

### Tommy's Discovery.

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

For a small periodical the Literary Leaflet had a remarkably well equipped force. It employed an editor in chief, an assistant editor, a fiction editor, a household editor, a receiving editor, a stenographer and a general office boy.

Frederick Mallory Mason, A. B., was the editor in chief, and Tommy (last name and degree of education wanting) was the general office boy. Margaret Van Amburgh, B. M. (doctor maid), held all the other positions.

This able trio kept things moving amicably—a state of affairs due to the editor's never failing good nature, to Tommy's love of the ludicrous and to Miss Van Amburgh's—well, to her combined prettiness and extraordinary ability.

Into the midst of this center of activities on one particularly exacting afternoon a minute piece of pasteboard forced its polite intrusion. Tommy handed it to Miss Van Amburgh with a reminiscent grin.

"She told me," he announced, "to give it to Mr. Mason, but I promised the boss not to let any one get by me this afternoon. She came near it, though. Say, but she's a winner!"

Miss Van Amburgh glanced at the name, dropped her work and, ignoring Tommy's gratuitous observations, went out to meet Miss Elizabeth Greene.

To Tommy's amazement he soon found himself holding the "winner" into the editor's sanctum.

"H'm," he soliloquized within calculated emphasis of Miss Van Amburgh, "something's up. She ain't no author, I'll bet my usual ticket."

"Tommy," reproved Miss Van Amburgh, with dignity, "you are not employed to pass comments on Mr. Mason's visitors. Copy these letters."

son. For the next two days she went about the office in a daze. Should she or should she not confess? Her determination of the question was as far from being settled as ever, when, late in the afternoon of the second day, Mr. Mason called her into his office.

He sat at his desk on which lay, once more, those fatal scraps of paper and held in his hand a letter, over which he was evidently perplexed. He looked up at Margaret, however, with a smile.

"Here's the strangest mixup, Miss Van Amburgh. I wonder if you can help me make head or tail of it. Looks to me as if that incorrigible Tommy had been playing one of his practical jokes again. See here."

"No, I don't see," replied the stout one, who began to think he was dealing with a lunatic. "When a man tells me he's chilly and that he's been cooling off too rapidly in this atmosphere, I'm through with him. Good day."

"Hold on, boss. Don't go mad. I'm fireman for the elevators down here, and when the thermometer runs up to 115 I generally slip up here for a change of climate. Once in awhile it gives me the shakes, and I have to dance around to get warm. When I used to stoke on an ocean liner, 130 was cool, but"—The stout man was gone.—Detroit Free Press.

**A Stranger.**  
A traveler in the mountains of Tennessee had been stowed away in the best bed the cottage afforded. Late in the night he was awakened by the voice of the paterfamilias addressed to the daughter, who was entertaining company by the fireside.

"Mandy," growled the old man, "is that young man there yet?"

"Yes, pap."

"Is he got his arm round yer waist?"

"No, pap."

"You-all tell him to take 'er away."

"Aw, ye tell him yerself, pap," replied the girl in a dull, lifeless voice. "He air a plumb stranger to me."

**Persuasive.**  
A rural manufacturer duns his subscribers in the following novel manner: "All persons knowing themselves indebted to this concern are requested to call and settle. All those indebted to this concern and not knowing it are requested to call and find out. Those knowing themselves to be indebted and not wishing to call are requested to stay at one place long enough for us to reach them."—Harper's Weekly.

**Natural Enough.**  
Miss Goodley—Mrs. Fawcett doesn't really show her age at all, does she?

Miss Knox—No; it's not surprising considering all her trouble.

Miss Goodley—You mean it is surprising considering all her trouble.

Miss Knox—No; I mean considering all the trouble she's taken to conceal it. —Philadelphia Press.

**Harmony Club Too.**  
Jack—It is strange how the attendance at the Girls' Harmony club keeps up these warm nights. No one member misses a meeting.

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**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, July 13th, 1908.  
Notice is hereby given that

of Mt. Hood, Oregon, on July 17, 1902, made Homestead Entry, No. 10886, for 320.00 AC. of land, situate in Township 1 N., Range 10 E., Willamette Meridian, (T. C. 333), July 17, 1902.

**July Hottest in 19 Years.**  
The month of July, 1908, is reported the hottest of the Oregon section of the United States weather bureau as being the warmest July experienced in this state for the last 19 years.

**DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills**  
will promptly relieve all Kidney and Bladder Disorders. Sold and recommended by Keir & Cass.

**Food for All.**  
After a certain jury had been out an inordinate long time on a very simple case, they filed into the courtroom, and the foreman told the judge they were unable to agree on a verdict. The latter rebuked them, saying the case was a very clear one, and reminded them back to the juryroom for a second attempt, adding, "If you are there too long I will have to send you in for supper."

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, July 23, 1908.  
Notice is hereby given that

MARY L. BOOTH, of Hood River, Oregon, who, on June 16, 1908, made timber and stone application, No. 4629, for 5.75 AC. of land, situate in Township 1 N., Range 11 E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final timber and stone proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office, at The Dalles, Oregon, on the 15th day of September, 1908.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, July 23, 1908.  
Notice is hereby given that

of Hood River, Oregon, who, on June 27, 1908, made timber and stone application, No. 4629, for 5.75 AC. of land, situate in Township 1 N., Range 11 E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final timber and stone proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office, at The Dalles, Oregon, on the 15th day of September, 1908.

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## Humor

UP FOR A COOLER.

It Was a Hot July Day, but He Kept His Coat Buttoned.

It was one of the hottest days that disgraced the month of July. The stout man with a face like a full moon done in red, making ambidextrous use of a pair of fans, his vest open, his collar curled like a green leaf in the sun, his handkerchief wringing wet and his forehead beaded with perspiration, stopped in mute surprise near the corner of State and Griswold streets. He stood there for a full minute looking at a man with a closely buttoned blouse, turned up collar and slouched hat leaning against a hot brick wall and basking in the sun.

"What's the matter, my man?" the stout gentleman at length made out to inquire.

**Financial Altitude.**  
"How tall are you, pa?"

"Six feet one."

"Six feet one. I heard Mr. Haskins say to Mr. Harlow that you always claimed to be short."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**A Holdup.**  
Bee—Your honey or your life.

**Waiting to Fix Them.**  
"Father says will you please lend him your automobile?"

"No, my son; two enemies of mine are coming to see me, and I'm going to send them for a spin in it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**In His Mind.**  
"Old chap, where are you going for your vacation?"

"All over the country. In fact, I'm taking it in my reading-sun-ner resort literature!"—Pittsburg Post.

**Carnegie's First Investment.**  
It was to Thomas A. Scott that Andrew Carnegie made his first investment, ten shares of stock in the Adams Express company, valued at \$500. This he did with considerable trepidation.

He had labored hard for the money he had saved up while he had worked as a telegrapher. It is part of railroad history how he later fell in with the inventor of the sleeping car, saw the enormous advantages which that manner of travel held out to passengers and promoters and how he interested others in the invention of Mr. Woodruff.

This occurred shortly after his return from Washington, when the problems of transportation were still broad and flat between the eyes; the boy ridge of his face dishes slightly toward the nostrils. His ears are well set, sensitive and far apart, with a well defined ridge of bone extending across the top of the head between them. Always feel for this ridge in judging a horse. The eye should be large, clear and bright, with a prominent ridge of bone along the inner and upper edge of the socket.—London Answers.

**Reading a Horse's Face.**  
Every horse carries an index to his temper and intelligence in his face. The teachable, tractable animal is broad and flat between the eyes; the boy ridge of his face dishes slightly toward the nostrils. His ears are well set, sensitive and far apart, with a well defined ridge of bone extending across the top of the head between them. Always feel for this ridge in judging a horse. The eye should be large, clear and bright, with a prominent ridge of bone along the inner and upper edge of the socket.—London Answers.