

**LAKEVIEW PLUSH**  
**STAGE LINE**  
 P. E. Taylor, Prop.  
 Office at B. Reynolds' Store.  
 Stage leaves Lakeview Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 a. m., arrive at Plush at 9 p. m. Leave Plush Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 6 a. m., arrive at Lakeview at 9 p. m.  
 Passenger fare \$3 one way or \$5 for round trip. Freight rates from May 1st to Nov. 1st \$7.75 per hundred; from Nov. 1st to May 1st \$11.00 per hundred.



**COMPOUND INTEREST**  
 The trouble with most advertisements is that they expect immediate returns of large proportions. One prominent advertiser illustrates the principle of advertising in this way:  
 "The money expended for advertising is the same as if placed at interest. The profits from the advertising are virtually the interest on the investment."  
 "The sums spent for advertising are properly chargeable to capital account because the resulting good will is something that has value, which, if the advertising has been properly done, can usually be sold for the face value of the investment."  
 "The rate of interest is determined by the skill with which the investment is made."  
 "Just as the quickest way to increase invested wealth is by compounding the interest, just so the quickest way to realize results from advertising is to compound the returns."—Advertising Experience.  
 Advertisers get good returns on the amount invested in our columns. We reach the people.

**Notice**  
 TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, notice is hereby given that all irrigation, or millrace ditches on all trout streams through Lake County, Oregon, must be screened with a small mesh wire screening at their head or junction with the main channel of stream. Also all dams or obstructions on said streams must be provided with a fish-ladder, or other easy means of passage, at or near the middle of the main channel, so as to allow the passage of trout at all times of year, as provided by law. Said work to be done at low water time, or to be completed by Feb. 7, 1907.  
 By order of J. A. Barham, Special Deputy Fish Warden for Lake County, Oregon.

**J. E. CHURCH DIRECTORY.**  
 The first Sunday in each month, preaching at Union school house at 11 A. M. Aside from this preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. at Lakeview, Sunday School at 10 A. M. League at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 P. M. Ladies Aid Wednesday 1:30. Choir practice Friday 7:30. A cordial invitation is extended to you.  
 A. J. Armstrong, Pastor.

**sale of Timber Land.**  
 Parties who have timber land for sale will do well to investigate our terms and methods of handling lands. We have an office in Lakeview, where contracts can be made and options taken on land. We guarantee the highest market price, and are in a position to demand and obtain it, having been in the business for many years and in close touch with all the land dealers of the country. Satisfactory results guaranteed by the La Grande Investment Co. Write C. O. Metzker, Lakeview, Oregon.

**LAKEVIEW --ALTURAS**  
**STAGE LINE**  
 H. E. BAKER, Prop'r.  
 Office in Bieber's Store  
 Stage leaves Lakeview daily, except Sunday at 6 a. m. Arrive at Alturas at 6 p. m.  
 Leave Alturas for Lakeview at 6 o'clock a. m. or on the arrival of the stage from Madeline. Arrives in Lakeview in 12 hours after leaving Alturas.  
 Freight - Matters - Given Strict - Attention . . . . .  
 First - Class - Accommodations.  
 We have a full set of Myself-Rollins & Co's., samples of Stock Certificates and bonds, with price list. If you are organizing a stock company get our prices on stock certificates. If Family liquors at Post & Kings

**House Painter**  
**New Pine Creek, Oregon**  
**THIS PAPER** is kept on file at E. C. Dax's Advertising Agency in San Francisco, Cal., where contracts for advertising can be made for it.  
 Subscribers to The Examiner who remove from one locality to another, or change their postoffice address should remember to drop this office a card so their paper can be addressed to the right postoffice.

**A. A. WITHAM, M. D.**  
 PHYSICIAN and SURGEON  
 Paisley, Oregon.  
 L. F. CONN, Attorney at Law, Lakeview, Oregon.  
 J. D. VENATOR, Attorney-at-Law, Land Matters Specialty, Lakeview, Oregon.

**WOODMEN OF THE WORLD**  
 Lakeview Camp No. 522  
 Meets on the 2d and 4th Wednesday of each month in Masonic Hall, at 8 p. m.  
 L. B. BARTY, Consul Commander.  
 E. N. JACOBSON, Clerk.

**LAKEVIEW ENCAMPMENT, No. 18, I. O. O. F.** meets the 1st and 3d Thursday evenings of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall, Lakeview. J. D. Venator, G. P., C. O. Metzker, Scribe.

**James Barry** Brands with swallow fork in right ear for ewes; reverse for weathers. Some ewes square crop and still in right ear. Tar Brand III. Range, Oregon. Lakeview Postoffice address, Lakeview, Oregon.

**Zac Whitworth** Brands with Crop of right ear, reverse for weathers. Tar Brand V. Range, Fish Creek. Postoffice address, Lakeview, Oregon.

**\$1,250 Reward.**  
 The Harney County Live Stock Association, of which I am a member, pays \$1,250 reward for evidence leading to the conviction of parties stealing stock belonging to its members. In addition offer \$500 reward for horse brand horse shoe bar on either or both jaws. Recorded in counties of Harney, Lake and Crook Counties. Horses rented when sold. Horses sold to pass through this section will be reported in this paper. If not so reported, please write or telephone The Times Herald, Main St., Burns, Oregon.  
 W. W. Brown, Burns, Ore.  
 Reward for Horses  
 I will give \$500 reward for information that will lead to the discovery of any horse branded with an old horseshoe brand on both jaws, placed as in the cut in this advertisement, with fresh triangle brand underneath the horseshoe. The triangle placed in such a manner as would cover up a bar on both jaws. Animals must be found in the possession of some person or persons.

**MARRIAGE LOTTERIES.**  
 Business Schemes in Which Husbands Were the Premiums.  
 Some years ago a tailor of Brussels took into his employ a young man on the stipulation that he should be allowed to dispose of him in marriage.  
 When the agreement was signed the tailor widely advertised the fact that he had in stock a husband to bestow upon the widow or maiden who should bring him the most custom during the year.  
 Keen competition resulted. At the end of the year it was found that the prize had been won by a widow of sixty years. Quite gleefully she took her husband home and introduced him to her eight sons. It is said that she was so well pleased with her bargain that she induced a large number of relatives to give their patronage to the tailor permanently.  
 This idea of the tailor seemed good to a number of other business men of the continent, and for a time there was quite an eruption of advertisements and posters announcing husbands to be disposed of.  
 Every New Year's day a large Viennese firm of bootmakers was wont to offer a husband to the lady whose foot was considered to be the smallest and most shapely of the year, guaranteeing at the same time to set the couple up in business should such help be needed.  
 For over twenty years was this practice continued, until the head of the firm, an old widower, fell in love with and himself married the Cinderella footed lady, who, being of an ultra jealous disposition, sternly vetoed the custom's continuance.  
 Only recently a Berlin tradesman issued a circular promising to bestow a husband, in the person of his son, upon the spinster who shall within a year's space collect the most coupons, one of which is given with each purchase to the value of 5 marks. To the prize husband as a wedding gift he has promised to bestow a share in his business.  
 Some years ago a Leeds firm circulated among its customers attractive tokens, whereon was depicted a stylishly dressed man surrounded by the legend, "A Husband For a Guinea," signifying that such as expended that amount on the firm's goods were allowed one chance in a raffle for an eligible young man, the junior partner in the house.—London Tit-Bits.

**Without doubt the best index to Cuban character is to be found in his conversation. Standing in the streets of his native village, sober, discussing with his neighbor crops, the weather or other like commonplace, he habitually uses an excited manner, florid language and exaggerated gesticulation that elsewhere in the world would cause perhaps his reproach for disorder or put him under suspicion of being drunk or a lunatic. A popular and oft repeated proverb, "A man has no small enemies," affords almost as good a pointer. This means that of equal importance in his view is the threat of a pin prick or of the deadly stroke of a dagger. Such an emotional, unself-contained nature, such an exaggerated, strained view of things, can but constantly lead to foolish extremes.—Army and Navy Life.**

**Ways of the Cuban.**  
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**Fruit Cures.**  
 "Grapes are wonderful things," said a wine grower. "In Switzerland they have in the autumn a grape cure. Thousands of anemic and nervous persons are benefited by this cure. Eating a huge bunch of grapes every ten minutes all day long, their cheeks soon bloom, they soon recover their health again."  
 "Fruit, all fruit, is medicinal. As a drink cure and as a blood purifier, what is there better than an apple? Did you ever hear of currant leaf poultices for gout? They are excellent, I assure you. And black currant jelly in water is a remedy for sore throat."  
 "Pineapples are good for diphtheria, strawberries for rheumatism, mulberry juice for fevers, elderberry for chills and lemon for colds, for headache and for bile."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**A Sailor No Longer.**  
 Painting is almost a continuous performance on some of the ocean liners. "On a certain ship one day," said a traveler, "I put my hand on a freshly painted ventilator, and while removing the white smear I fell into conversation with the seaman who was responsible for the trouble. He was an elderly chap, and he had visited many outlandish places. As he plied the brush we had an interesting chat. 'How long have you been a sailor?' said I finally. 'Sailor? The old man grumbled, dipping his brush into the can. 'Bless yer heart, sir, I'm no sailor nowadays. I'm a bloomin' artist, that's wot I am!'"

**BOWSER THE HERBIST**  
 He Sets Out to Gather Some of "Mother's Remedies."  
 GETS MOTLEY COLLECTION.

**It Turns Out Motley to Be an Aggregation of Weeds Having No Medicinal Value—Called the Biggest Fool in America.**  
 [Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.]  
 Mrs. Bowser was not a little astonished at 3 o'clock the other afternoon to have Mr. Bowser walk into the house three hours ahead of his usual time. He wasn't ill, and he hadn't met with an accident, but after making a mystery of the matter for five minutes he asked:  
 "Mrs. Bowser, have you planned to gather any herbs for winter use—any catnip, smartweed, mayweed or peppermint?"  
 "Why, no," she replied. "Where should I gather them and of what use would they be?"  
 "That's about the reply I expected of you. The bargain sales of the last twenty years have driven all the solid sense out of women's heads. You had a mother."  
 "Naturally."  
 "That mother wasn't looking for fifty-cent hosiery reduced to 22 cents. She was looking after the health of her family. She wasn't calling the doctor every week and piling up big bills, but she was making use of nature's cures. She gathered and used sage, catnip, mayweed, smartweed, spearmint, peppermint and the leaves of the horseradish. She accomplished as much with mustard leaves as a doctor would with all his humbug prescriptions. With these things she carried you up to go before he began to run across mother's herbs, and he pitched right in without a doubt assailing him. When he had gathered sufficient to put a dozen doctors out of practice for a year he looked around for a slippery elm tree. There was one right at the edge of the woods, and he began on it with his pocketknife.  
 Confronted by Farmers.  
 Up to this point Mr. Bowser had passed only one farmhouse and had met with no signs of toll. He was working away at the bark and thinking how he would astonish Mrs. Bowser when he returned home when a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and he turned to be confronted by three farmers who had come out of the cornfield near by.  
 "What the devil are you doing to that tree?" demanded the eldest of the trio.  
 "I was going to get some slippery elm."  
 The three burst into guffaws.  
 "Slippery elm from a beech tree? Say, old man, that won't go down."  
 "But I guess I know a slippery elm from a beech," protested Mr. Bowser as he flew mad in a minute.  
 "And maybe you know a cow from a barn door, but you have no right mutilating my trees. What's this bundle of stuff?"  
 "I've been gathering some herbs for sickness."  
 There were three sets of guffaws this time as the farmers overhauled the stuff.  
 "Here's goldenrod, mullein stalks, burdock, swamp ivy and wild celery," said the leader. "Do you mean that you've come out from the city to gather such trash?"  
 "I came out after catnip and smartweed and mayweed and spearmint and—"  
 Two of the men rolled on the ground with laughter, and the third giggled and gurgled and said:  
 "And some slippery elm from a beech tree! Say, mister, have you got a wife?"  
 "Yes, sir."  
 "Was, go home and ask her if she knows she's been living with the biggest fool in America!"  
 Mr. Bowser made a good fight for it, but his opponents were three to one and husky fellows. They threw him over the fence and headed him for home. Just at dark he walked into his own house.  
 "But where are mother's herbs?" asked Mrs. Bowser as she came forward to greet him.  
 "Talk English if you want me to understand you!" he growled as he headed for the dining room to get a cold bite.  
 M. QUAD

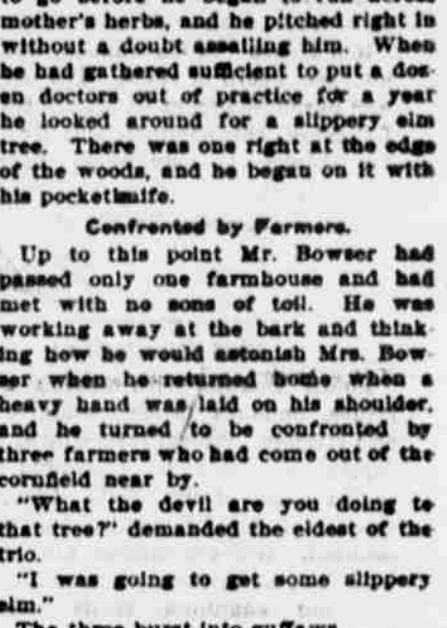


**HE BEGAN TO RUN ACROSS MOTHER'S HERBS**  
 through the chicken pox, the croup, the scarlet rash, the whooping cough and lands only knows how many cases of colic."  
 Mother's Remedies.  
 "Yes, mother used to doctor us children with those things," she admitted.  
 "Of course she did and saved your lives a dozen times over. They were as good for adults as for children, but have we got anything of the kind in the house? If I was dying for the want of a bowl of sage tea have you the herb to make it?"  
 "Certainly not, but you see, we don't have to gather and save those things now. The druggists have them for sale in compressed form."  
 "Yes, and they have marsh hay and cornstalks in compressed form. Go to a drug store and ask for catnip, and you might get burdock or plantains. Mrs. Bowser, I don't want to criticize you, but I must say that you have been very remiss. I might have died at any time during these last ten years for the want of these remedies. I was talking with a noted doctor this forenoon, and he told me that one bunch of catnip would save more lives in a year than the skill of any three physicians."  
 "I thought it was about time some doctor came around and gave another jolt," observed Mrs. Bowser, with a sigh.  
 "Woman, don't make use of vulgar terms, and don't sneer at well known facts. We ought to have a supply of herbs in the house, and you know it. As a housewife you should have supplied them. As you have not done so and as you have no intention of doing so, I must leave the office for the purpose. I have made up my mind that no doctor shall step foot in this house for the next year. If we are ailing we will have the cure right at hand. There is nothing to beat mother's remedies."  
 "And you came home to gather them?" she queried.  
 "Naturally."  
 "And where are you going to do it?"  
 "Out in the country, of course. I'm going to take a suburban car out about five miles and then drop off, and gather, if either one of us are suddenly taken with convulsions tomorrow we will have a cure in the house."  
 "And you are sure you know catnip from stunk cabbage?"  
 Mr. Bowser flushed red and glared at her, and the cat made a sneak under the piano to get out of the way of flying silvers. None flew. It was an awful insult on him, and the only way he could meet it was to walk out of the house.  
 "Will you be back by dinner time?" she asked as he started to go.  
 No answer.  
 "If you are delayed, will you telephone?"  
 No answer.  
 "I hope you won't meet with any accident."

Mr. Bowser drew himself up stiffly and descended the steps and marched off with all due dignity. Two blocks away he took a suburban car and went his way countryward, and the spot came upstairs and asked Mrs. Bowser: "Has he gone for gunpowder or dynamite or something to blow up the house?"  
 "Of course not."  
 "If he has I want to get away on time. I was blown up with a kerosene can once as I was hurrying up the fire, and it seemed a whole week before I came down again. I'm a poor orphan girl and must look out for myself in this world."  
 Confides in Conductor.  
 The car conductor looked like a family man and one in whom a stranger could repose confidence, and after a bit Mr. Bowser laid his heart bare. He found an enthusiastic conductor. The conductor related ten different instances where catnip or sage had drawn him back from the grave. He had been left a widower with eight small children. He had saved every one of them with smartweed tea. He had then married a widow with eight more and saved them with mayweed poultices. He located a spot where all these things could be found growing in the greatest profusion, and he also recommended Mr. Bowser to bring back a good lot of slippery elm bark. It didn't seem to have much effect on a broken leg, but taken in connection with spearmint tea it would cause the asthma in man or woman to get a hump on itself.  
 Mrs. Bowser's cynicism and meanness were forgotten as Mr. Bowser started down the highway with the joy of the country in his heart. The woodpeckers pecked, and the crows cawed; the lambs frisked, and the cows lowed. Now and then he could see a happy farmer at work in the field, and now and then he came across a hog bedded in a mudhole and taking solid comfort. He had only half a mile to go before he began to run across mother's herbs, and he pitched right in without a doubt assailing him. When he had gathered sufficient to put a dozen doctors out of practice for a year he looked around for a slippery elm tree. There was one right at the edge of the woods, and he began on it with his pocketknife.

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**The Preceptive Dinner.**  
 My little kitty washed her face. She did it with her paws; She tried to get it very clean— I know she did, because Mamma is cooking chicken pie for company that's come, And if my kitty's face is clean She'll certainly get some. Gladys Hyatt Sinclair in Woman's Home Companion.



**Late Discovery.**  
 He—Do you know, I hadn't been speaking to the Johnny more than five minutes when he called me an idiot? She (hired)—Why the delay?—Chips.

**FREE To ALL OUR SUBSCRIBERS**  
 The Great  
**AMERICAN FARMER**  
 Indianapolis, Indiana.  
 The Leading Agricultural Journal of the Nation,  
 Edited by an Able Corps of Writers.  
 The American Farmer is the only Literary Farm Journal published. It fills a position of its own and has taken the leading place in the homes of rural people in every section of the United States. It gives the farmer and his family something to think about aside from the humdrum of routine duties.  
 Every Issue Contains an Original Poem by SOLON L. GOODE.  
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