

NEHALEM.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Sweeney and daughter left for Portland Thursday to visit the fair.

C. C. Clark came in from Seaside Thursday.

W. W. Ridelaugh was in Saturday looking things over at the cannery.

G. M. Cobb left for Dallas last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Klein and daughter, Mrs. Effenburger and Mrs. Roehiner went to Portland last week to visit the fair.

Seighfried Christensen went to the valley Tuesday to work.

The cheese factory has fat hogs aglore for sale.

SOUTH PRAIRIE.

Haying is a thing of the past. An average crop was harvested, also a good crop of yellow weed was cut on some of the dairy ranches.

Harry Quick is the proud father of a son.

Charles Wells and family are camped at Sand Lake.

There is not as much milk received at the factory, as earlier in the season.

Mrs. Willis Powell spent a week camping at Natarts with her son and daughters.

Dwight West and family spent a couple of days at the Netarts beach.

Mrs. Pike, of Netarts, visited her sister, Mrs. Alvin Johnson, last week.

Some members of Mr. Isaac Quick's family have been on the sick list, but are improving.

Mr. Christensen, our popular cheese maker, has purchased an up to date rubber tire buggy.

SPRUCE.

Haying is about over in our neighborhood, and nearly every one is wishing for a good rain as the gardens need it bad.

W. West went to town Monday.

Mrs. E. Hoag and daughter, and a lady friend from Tillamook, visited Mrs. Hoag's mother, Mrs. Foland Saturday and Sunday.

N. J. Dye and wife passed by on their way to and from town Monday.

J. P. Tucker and wife and son, Johnnie, and Mrs. Savage, of Beaver, went to the city.

N. J. Dye and wife passed through our vicinity Wednesday on their way to Pleasant Valley to visit their brother, S. C. Woods.

Clyde Kinnaman is working at the Beaver creek saw mill again.

Jennie Woole is taking music lessons of Miss Tessa Bixby.

H. Foland took his mother and sisters to town Friday, where they will visit awhile.

Pete Anderson went to the city, Saturday.

Mrs. C. Woole and son Charley went to town Friday and returned Saturday.

Rear-Admiral Rojstvenky's condition has made satisfactory progress since the operation that was performed on his forehead. He was able to leave his bed and sit in a chair Monday. Pains in one foot, however, prevent his walking freely, but no cause for uneasiness exists. The Admiral has expressed his sincere admiration of the treatment accorded him.

According to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Daily News, the pending peace conference will fail and war with Japan will continue. He says: The announcement that two more divisions of Russian troops are going to the front next week indicates the Czar's determination, since his recent conference with Emperor William, to carry the war to the bitter end. The chief of the mobilization department said today to your correspondent: "The peace danger is over. Witte's trip to America will only serve to show the Russian people that Japanese demands render peace impossible."

The relations between the States of Louisiana and Mississippi have reached an acute stage, and, from indications it will change from interviews about the concealment of cases to a much more serious matter. From information that has come to hand, the dignity of the State of Louisiana has been offended by an armed invasion from the sister state, and this Tuesday Governor Blanchard communicated with the Captain of the naval brigade, which has a fully equipped gunboat, with a view of having it dispatched to the borders to protect Louisiana citizens from further indignities. Mississippi has five armed boats patrolling the coast to prevent fishermen from breaking through the quarantine lines. These vessels are also assisted by the United States revenue cutter Winona. The Mississippi boats will not allow Louisiana fishermen to enter Mississippi Sound, east of St. Joseph Light, but, from reports received, it appears that one of these patrol boats came into Lake Borgne, which is distinctly Louisiana territory, and one report says it came up to the mouth of Lake Borgne canal, which extends from the lake to the Mississippi River, a distance of only 4 1/2 miles. The naval brigade vessel Stranger draws too much water for service in that vicinity, but a light-draft boat will be impressed into service, armed with a howitzer or two and manned by officers from the brigade, and will be sent out to prevent further aggressions.

MAMED BY CHICAGO THUGS.

Eyes Gouged Out Prevents Identification.

CHICAGO, July 30.—Outlawry in Chicago has reached the stage where a grand jury has demanded that the police sweep the city clean of thugs, burglars and crook that have made it a Summer haven.

Since the first of the year 65 persons have been murdered in cold-blooded fashion. This number is exclusive of the 20 deaths growing out of the teamsters' strike. It is the forfeit which orderly citizenship has paid to thugs and burglars who reckoned human life a cheap commodity when it stood in the way of ill-gotten loot.

Never before in Chicago was the crime record of the Summer months so black that a grand jury felt called upon to call the authorities to special action. The Chief of Police is besought to let the gamblers and the underworld alone for a time, if need be, so that adequate attention may be given to the floodtide of murder.

The situation is considered grave enough to call for the highest ability and the greatest possible vigilance on the part of the police force.

The invasion by the criminal element began in earnest soon after the police went on strike duty and left their beats and posts to travel with caravans of merchants' wagons. With the eight hundred and forty patrolmen withdrawn from the streets entirely, Chicago became a paradise for burglars, porch climbers and highwaymen.

Hold-ups were of frequent occurrence in broad daylight in crowded thoroughfares. A street-car conductor never knew when he was safe from pillage from armed thugs. Hardly a day passed in June or July without the reporting of one or more of these sensational hold-ups, typical of the wildest of wild west countries.

The foregoing figures at the top of this column do not begin to tell the whole story. It is estimated that not more than one-fourth of the whole number of burglaries and hold-ups were reported to the police.

Cases are on record of business houses being plundered three times a week, and finally forced out of business. There is a record of one family being robbed 15 times in two years.

Wanton brutality is the prime characteristic of the thuggery. Women are held up, terribly beaten and disfigured; men are not only robbed, but cruelly mutilated. It secures no mercy to submit tamely to being held up; the footpads argue that a victim who has been beaten into insensibility or whose eyes are gouged out, will not be so likely to identify them, so almost every case of highway robbery is marked by extreme brutality.

Under the Harrison regime, the Mayor argued that cold weather was responsible for crime, but this Summer the reign of terror has been worse than ever. Thugs lurk in the avenues of the best residence districts, awaiting people retreating from theaters.

Two hundred miles of standard-gauge electric lines in the form of a big loop, terminus is the project of Dr. Henry Waldo Coe and his associates, who have just returned from a survey of the right of way, which leads into the St. Helens mining district of Washington. The projected road starts from Portland, proceeds to Vancouver, crossing the Columbia River via Woodlawn, follows the north bank of the Columbia to Ridgefield, Woodland, Caples, Kalama, Kelso, Ladu, to Stella, thence to Castle Rock, Silver Lake and the St. Helens mining district, a branch through to the Morton coal fields, and a line through the mining district which shall cover all of the important mineral deposits of that section, thence in a southerly direction toward the mineral ground north of Washougal, down to the Columbia River, and through Washougal, Camas, Fishers and Vancouver, back to Portland. The estimated cost of construction and placing in operation of this 200 miles of track is, according to Dr. Coe, \$4,000,000.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure. In all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure not known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for test-imonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR CONSUMPTION Price 50c & \$1.00

Best and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

THE OLD RELIABLE

ROYAL

BAKING

POWDER

Absolutely Pure

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

Rooting Crookedness Out.

The investigation which has just been started by the grand jury of the District of Columbia in the cotton scandal is the first of a series of investigations into the recent irregularities or crookedness in the departments. The examination in the cotton case is, of course, under the direction of the attorney general's office. It is necessary to keep this fact in mind, because of the recent loud talk by the Southern cotton association that it had incited the inquiry and was going to have a prominent part in it. Persons who may have anything to reveal which will throw light on the recent cotton leaks will be summoned, but they will appear as witnesses only. The investigation is being carried on by the department of justice. Consequently it will be rigid. It will aim to get at the truth. There will be no fads to exploit and no cliques in the cotton market to defend.

Apparently it is the purpose to investigate all the divisions of the department of agriculture, through the statistical branch will come in for the first and possibly the fullest examination. An error has been discovered, according to Secretary Wilson, in the tobacco crop for June, in which an increase of 20 per cent in the acreage was reported, but it ought to have been a 20 per cent decrease. It was an error in arithmetic, however, as the secretary says. Speculative interests had nothing to do with the mistake in the figuring. Since the Holmes, irregularities were brought to light two weeks ago there has been some distrust regarding the reliability and honesty of crop reports, and this error in the tobacco acreage will tend to increase this feeling, although there appears to have been no suspicion of corrupt dealing in the tobacco matter.

Holmes, the assistant statistician, was dismissed, and Hyde, the chief statistician, has resigned, and is now on his way to England. It is the intention of the department of justice to get those personages before the grand jury, if possible. Everybody else who has anything of value to reveal, or who thinks he has will be brought before the grand jury. The investigation will be thorough enough to reveal the working of the department of agriculture, particularly in its bureau for the collection of data on which it bases its estimates of acreage and crops.

Attorney General Moody has been directed by the President to use all the resources of the department of justice to expose and punish all the crookedness in connection with the cotton and other scandals which he can get at. Unquestionably the order will be obeyed. Wherever it exists guilt will be exposed. No guilty person will be allowed to escape. It is in the statistical division of the department of agriculture that the investigation has started. That bureau has been under fire pretty constantly for the past two or three weeks, and it is proper that the inquiry into the recent scandals of all sorts should begin there.

But the statistical bureau will not be abolished. Nor will the Southern cotton association or any other private body be permitted to tamper with it. The government will collect the data on which the acreage and condition of the big crops is based. Recent defects which have come to light show the necessity of exercising the greatest possible care and intelligence in the collection, the compilation and the interpretation of these figures. The government has advantages in this field which are out of the reach of private enterprises. It can make the inquiry more thorough, and it cares nothing for the interests of any particular set of gamblers in the market. The aim of the government will be to let the country see, month by month as far as practicable, the actual condition of the growing crops, so that producers and consumers can know the situation. This grand jury inquiry into the methods of crop-data collection and interpretation has a profound interest for the country.

Public is Aroused.

The public is aroused to a knowledge of the curative merits of that great medicinal tonic Electric Bitters, for sick stomach, liver and kidneys. Mary H. Walters, of 548 St. Clair Ave., Columbus, O., writes: "For several months, I was given up to die. I had fever and ague, my nerves were wrecked; I could not sleep, and my stomach was so weak, from useless doctors' drugs, that I could not eat. Soon after beginning to take Electric Bitters, I obtained relief, and in a short time I was entirely cured." Guaranteed at Chas. I. Clough's drug store; price, 50c.

GREEN-CORN DANCE.

An Annual Celebration of the Seneca Indians in the Hills of Their Reservation.

The annual green-corn dance of the Seneca Indians was recently held in the hills of their reservation, 25 miles east of Vinita, I. T. The Seneca number about 200 people, and they hold many different celebrations during the year, among which are the strawberry feast, supper for the dead, dance for rain, war dances and the green-corn dance.

The dance occurs every year at the drying up of the corn, and the time is fixed by the Seneca Indian council. The chief and six members of the council meet and make preparations for the green-corn dance by appointing a medicine man and a number of hunters to secure wild meat for the occasion. A hunt is made, and when the hunters return the dance takes place.

The Indians meet under their large shed or arbor and early in the morning the leader of the band or medicine man makes a speech, standing in the center of the shed, and talks in a slow and solemn voice. At intervals he puts small bits of ground leaves from a plant sacred to the Senecas on a slow-burning fire, and as the smoke and the fumes rise he makes his prayer, believing that the smoke conveys the words to the Great Spirit. After these proceedings are over dinner is ready and the shed is served by waiters under the shed. In the afternoon the dance commences in the old-fashioned Indian style and continues for several days.

THE WEATHER MAN.

How He Knows When It Is Going to Storm or Clear.

Official Map Made Up from Reports from Observation Stations in Cities and Towns of the Country.

Strictly speaking, our weather bureau is made up of a great many buildings scattered all over the United States, and the one at Washington is the central station that governs and directs the smaller ones, and to which they send in their daily reports; for it is by getting reports from all the different sections of the country that Uncle Sam's weather-makers are able to make their predictions. There are 180 towns and cities in the United States where there are observation stations, having the same instruments and apparatus as the Washington bureau. Now, the observers at these 180 stations do not spend their time waiting for spiders to crawl out of their holes or looking at the sky to see whether it is red or gray in the evening. They look at their thermometers, barometers, anemometers, and so on, which are far better guides than all the other signs put together.

At 8 o'clock in the morning and at 8 o'clock in the evening of every day the observer at each one of these weather stations from Maine to California looks at his different instruments, and carefully notes what each of them marks. Then he takes a look at the sky, to see whether it is fair or raining or snowing, and to see what sort of clouds may be sailing about. According to the weather bureau there are seven different kinds of clouds, and it is important that the observer should see what particular kind is hovering around, for each kind means some special kind of weather or some particular state of the atmosphere.

When he has finished his observation and noted all the indications, he telegraphs his report to Washington. In that way, then, the Washington station receives an account of the weather at all parts of the country at the same time, and, as you may easily believe, it keeps the four telegraph operators busy receiving the messages that come pouring in soon after eight o'clock. As each message is received in the telegraph room it is carried by a messenger across the hall to the forecast room, or room where predictions are made, and handed to the translator. As the translator reads aloud the cipher reports from the different stations, other men in the room mark what he reads upon a map of the United States, so that when the last message has been translated the map shows just what the weather is at each one of the 180 stations. The map is then turned over to the official who is to make the predictions. In order to get his bearings, he traces across the map the different places throughout the country where the temperature is the same and the places where the barometer is the same. The one he marks with red lines and the other with black lines, and if you will look at the weather map you will see these red and black lines wriggling and twisting all over the country.

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ADVICE FOR A WAITER.

How a Diner Made Sure That the Man Would Remember Him Next Time.

One Chicago man, laboring under the disadvantage of extreme protractation, recently found a novel way of informing an arrogant waiter that his method of serving was wholly unsatisfactory, says the Chicago Tribune.

The meal had been an exasperating one. Whenever the waiter was wanted he could not be found. When he was not wanted he was hovering about the table attempting to hear what was being said. The host and his friends had been compelled to ask emphatically for every accompaniment of the meal, even down to knives, forks and spoons, so by the time the coffee and cheese had been shoved aside they were in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. Still, throughout the meal the man who was doing the honors retained his composure, and did not once find fault with the waiter in the latter's presence. But he was reserving his ammunition for future delivery.

He asked for his check. The waiter brought it with a gracious bow and it was paid. Then the host arose with considerable dignity, and, reaching in his pocket, extracted a quarter, which he handed to the anxious looking waiter.

"Now," asked the host, after he had paid the customary tip, "do you think you would remember me if I came in here again?"

"O, yes, sir, yes, sir, I'm sure I would," replied the waiter, with a suave smile of satisfaction.

"Well," continued the exasperated guest, "I want you to remember me. Take one more good look at me, so you will make no mistake. And if you ever see me in this place in the future you will keep just as far away from me as the walls will allow. If you should attempt to wait on me again, I give you fair warning that I'll bounce one of these oak chairs off the top of your head."

With this parting shot the outraged guest wheeled on his heel and walked briskly from the place. The waiter did not recover for half an hour.

PLAGUE OF LUXURY.

How It Has Fallen Upon the People with Prosperous Times.

With the Introduction of Modern Conveniences and the Country's Growth in Riches, Even the Flat Dweller Lives High.

The growth of luxurious living in America was very slow during the first 50 years of the republic. Indeed, up to the breaking out of our civil war the inequalities of fortune were not so marked as to make those who lived sumptuously according to the standards of those days seem so far removed from the merely well-to-do as to be almost in another world. In the earlier days, any sober and industrious man could prosper, even though he did not perform merely manual labor. There was work for every one to do, and no one was more in demand than Mr. Jack-of-all-trades, who now walks superfluous in the dusty highway, with no one to applaud his adaptability, none to need his ingenious services. Food was plenty, land was cheap, rents were low. He honest and you will be happy, was not mere cant; it was the solemn and the grateful truth. Pretty nearly every one lived well, but pretty nearly all lived plainly. With better houses, with better water supplies, with improved lamps for illumination and then with the introduction of illuminating gas, and most of all with the greater wealth which came at the end of the civil war, the growth of luxurious living began taking tremendous strides. Luxury with poor light after sunset, luxury with few of the means of personal cleanliness, does not mean much to us nowadays. Why, a man in a Harlem flat at \$600 a year can command more of the kind of luxury just mentioned than say the dissolute Charles II. ever dreamed of. But the wealth that comes with new fortunes to new people was really what began the race which may be called the Millionaire Stakes for all ages, says a writer in Ainslee's Magazine.

Before these stakes were opened there were a few fortunes in this country. Some were made in the trade with the east, some were made in strictly domestic commerce, some were founded in piracy, and other adventures by sea, but the greatest number and the most stable were those which came from the shrewd investments in land which was enhanced in value by the growth of cities. Even up to the time that the newly rich began to splurge, the owners of the fortunes just mentioned were pretty generally tolerably plain people, who lived very quietly and looked upon those who made unusual display as too vulgar to come inside the sacred pale which called itself society. In New York, this class of people at the time mentioned lived in the neighborhood of Washington Square; in Philadelphia, toward the foot of Walnut street, and in Boston, in that ever sacred Beacon street. They were slow but sure. They had no doubt about their position, or the propriety with which they maintained their dignity. They did what they pleased, but they did not please to be in the least fantastic, theatrical, ostentatious or conspicuous. And until the newly rich had arrived with the manifest intention to stay permanently, there were none with either the ambition or the ability to dispute this supremacy, which was maintained not by an aggressiveness, but by the passive power of inertia.

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