

C. O. D. MAN'S DOINGS

Tells a Story of Misfortunes and Human Ingratitude.

MEETS A CATOSH YOUNG MAN

'Twas Rather a Lucky Acquaintance For the Dilapidated Gentleman, as He Earns Some Easy Money in a Game of Bluff.

[Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.] They call me the C. O. D. man because it's always cash on delivery with me—that is, I deliver my tale of misfortune and expect the cash to follow. This saves time and bookkeeping and office rent, and your cash register shows you what you have on hand at any minute. I never crowd myself in among gentlemen unless strongly urged, and I never affiliate with other traps when I can find a stray stack for myself. Not that I think I'm worse than any other gentleman or



TAPPED HIM ONE, TWO, THREE, LIGHTLY ON THE CHIN.

better than any other tramp, but I am somewhat conservative by nature. It is only when I am collared by the police that I look haughty and fall back upon my Knickerbocker ancestry and my blue blood, and if I get thrifty in the cooler I take it out in a dignified fashion instead of making a squeal.

I was hanging about Philadelphia a few weeks ago to study the graft system and make more or less a success of my C. O. D. invention when one evening as I was strolling about I met up with a catosh young man. I could tell that he belonged to the swagger set while he was yet a block away. He had the proper air and his hat on the back of his head. I sized him up for a young man with a rich papa, a doting mother and a mouth for quail on toast and dry champagne.

In doing business with the public I have a little story to relate. The story is accompanied by a paper air of hope lost forever, and it includes thirteen separate and distinct misfortunes and a chunk of human ingratitude as big as a house. A very few persons hear the story and swear. The great majority either preserve a respectful silence and tender me a nickel at its conclusion or weep copiously and tender me advice about getting too near the cage of the Bengal tiger when visiting the zoo. I might not have tackled the catosh young man but for his perturbed look. I saw that there had been an epoch of some sort in his rosy life, and I struck an attitude and began chapter I of my serial. I hadn't got off ten lines when he interrupted with:

"Stow it, cully. Where were you born?"

"Born in the Lap of Luxury. 'In the lap of luxury,' says I, 'but at the early age of ten a trust-squeaky old man out of his tannery and threw me on a cold world.' 'Where's your palace car?' 'Switched off and left behind.' 'And your valet?'"

"Dropped dead the other day of heart disease when I handed him a quarter, and I'm afraid I can't fill his place." "I should say your allowance wasn't over \$500 a month," he goes on as he looks at the patches on my knees.

"It's a trifle under that just at present," says I, "but I'm standing in with a contractor to steal the curbstones on ten different streets, and I may be able to buy a third auto a month hence."

"Look here, cully," says the catosh young man as he drops his banter and grows serious and breathes champagne all over the block, "I think I know a dilapidated gentleman when I see one."

"D. G. (dilapidated gentleman) hits me to a dot—some dilapidation, some gentleness. The two make a fair combine. Go ahead."

"And you've got lice?" "Feel and see. Reaching out for nicksels for the last fifteen years has given me the muscles of a Sandow. Reaching is the best thing in the world for shoulder exercise, even if you don't get anything."

"And being a dilapidated gentleman with lice you ought to know how to put up your dukes?" In reply I put 'em up and tapped him one, two, three, lightly on the chin, but at the same time kept an eye on a policeman across the street.

"Bewful," says the catosh young man as I drops my hands. "I belong to a S. S. S. (swagger swell set) club down here, and a galoot with a lip in his mouth and not brains enough in his head to fill a thimble smashed me in the nose with the gloves half an hour ago and will crowd over it for a week. I want revenge, but I don't take to the gloves somehow. I can't get the swing of 'em. If you'll come down and knock that ninny's eyebrows off I'll cough up a V. I can run you in all right, and I want you to soak him. You needn't quite kill him, but jar his teeth out at least."

"It's five to soak the chap with the lip," says I after thinking the thing over. "But how much to blow the whole club down into their boots?" "Can you do it, man—can you do it for sure?" he eagerly exclaimed as a beautiful smile came to his lips. "I think I can. At least I am willing

"Lord, if you only could—if you only could! There's a dozen lousy scappers there tonight, and if you bluff 'em it's fifteen plunks in your inside pocket."

Given Five on Account. He gave me five on account and took me down and dodged me into the dressing room of the club. He was chuckling with anticipation, and as he seemed to be a square young man I determined to do my best for him.

When I was ready to go before the audience he introduced me as his cousin and asked them to go light on me on account of my lungs being affected. I had on a pair of eyeglasses, with my long hair brushed back over my marble ears, and all took me for a professor. They picked out the champion scrapper of the club to wallop me, and when he gets into the ring he says:

"Excuse me, professor, but you've got your glasses on."

"Of course," says I. "But that ain't regular. If I smash your glasses I may ruin your eyes forever."

"I'm high sighted and always box with my winkers on. You go right ahead and run my eyes forever and I shan't make any kick."

"I'll be hanged if I do," says he after looking me over for a minute, and he crawls under the ropes and gets out. Then they got in another chap, but he had only drawn one glove on when he looks over at me and sees me reading the evening paper as I sits cross legged in my corner, and a panic takes him, and he calls out:

"Not any for Joe! I knows a tidal wave when I sees it, and I don't hanker after six months in the hospital!"

Then the catosh young man who had plucked me my offers \$20, \$30 and as high as \$50 to anybody to stand before me for three rounds, but the fellows shook their heads and said they would wait for something easy. It was the eyeglasses, you see—a regular ice cold bluff—and they swallowed it down and had goose flesh all over 'em.

"Being this crowd don't seem to want anything in particular of my Cousin Sam," says young catosh after a while, "and being my Cousin Sam has three or four important engagements on hand, I will withdraw him till some of you think you can box a bit."

And as I was resuming my apparel he slips me the ten other plunks and puts me on the back and says:

"D. G. (dilapidated gentleman), if I wasn't my papa's favorite son and my mamma's joy I'd hitch up with you, and we'd travel together and bluff the whole United States and have barrels of fun. As it is, I'm stuck here and have got to play the blue blooded game out. Take your sugar and go forth with my blessing hitched behind you, and may you find straw stacks at every crossroad and turnips at every mile." M. QUAD.

The Paper Told the Tale. A certain Greek adventurer some years ago undertook to palm off upon the public some false copies of the gospel manuscripts. Many learned men were deceived, but not Dr. Cox, librarian of the Bodleian library at Oxford. How he detected the fraud was related in his own words in the Spectator:

I never really opened the book, but I held it in my hand and took one page of it between my finger and thumb while I listened to the rascal's account of how he found this most interesting antiquity. At the end of three or four minutes I handed it back to him with the short comment: "Nineteenth century paper, my dear sir," and he took it away in a hurry and did not come again. Yes, I was pleased, but I have handled several ancient manuscripts in my time, and I know the feel of old paper.

He Wouldn't Die. "Pop" Ashby kept a hotel, and a fairly good one too. When he was growing old Pop married a handsome young Norwegian girl who had been working for him as a chambermaid, and she made a very useful and devoted wife for him. Her efforts to learn vernacular English were faithful and almost frantic, but she couldn't learn it. Her most strenuous efforts at pronunciation were pathetic and yet laughable.

At last Pop became ill, and the physician said that he could not recover—in fact, that he might die within an hour or two. The old man commissioned his wife to find his brother by telephone and tell him that he must see him about a business matter before death claimed him. The faithful wife sought diligently for an hour, running back to the bedside to report to the old man, whom she loved, and then going again to the phone. At last she found him and gave her message thus:

"Pop is dying. He won't die till you comes, so please hurry."—Los Angeles Times.

He Could Not Cry. When a certain eastern state county court was about to open its session recently the discovery was made that the court crier was absent. A substitute was provided, and the court had barely taken up a case when a breathless messenger boy dashed in with a telegram signed by the absent crier. The message was handed to the judge, who read:

"Wife's mother died last night. Will not be able to cry today."—Brooklyn Life.

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Can you afford to trade with so serious a matter as to neglect a bad cold or cough, when for a trifling amount you can secure a bottle of 'History's Earl Cough Remedy,' that is guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by Chas. N. Clarke in Hood River, Oregon.

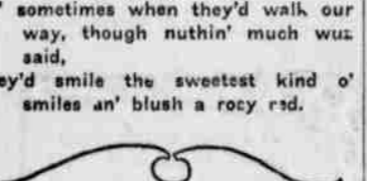
THE OLD MAN'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

The old man had six daughters (we wuz his hired hands. An' we wuz six, an' all the year we plowed an' hoed his lands). An' every single gal o' them wuz purty as a peach.

(An', bein' six an' six, we said, 'Thar's one apiece for each!')

But how could any folks like us that walked the cotton row An' made an' marked the motions an' coaxed the corn ter grow Think that he'd let a gal o' his come steppin' down so fer To hear a poor chap askin' fer the hand an' heart o' her?

An' so we jest said nuthin', but kep' a-feelin' blue An' thinkin' till it 'peared ter us the gals wuz thinkin' too! An' sometimes when they'd walk our way, though nuthin' much wuz said, They'd smile the sweetest kind o' smiles an' blush a rosy red.



AN' THAR THE GALS WUZ—IN A ROW. But still we kep' our distance till in the fields and dells The Christmas horns wuz blowin' an' we heard the Christmas bells, An' then the old man says ter us: 'Come in! it's Christmas day, An' I've got some purty presents that I'm going ter give away.'

An' thar the gals wuz—in a row—a-blushin' left an' right, The old man in the center, an' six o' us in sight! An' we knowed jest what wuz comin'—an' we knowed 'twuz comin' quick, Fer the old man says: 'It's Christmas, boys. Whirl in an' take yer pick!'

Well, I took sweet Miss Liza, an' John took Mandy Jane, An' Jim said he'd take Laura fer this world's shine or rain, An' so on till we'd been supplied, then said: 'We're bleeged ter you, But, with all yer daughters give away, what air you goin' ter do?'

An' then the old man winked at me an' whispered mighty low: 'As fer the gals, 'twuz gittin' time fer all o' them ter go! I've jest been waitin' on you boys the weddin' word ter say, an' I wants 'em out the way!'

—Atlanta Constitution.

Feast to 1,400 Newsboys. At the forty-sixth annual dinner of the Newsboys' Lodging House, 14 New Chambers street, New York city, 1,400 newsboys and their guests were served with Christmas turkey. The banquet was given by William M. Pless, following an observance by his father, who entertained the newsboys each Christmas for forty-three years.

Advertisement for Stanley-Smith Lumber Co. Wholesale and Retail LUMBER Lath, Shingles, Etc. Lumber Delivered to Any Part of the Valley.

Advertisement for SNOW & UPSON Blacksmiths and Wagon Makers EXPERT HORSESHOERS. We have the best up-to-date machinery and expert workmen and are prepared to do all classes of NEW WORK & GENERAL REPAIRS.

It Does The Business. Mr. E. E. Chamberlain, of Clinton, Maine, says of Bucklen's Arnica Salve: 'It does the business; I have used it for chapped hands and it cured them. Applied it to an old sore and it healed it without leaving a scar behind.' Sold by Chas. N. Clarke's drug store.

The Genuine Rug. The imitations are so clever that it is well to know when one is purchasing a genuine oriental rug. If real and not an imitation, each stitch will be found knotted, whether of cotton or wool. But if one can pull out a stitch then the rug is not genuine, no difference how much it may resemble one or what the dealer says. If a rug is accidentally burned and the charred part is brushed off, leaving the color the same, the rug is undoubtedly good, though this is no method for finding out when one is making a purchase. Even damaged rugs are brought here and sold, for the older some of the rugs are the more value is attached to them.

Cured Lumbago. A. B. Carpenter, Chicago, writes March 2, 1907: 'Having been troubled with lumbago for several times and tried one physician after another, then different treatments and liniments, gave it up altogether. So I tried once more, and got a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment, and it cured me. I can cheerfully recommend it, and will add my name to your list of sufferers. Sold by Chas. N. Clarke.'

'The Blood is 'The Life.' Science has never gone beyond the above simple statement of scripture. But it has illuminated that statement and given it a meaning ever broadening with the increasing breadth of knowledge. When the blood is 'bad' or impure it is not alone the body which suffers through disease. The brain is also affected, the mind and judgement are clouded, and many an evil deed or impure thought is directly traced to the impurity of the blood. Equal impure blood can be made pure by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It purifies and builds the blood thereby curing pimples, blotches, eruptions and other cutaneous affections, as eczema, tetter, or salt-rheum, hives and other manifestations of impure blood.

In the cure of scrofulous swellings, enlarged glands, open eating ulcers, or old sores, the 'Golden Medical Discovery' has performed the most marvelous cures. In cases of old sores, or open eating ulcers, it is well to apply to the open sores Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve, which possesses wonderful healing potency when used as an application to the sores in conjunction with the use of 'Golden Medical Discovery' as a blood cleansing constitutional treatment. If your druggist don't happen to have the 'All-Healing Salve' in stock, you can easily procure it by enclosing fifty cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., and it will come to you by return post. Most druggists keep it as well as the 'Golden Medical Discovery.'

You can't afford to accept any medicine of unknown composition as a substitute for 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which is a medicine of known composition, having a complete list of ingredients in plain English on its bottle-wrapper, the same being attested as correct under oath. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

Not Her Fault. Tom—The average woman seems to lead an aimless life. Jack—Well, it's her misfortune rather than her fault that she is unable to throw straight.—Detroit Tribune.

Rev. Carlisle F. B. Martin, I. L. D. Of Sawyer, Texas, writes: 'On a morning, when rising, I often find a troublesome collection of phlegm which produces a cough and is very hard to dislodge; but a small quantity of Ballard's Horehound Syrup will at once dissolve it, and the trouble is over. I know of no medicine that is equal to it, and it is so pleasant to take, I can most cordially recommend it to all persons needing a medicine for throat or lung trouble.' Sold by Chas. N. Clarke.

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