

GIRL'S DREAM COMES TRUE AFTER YEARS.

Story Told at Kansas City Has Interest at Atchison.

The Kansas City Star on a recent Sunday related a remarkable dream that came to a Kansas City woman on several occasions, always foretelling some tragic event within her family.

The members of her family now living in Atchison say the history of the events within the family, all foretold by a dream, is a true narrative. This makes it quite certain the story refers to a former Atchison girl. The story reads:

A charming and widely known Kansas City woman, daughter of a Kansas statesman, had this dream, of which she is seldom induced to talk. It came to her first when she was a young girl. For many years she could not be induced to tell her dream. She woke weeping and unwept, but her lips were sealed, even to those most intimately associated with her. It was as if some will other than her own restrained her.

The first night it came was on which fire destroyed the beautiful old home of the family, with all it contained. It was winter and the family was in town. Miss C., the young daughter of the Kansas statesman, was just a beautiful, wholesome normal girl. In her usual high spirits, she retired, and almost as soon as she fell asleep she dreamed that her father, her own idol, as well as the admired and beloved political leader of his state was lying dead in the small old fashioned drawing room of their city home—the house they occupied at the moment. With sorrow and horror, Miss C. gazed upon the still form and marble face of him, who never had appeared to her except in glowing health and overflowing vitality. Near the still form of her father Miss C. saw her brother in a gray suit. He looked older and a little stouter than she knew him, but easily recognizable. The young man walked around the bier and stepped over to the mantle, where he proceeded to light one after another the candles in the large candle-labrum that stood there. The young girl had never before seen those candles light, and was surprised to see her brother do such an unlikely thing, for the family, as a Protestant one, did not associate candles with death. When she woke she was in a cold perspiration, and not until she made sure her father was all right could she be comforted. But no confession of her dream ever passed her lips.

The following morning the family received word that their old home in the country had burned to the ground during the preceding night.

After that Miss C. dreamed the same dream of her father's death at intervals of a few months or a few years, and always it was followed by the loss of some friend or relative or the destruction of some property in which she felt more than a property interest. In each recurrence of the dream, precisely the same incident was enacted beside her father's bier her brother passing around it and proceeding to light the long unused candles in the branched candlesticks on the old mantle.

The night her brother's fiancée died the dream came true, and again it came on the night before a message that told of the death of a beloved uncle. It recurred so inevitably, and unfailingly foretold some disaster, that Miss C. came to fear it like a specter. She would wake shuddering and weeping, but never could be induced to tell her dream.

Brother Enacted Part

Years passed and Miss C. married. For a long time she was free of the haunting vision. Then came the crow of motherhood, and afterward a menacing illness to the little baby. One night—it was before they lost hope—the dream came again, and the following day the baby died.

The next death foretold by the dream was that of the woman's father. The warning vision came the night before the message telling of his sudden illness in a distant city, and three nights before his death.

When the body was brought home it was laid in the small, old-fashioned drawing room.

And now comes the strange part of the story. It was evident and the family had come out upon the porch to sit awhile in the dusk and speak of the beloved dead. Presently the son of the dead man rose and entered the house. In a few moments his sister, fearing that he might give way to his grief, followed him. As she stood in the doorway of the drawing room her brother passed around the bier and proceeded to light one after another, the candles on the mantelpiece. He was wearing a gray suit, the sister

noticed in astonishment, and he looked a little older and a little stouter than he had in the dream twelve years before.

It was the sleeping vision in all its details come true. At first it seemed to the woman that she must be dreaming again, but her intelligence told her otherwise. But there was the sense of unreality in the scene. She felt that it couldn't be true—that her brother could not now be carrying out the prophecy of years. Unconscious that his actions were watched by his sister or that they would have any special meaning for her, he went on with his lighting of the candles. For the dream had never been told was known to him only as "sister's eternal dream." As he turned to face the door of the drawing room the young woman spoke.

"What are you doing?" she exclaimed rather than asked.

"It seemed so dark in here, I thought I would light these candles," replied the brother.

His sister almost fainted with the stress of the moment, as she lived over again the sorrows the dream had brought in its train, each one a poignant and separate grief, but all now grown less powerful to hurt in the presence of this crowning grief.

Thus again and again had the dream come, but this time it had come true, and it never came again. With its own fulfillment it passed out of her life, and now a dozen more years have gone by. The woman's lips were unsealed at that moment and as she told her dream its terror passed from her. The stalwart, practical brother confessed to a feeling almost of guilt at the part he had played for all those years in his sensitive sister's prophetic dream.

Senator Stone Gives Prohibition Views and Scores Dries.

Senator W. J. Stone, of Missouri, during an old-fashioned debate on the prohibition question told the Senate just where he stood. He had opposed state-wide prohibition in his state, where he supported local option, and he was opposed to nation wide prohibition. Furthermore, he was opposed to the present proposal to make the District of Columbia dry, insisting that a better result could be accomplished through regulation than by prohibition. In the course of his speech Stone declared he was not the friend or advocate of liquor interests, and at the height of an eloquent fight said: "I wish there was no whiskey on the earth."

Stone had taken the floor to reply to some of the friends of the Shepard amendment, who, he thought, had impugned motives to those senators who thought differently from them. He said:

"I am unwilling that a vote be taken without saying a word in contravention of the attitude taken by most of the senators who have spoken in favor of the adoption of the committee report. If I should judge men by their intemperate utterances I might imagine that some of those who have honored us with their opinions had taken something into their mouths which had stolen away their brains. Alcohol is not the only thing which will do this. Narrowness, intolerance, bigotry—things of that kind imbedded in the hearts of men to such an extent as to make them think they are better than their fellows; makes them believe they are infallible, takes away a man's capacity to think or conduct himself fairly in his dealings with his fellowmen.

"This debate has proceeded on a basis too narrow and altogether false. They take the position that we who are opposed to prohibition as a policy are the friends, advocates, champions of the saloon. I don't think that very creditable claim for a senator to make. The man who says a thing like that is a very narrow sort of human creature.

"I do not believe in prohibition as a national or state policy. That question was before the people of Missouri and defeated by something like 250,000 votes. If a majority of my fellow-citizens were of the opinion that it should be adopted and written into our constitution, no man in the state would have been more earnestly in favor of its literal enforcement. I think a state has a right to determine that police question for itself. In my own state I took the local option position. Let each community settle the question. But especially let each state. The states are supposed to be sovereign over things affecting solely matters of their internal concern. I think they should remain so in settling police questions like this."

One way to end the war would be to declare an armistice until the various parties could agree on who started it and what they are fighting about.

If copper or other contraband has been concealed in cotton cargoes, the Department of justice should institute prosecutions for purjury in the making of false manifests.

State Press Flashlights.

"Wilson takes a swing around the Country," is the heading in a daily paper. Taking a swing at anything is a new way of fighting on the defensive, and President Wilson will sure have to defend himself in the next campaign. War tax and the high cost of living in these piping times of peace in America will not go with the average intelligent American voter, we venture to guess.—News Times.

If the report that an order of 50,000 cases of condensed milk has been placed with American firms by Great Britain and France, is true, it will mean an advance in prices in the Pacific coast territory and higher quotations paid to dairymen for the lactical fluid. The past three weeks the condensed milk market has been sluggish. The total expenditure outside of commissions will amount to \$1,575,000 for that big order.—News Reporter.

Indisputable figures prove that the Democrats fall short \$57,000,000 of making the tariff produce enough revenue to meet the expenses of the government under what they term Republican extravagance. They fall short \$125,000,000 of meeting expenses under Democratic extravagance. They always promise a tariff for revenue only, but their tariffs never produce enough revenue. They always promise economy, but they always practice extravagance.—Oregonian.

The women's democratic club of Chicago advertised for an aldermanic candidate for the city election that was a clean, respectable citizen of horse sense, not necessarily a college graduate; a leader, not a follower, a voter for bathing beaches and playgrounds, a friend of women suffrage and an advocate of subways. A saloon-keeper won the endorsement of the club, although there were other applicants in the persons of a machinist, a broker, a minister, a physician and a manufacturer. How he will come out at the election is now a matter of much interest in the "Windy City."—Sheridan Sun.

If the price of our great cereal wheat keeps advancing much more, we who do not raise it but buy it in the form of bread, will realize that other people except those in the actual sphere of the conflict must help pay the expenses of war. If flour should advance to the extreme to which is prophesied by many, it will not be long until the American housewife will have to resort to the expedients of the German and French governments in regulating how much flour and how much potato must go into the usual loaf of bread. The wheat baron will relish this state of affairs, but the bread buyer will groan.—Umpqua Valley News.

In the Middle states particularly Iowa, there is a law which makes it mandatory on the farmers or renters to keep their fence rows clean from weeds and brush. The tall grass between the fence and the road is ordered cut twice each year. That is a law which would change the physiognomy of Willamette valley farms. Will the legislature dare to face the problem and enact such a law? It will meet opposition from the shiftless and those who do not care for their neighbor's property. How often you and I have seen a progressive farmer fence his place anew, remove the old fences, eliminate the unsightly brush, and possibly right across the road his neighbor better able to do the same kind of improvement, keeps his place untidy, his fences are rotten and the brush marks the line of his fields. It is just to the thrifty, careful farmer to have his neighbor show so little interest in the public welfare?—News Reporter.

Governor James Withycombe in his message to the legislature gave to the people of Oregon a document that will for a long time to come stand out as a model. He studied well the problems, formed his opinions, said what he wanted to say in language plain, such as no man may misunderstand, and then stopped. The message is just such a one as the Rural Spirit anticipated. James Withycombe has been trained to reason clearly and to analyze without prejudice the problems in mind. Not only has Governor Withycombe advocated efficiency in things administrative, but he demands economy farther than that, points out exactly where money may be saved with no deterioration in service. One of the things advocated which, if heeded, will be far-reaching is that the people not only demand efficiency and economy in state administration, but that county government is by far too expensive in this state.—Rural Spirit.

Every good citizen will approve the speedy convictions that have followed the numerous arrests of bootleggers within the last few days. The bootlegger is an undesirable citizen who

should be made to feel the heavy hand of the law. Public sentiment is strongly against the saloon, and it is just as strongly against the seller of intoxicants who uses dark alleys as a place of business.

The stock argument of the proponents of the open saloon is that prohibition does not prohibit. The bootlegger, they assert, will be always among us and will sell more liquor than would be sold under a system of licensed saloons. But if the bootlegger knows that every offense will be punished by fine or imprisonment—or both—he will not always be with us. He will mend his ways or go elsewhere. The people of Lane county long ago declared that they wanted no more liquor sold here and now the people of the whole state have made the same declaration. The law should be enforced and the bootlegger and the blind pig operator should be given short shift.—Oregon Register.

Representative Smith's bill forbidding the posting or painting of advertising matter along the Columbia Highway ought to be made a matter of unanimous consent. It is said that there are two sides to every question; this bill presents one that is as nearly one-sided as ever a question can be. It calls for something that public sentiment entirely approves. It is to be regretted that there is even the necessity for law-making on this subject; but unless there is such enactment some fellow will post or paint his glaring "ad" along the beautiful highway, and then say to a remonstrating public: "What are you going to do about it?" Pity it is that there are such in the community; but they're here, and the one way to restrain them is to say by authority of the state that if they do this thing they shall be made to suffer for it. It is one of those little laws that we need. It will serve to preserve the beauty of a scenic highway destined to be among the most famous in the world.—Telegram.

It should not be assumed that because the Grange is opposed to a one mill state road levy its members are opposed to good roads. They are mainly concerned, just as are a majority of all residents of the rural counties, on how the fund raised is to be expended. Merely making the levy doesn't necessarily mean that good roads will follow, and the farmer doesn't relish the idea of some state bureaucrat expending his money exclusively in the interest of and at the dictation of certain interests. First devise a rational plan of highway improvement and surround the expending of the money with proper restrictions and the farmer will cheerfully do his part. The plan that meets his approval may not involve a highway the length of the state and valuable only to those who live immediately adjacent to it, neither may it mean a highway from Portland to the sea. But if he is to contribute his money it is reasonable that the farmer's interests be considered, and until they are considered it is not to be expected that he will cheerfully agree to any old scheme that may bob up.—Hillsboro Independent.

Senator Vinton of Yamhill county has introduced a bill in the state senate which prohibits the operation of motor trucks on any public highway in the state, outside of incorporated cities, during the time between the months of October and April, except where the highways are hard surfaced. There can be no fault found with the intent of the bill, but it appears to us to be too drastic and it is quite probable that for this reason alone it will fail to get the legislature's approval. There is no denying that we need a law to restrict the use of motor trucks upon unpaved public highways, but to forbid them the use of the roads entirely for a period of six months in the year is hardly the right way to go about it. There is just much need for hauling during these months as at any other time of the year, probably more. To prohibit operation entirely would work a hardship on every locality in the state. There is another, and to our belief, a better remedy for the misuse of county roads and that is to the enactment of a law that will give the county judges of the state ample authority to determine the nature of tire a truck shall have while running on unpaved highways. After all it is the tire that does the damage and it has been demonstrated that the wide, or "twin" tire, even on soft road, tends more to pack than to cut the surface. There is a wide difference between the roads in Clatsop county and those in eastern or southern Oregon and for this reason the right to determine the kind of tire permissible should be left to the county judge of the county in which the truck is in use.—Astorian.

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