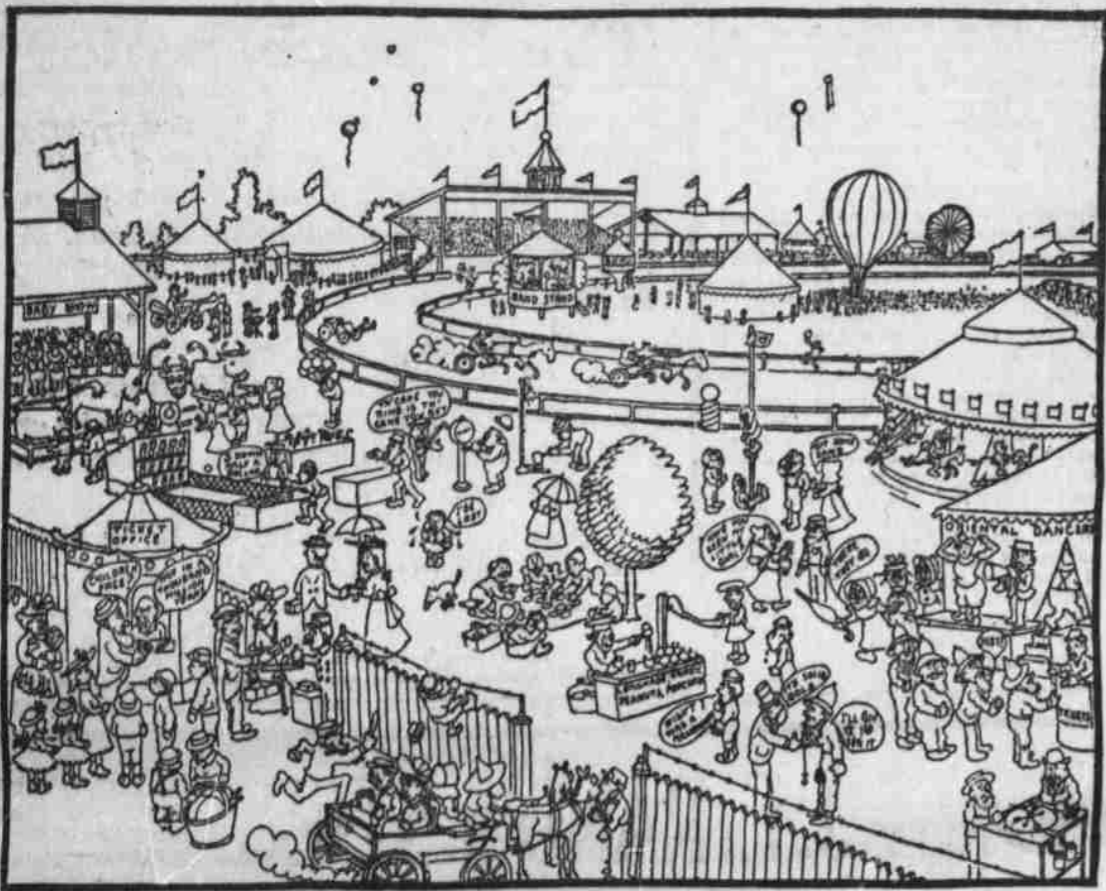


THE COUNTY FAIR SEASON IN FULL BLAST.



—Clinchast Post.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to
bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a tangle of tangled
hair,
You feel the loving, trustful, tender touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours
so tight,
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
You are almost too tired to pray
to-night.

I wonder now that mothers ever fret
As little children clinging to their
gown,
Or that the footprints, when the days
are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them
frown.

If I could find a little muddy boot
Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor,
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once
more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the
sky,
There's no woman in God's world could
say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, oh! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has
 flown;
My little boy I used to kiss is dead.
—Toledo Times-Herald.

AT THE CHURCH PARADE

CYRIL THORNTON was absolutely
broke to the world. Not
the ordinary want of a "five"
brokenness, but the real downright
thing, for he had not a penny in the
world.

More than that, he had no belongings
which he could deposit with his aruncular
relative for a valuable consideration.
More than that, he had not even an
article to sleep in.

Neither wire nor cards brought him
to this stage, but pure, unadorned
bad luck. A gentleman by birth, and
with a luxurious bringing up, he had
found himself suddenly thrown on his
own resources.

It was a beautiful morning in June.
London was filled with fashionable
people, and from some feeling of
"cussedness" Cyril went to church
parade in the park. His shabby clothes
did not worry him, for he had no false
sense of pride.

He walked listlessly along, watching
the fairest collection of feminine
beauty that the world holds. Cyril al-
ways had an eye to the beautiful.

The crowd was thinning away when
he saw ahead of him an elderly man of
aristocratic appearance. By his side
walked a young girl with the loveliest
face that he had ever seen. The man
signaled a coachman, and a victoria
pulled up near the curb.

As the girl was entering the car-
riage, Cyril saw something glitter from
her wrist and fall into the road. He
was just hurrying to pick it up when
the carriage rapidly drove away.

He quickly stooped down and saw a
magnificent diamond bracelet, in the
center of which was a big black pearl.
With a hurried movement he thrust
it into his pocket and looked hastily
around. No one had observed the in-
cident.

He slept in the park that night and
wrestled with a mighty temptation.
His better thoughts were vanquished,
and the following morning he pawned
the bracelet with a confiding pawn-
broker for fifty pounds.

In a few days he sailed for the Cape.
These were the early days of mines,
and good luck followed him right
through. Within three months he had
redeemed the bracelet. His next step
was to advertise in the agony column
of the Times:

"Will the lady who lost a diamond
bracelet set with a black pearl in June
last in the park kindly communicate
with C. T., Box X?"

For many weeks he had this in-
serted in papers, but no answer came.
As the months passed Cyril's success
increased with great strides. All his
fortunes turned out well; and peo-
ple began to look upon him as a com-
ing man.

Then came the big booms. Mines
which were worth comparatively little
were raised to enormous prices. Cyril
realized when the excitement was
highest and returned to England a mil-
lionaire.

Of course, people made a fuss over
him, for he was young, good-looking,
immensely wealthy and an Englishman
—strangely enough.

But Cyril was not a happy man.
The bracelet still weighed on his con-

science. It was to try and find his
owner that he accepted the invitations
which society pressed upon him. For
a whole season he searched for her,
but without success. He got tired of
the adoration which was flung at him
—or rather his millions; so he, one
day, packed up his portmanteau and
went into the country.

His destination was a quiet little inn
near Dartmoor, which he had known
in the days of his youth.

One afternoon he was casting a fly
along one of the streams that abound
on the moors. He turned a corner and
a sight greeted him which made his
pulse throb madly.

Huge bowlders studded with bloom-
ing heather formed a background. At
their foot a piece of green, and lying
aloop, with her head on a cushion and
a rod by her side, was the girl for
whom he had been in search.

He approached closer. She was sleep-
ing soundly. Quickly he drew the
bracelet from his pocket, where he al-
ways carried it. With gentle touch he
placed it round her wrist and snapped
it. She moved in her sleep, and he
hastened away. He looked round, and
she was again sleeping peacefully.

Cyril had restored the bracelet to its
owner, but with the bauble he had
given his heart.

To make up his mind was to act.
It did not take him long to discover
that she was Lady Alicia Doverford,
and that she lived with her father at
Doverford Court. He was also pleased
to hear that the earl was exceedingly
poor.

Again he chanced to meet her when
she was fishing.

She approached him at once.
"Can you lend me a 'black goat'?"
she asked him in a sweet voice that
thrilled him.

With trembling fingers he produced
the fly.

Cyril was not in the mood to make
haste slowly. They met again, and he
flattered himself she was pleased to see
him.

Next he wrote to the earl and asked
permission to inspect the famous pic-
tures (they were heartrooms and could
not be sold) at the castle.

He chanced to be walking through
the grounds of the castle after seeing
the pictures. He took a seat at the
foot of a bowlder, and was startled to
hear two voices speaking.

One was Lady Alicia's, the other that
of a man.
"I can never marry you, darling."
"You don't love me, Alicia."
"Heaven knows I do, Norman. But
you have no money. You are as poor
as we are. It isn't the money I want,
dearest. You know that. I must mar-
ry money, though. The dad expects
it, and—"

The sound of a kiss, and Cyril turned
sadly away, stricken to the heart.

"It is £20,000," the earl said. "Some
one placed it to my credit at the bank.
No information will be given as to its
source. It is an absolute mystery."
"God bless him, whoever it is," she
whispered, tenderly.

Among the wedding presents was a
magnificent suite of jewelry. Each
article was of diamonds, with a setting
of a large black pearl, and the donor
was Cyril Thornton, the well-known
South African millionaire.

Give the Boys Poultry.

As usual, there is loud complaint
from farmers that the children brought
up on the farm are getting uneasy and
want to try their wings elsewhere.
This is not to be wondered at when
these young people hear and read of
what is going on in the world. The
monotony of country life seems un-
bearable to them, especially when from
the farm they obtain only plenty of hard
work, the food they eat and the clothes
they wear. True, one may say that
it is about all any one gets out of
life, but if we can plan some way
by which the young people can make
a start for themselves they will be
much more contented.

Poultry offers a way of trying out
the feeling of the young folks at small
expense. Give them a chance to raise
poultry and have the proceeds for their
own use, and in a year or two they
will have become reconciled to coun-
try life and be willing to make it
their future or they will have shown
their utter lack of adaptability for it,
in which case the best thing for them
and for the parent is to let them leave
the farm and take up the work for
which they are better fitted, but don't
lose your grasp on the young people
without first giving them a chance
to do for themselves on the farm and
show what is in them.—Indianapolis
News.

BRITISH CLEARING LAST GREAT
OBSTACLE ON ROAD TO LHASSA.



The picture shows the Gurkhas of Col. McDonald's force storming the Tsechen monastery on the summit of the rock on which Gyantse fort, held by the Tibetans, was located. Lieut. Rybot, who furnished the sketch from which the picture was drawn by the Illustrated London News artist, wrote on the back of the sketch: "The Eighth Gurkhas, assisted by a tremendous and accurate fire from the ten-pounder quick-firing guns, took the place in fine style just before darkness fell—that is, about 6 p. m. Such of the garrison as survived the attack made their escape down the hillside to the left rear into a valley. Here, however, the mounted infantry caught them as they fled, and accounted for over a hundred. While the Gurkhas were attacking the ridge the Fortieth Pathans rushed the village beneath. The monastery was finally blown up by the sappers."

USES FOR OLD PAPER.

Some Is Made Over—Utilized by the
Different Trades.

"New uses for old paper are being
found almost daily by the different
trades and by people who have a little
ingenious turn of mind," said a local
junk dealer in the Washington Star.
"You don't see much waste paper
thrown away nowadays and when you
consider the great amount that is dai-
ly accumulating it seems remarkable.
The newspapers are reeling off tons
of paper every day. All this great
quantity of paper must be destroyed
or used. There are eager scavengers
of the city after every stray paper and
bundle of wrapping paper. If it were
not so the street-cleaning department
would have to organize a special corps
of men just to collect newspapers and
burn them.

"Most of the newspapers are gather-
ed up and converted into marketable
paper again and some go in with the
rags to make various kinds of com-
mercial material; but outside of
these two lines of industry the paper
is made into different useful articles
of a wonderful nature. The newspa-
pers are made of the spruce pulp, and
by a steaming process they can be re-
converted into a smaller pulp again.
This pulp is not so good as in the first
instance and no one has yet found a
way to make it possible to use it over
again for newspaper work. However,
it is chewed and steamed up and is
used for many other purposes. Wood
pulp novelties, lead pencil holders, pa-
per weights and ash receivers are
manufactured from this waste paper.

"Of course, there are experienced
workers in waste paper and some of
them are working on problems which
appear very easy of solution, but
which in reality are most difficult. For
instance, what seems easier than to
use the paper over again for printing?
Why not boil and steam your waste
paper and roll it through machinery
into new sheets for the daily presses?
Nothing appears at first sight easier,
but there is nothing that seems to give
back to the paper the life which the
process of printing takes from it. It
is dead paper. It lacks vitality,
strength, finish, and it is mixed with
inks and chemicals. If any man can
rejuvenate the paper and make it fit
for the presses over and over again
he will make a fortune and revolution-
ize the printing business. What a
boon it would be to the newspaper to
run its waste paper back again and
buy in old copies of the early editions
for use in the Sunday edition! Yet I
firmly believe that some day we will
come to that. Then the price of news-
paper will go down. No paper com-
pany can control the market of spruce
trees then to force up the price of
cheap-grade paper. It will be a benefit
to the publishers and the reading pub-
lic as well. To-day papers are print-
ed and sold at a penny a copy simply
because papermaking has cheapened
the process to such a wonderful ex-
tent, but we have not yet reached the
limits. There are more improvements
ahead which the present generation
has far from anticipated."

EVANGELIST WHIPPED BULLY.

Then Had Him on the Front Bench at
the Meeting that Night.

A Methodist minister of this city
tells the following story about the late
Sam Rosel, the great Virginia evan-
gelist, who in his day was one of the
best-known pulpits orators in the South:
"Sam Rosel was a very big man
and had a wide reputation for phys-
ical strength. In his college days he
came off the field of combat, usually
a circumscribed and secluded area of
the campus, wearing the laurel of vic-
tory on many occasions, and after he
became a preacher stories of his phys-
ical prowess were spread far and near.

"One day he went to a village to
hold a protracted meeting. The vil-
lage blacksmith, who was a very big
man, and who was recognized, espe-
cially among the tavern habitues, as a
pugilistic wonder, heard about the com-
ing of Rosel, and the villagers did
not fail to tell him all they had heard
about the size of the parson's arm and
the length of his legs, and the con-
vincing way he had of closing his ar-
guments with his fists.

"All this nettled the smith consid-
erably, so when Rosel reached the
town he sought him out and asked him
to fight.

"Rosel, of course, said he did not
want to fight; but the smith kept on
insisting, and finally Rosel became an-
gry and agreed to gratify the fellow.

"They fought. Rosel literally wiped
up the ground with the big man. When
he had pounded him until the poor,
vanquished bully was gasping hard,
Rosel picked him up and threw him
over a fence.

"The blacksmith had not said a word
since affray began up to this point. As
he rolled over on the other side of the
fence, however, he called out:
"Say, parson, kindly throw my
horse over, too; I'm going away."
"But Rosel followed the man to his
home, and had him sitting on a front
bench at the meeting that same night,
stating louder than anyone else."—
Baltimore Sun.

As a Deodorizer.

"The perfumery business never was
better," said the perfume dealer the
other day. "I sell more perfume than
I ever did before, and I think my
heavy sales are due in a large part to
the automobile craze.

"You know the odor emanating from
those gasoline autos are not pleasant.
Lovely women do their best to over-
come it by using lots of perfume. Just
take notice the next time an auto
whizzes by and see if you don't
get a good, strong whiff of perfume
with the gasoline if there is a smartly
attired woman in the machine.

"Women may be going in for ath-
letics more than ever, but they are
going in for perfumes, too, and the
most expensive kind.

"It would surprise you, though, to
know how many men have the per-
fumery habit as well. I think the
new fancy silk handkerchiefs may
have something to do with that.

A Strong Recommendation.

"You recommend this muckleg, do
you?"

"We certainly do. You try it once
and you'll always stick to it."—Cleve-
land Plain Dealer.

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We desire to let our friends and patrons know
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Cherry, Pear, Apricot, Peach & Plum Trees,
GRAPES, CURRANTS, BERRY PLANTS,
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Also, all the standard varieties of apple trees. Can
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All dividends are made with customers
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Call and get prices and leave orders,
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drug store.

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We have 50,000 Yellow Newton Pippin and
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ety of Fruit Trees for sale for the coming
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Our Trees are first-class and True to Name.
Grafted on whole roots, with scions care-
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7:00 a. m. Tue., Sat. and Sun.	Yamhill River. Oregon City, Dayton and way landings.	4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
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