pound to three or four pounds. The ledge rests on a very firm foundation, for the stone-work extends several feet into the ground.

Once, perhaps twice, treasure seeking vandals dug into the breast of the eagle, but the work must have proved too laborious, for the diggers gave up before they had reached the bottom layer of overlapping stones. Rough but fairly accurate measurements of the bird show the length of the eagle from the middle of the tail to the head to be 102 feet and from tip to tip of outspread wings 120 feet. The length of the beak is ten feet, and the height of the body at the center of the breast is ten feet. The eagle lies with its head to the west.

Tradition does not give any satisfactory explanation of the age or the meaning of the great stone mound. It may have had religious significance to the red men who built it, and it may be the burial place of some great chief. It is one of the most mysterious and most interesting of prehistoric monuments in the United States.—Youth's Companion

The Head of the Firm.

As he appears to—
The office boy: A large, fat being whose grumble is worse than Jove's thunder and whose commendatory nod is worth almost any amount of personal inconvenience.

Head bookkeeper: A good man, with no head for figures, who has arrived at his present exalted position by a combination of luck and pull.

The stenographer: A pleasant old party with singular weaknesses and a strange capacity—rarely exercised, however—to make one cry.

His wife: A baby.—Life.

Both Ways.

"What on earth are you doing sneaking around in the room that way, Maria, when you know I can't bear to be disturbed?"

"I was looking for an egg to make the cake leing with."

"Well, bear it!"—Baltimore American

His Plan.

"He's one of our most successful business men."

"That so? What's his secret?"

"Well in the first place he insists upon his clerks selling his customers what they want, not what the clerks themselves wear."—Detroit Free Press