

A PIONEER AT REST

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE F. M. RICE, OF PRATUN.

Laid to Rest at Macleay, July 15, 1920.

(From Daily Statesman, July 15.) Oregon is losing her pioneers.

The funeral of F. M. Rice was conducted at the family home on Howell prairie on Friday last at 2 p. m., Mrs. Addie Short officiating.

A large concourse of friends attended the remains to the Macleay cemetery, and Mr. Rice was laid to rest by the side of his son Frank, who preceded him some four years ago.

Mr. Rice was married to Miss Elizabeth Stewart in 1854. Six children were given them, five sons and one daughter. Two sons, John and Frank, have been called to higher and those remaining are Charles, Fred and Clyde O. Rice and Mrs. C. W. Stege.

The mother is living and bears the affliction with Christian courage. Mr. Rice was born in Tennessee 71 years ago last April, and while a young man moved with his father's family to Missouri.

He located in Linn county about two miles south of the present town of Seio. The writer remembers well the spot where the old blacksmith shop stood, built by Mr. Rice in the early fifties, the shop being on the county road nearly opposite the gate leading into the "Franklin White Cemetery."

Mr. Rice presented his tragic accident for a number of years, running blacksmith shops at Seio, Annsville and Salem. Some twelve years ago he purchased a farm on Howell prairie and resided on the same continuously since, leaving a fine home as an earthly heritage and a reputation that insures him a heavenly home.

The testimony of all who knew and are familiar with his life work cannot be other than that Mr. Rice was a good and upright man.

Being a member of the M. E. church, he lived a consistent Christian life for more than half a century.

His illness was of short duration, being troubled with the untold of heart disease, he realized that at any moment the messenger might call him, as was evidenced by a work from him on last Sunday, as he in company with his wife visited his son Frank's grave. He said: "I expect soon to be laid at rest by Frank's side."

Heroic Treatment.

"I don't agree with you! I see no obligation whatsoever. To be quite frank—"

He paused abruptly. He was actually blushing, but the faint tinge faded quickly from his cheeks, and left them unusually pallid.

"Yes," said Lieutenant Winston, encouragingly and quite unblinking.

"Oh, I don't know!" stammered the other man. "Are you really serious? If so, you must be pardon me for saying so—either the most heartless beggar I ever met or the most absurdly sensitive."

"In other words, a knave or a blithering idiot—eh, Metford, old chap?" said Winston cheerily.

"Exactly! I hope it is only a case of temporary insanity."

Dr. Metford was one of the ablest of the younger physicians in the West, end of London; but, being also one of the most studiously modest of eleven men, his professional income barely sufficed to pay the rental of his rooms in Grosvenor street. Some day he may discover that it is possible to be over-modest and that inward self-depreciation leads to penury, and then he will remove to Harley street and begin to make progress toward ill-affluence.

Winston did not fail to observe the tinge of color on the doctor's face, nor its quick disappearance; but he gave no sign of recognition. Nevertheless had he seen his old college-chum look half so handsome as when that fleeting show of rosy color tinted the man's cheeks, nor half so pathetically glum as when it vanished.

"She saved my life. I think you will admit that, doctor? How many women would have taken the risks that she took? Would any other woman in the world have sacrificed herself as she did?"

"Any number of them," declared the doctor, sentimentally, although a flitting smile upon his face said, "None of them, bless her."

"Your medical men are utterly heartless cynics," protested Winston, shrugging his broad shoulders. "Utterly," admitted Metford. "Now, I am so unromantic as to attribute your recovery chiefly to your castiron constitution, a rattling good physician—must sound my own trumpet! If you weren't old, your liver and all the rest of you, including your heart, are as sound as a bell."

"I know well what I owe you, Metford, old chap," said the convalescent in a grateful tone, and with an affectionate grasp of the biceps of the doctor's nearest arm. "You don't appear to be aware of it, but you're a long way the cleverest medicine man in London, head and shoulders above all the rest of 'em. If you weren't such a confoundedly modest beast—"

"Skilful!" interjected his physician, in much confusion. "You cut thick how I hate that kind of talk!"

"Nevertheless, I mean it, old chap! Just you think the matter over seri-

ously. Well, a procees, says later Jess says that Miss Wethered—who, by the way, comes of tolerably good stock—was very different from the ordinary professional nurse, and that, during those weeks when my very valuable life hung on a slender thread, she absolutely sacrificed herself to save me. My recovery, Jess says, is due entirely to her devotion. Not very complimentary to you, eh?"

"Mrs. Trevelyan is modest and every other grace personified!" declared Dr. Metford. "So far as I could see, she sacrificed herself almost, if not quite, as significantly as—as the 'old nurse'."

"Be that as it may," persisted Winston. "I have chatted the matter over very seriously with my sister, and she says, imprimis, that Mary Wethered is, barring the wings, an angel; secondly, that the said angel without wings would make a jewel of a wife, and thirdly and most troublesomely, that I shall be the most ungrateful beast on earth and the stupidest old duffer if I don't straightway let the lady know I think so. Unfortunately, as I protested to my sister, and have admitted to you, I can't honestly say that I am the least bit in love with Miss Wethered. I like her very much, you know, and all that sort of thing, possibly more than I like any other girl of my acquaintance—and I have reason to believe that she is not entirely indifferent to me, and that if I only—"

The doctor's lips curved scornfully, involuntarily, and a glow of color that was hardly a blush suffused his face.

"And Jess tells me," continued the young officer imperturbably, "that I might do a very much worse thing than marry Mary Wethered. You know, old chap, I've had a devil of a life in India and elsewhere! Terrible lot of racketing! My army men, you know—I so, you see, old fellow, I—er—oh—you know—I—well—er—love is for me a dream of the joyful past, and not a vision of the future. Miss Wethered's knowledge of nursing might be invaluable to me."

Metford groaned audibly. "It must not be!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Shall not be!" he muttered inwardly. "You don't love the girl, you have admitted; you are not half as fond of her as of that newest pup of yours; I would die to save her half a moment's pain, and I don't suppose she cares a straw for me," he reflected bitterly. I feel like kicking you."

He looked like kicking, likewise. "Kick me, or thump me, or do what you will, old chap! My feeling is just this: I am a worthless sort of fellow, have gone the pace, and don't deserve the love of any woman in the world—"

"What man ever did?" growled Metford. "Oh, but you haven't a notion what a thorough bad lot I've been! Don't look so unbelieving!" proceeded the kickworthy convalescent. "I was going to tell you something that Jess told me which makes me tolerably sure that Miss Wethered—but you would only scoff. I never knew such a fellow as you, upon my word!"

Metford smiled illegibly. "The position is a very simple one," he said. "Assuming that, from what your sister has been—pardon me for saying so—wisely suggesting to you, Mary—I mean, Miss Wethered—cares enough for you to marry you, a worthless and heartless but tolerably good-looking chap like you, who, as you justly remark, don't deserve the love of any woman, nor, for that matter, the succession to one of the oldest and wealthiest baronetcies in England—"

"He paused, his face white and drawn, lines visible upon it that were not there when his debate began. "You haven't any love to offer her, you don't know what love is. You merely want to cancel a supposed debt of gratitude by offering her your looks, your wealth—everything you have except the only thing that a woman like Mary Wethered hungers for!"

"He was becoming eloquent, too eloquent, and he perceived it.

"Love will come later," Winston answered confidently. "Gratitude is said to be akin to love. The girl is not quite my style," I admit, but I like her. I don't do old chap! She is passably good-looking, although, I suppose, one could hardly call her pretty—"

"Sings well, sufficiently well, that is, for drawing room purposes. Don't look so beastly scornful! Of course you can't appreciate anything humbler than Italian opera. She plays the piano tolerably well as well as Jess does, takes chess, sings, and has, I must say, the softest voice imaginable. Whatever you may choose to do, you did, calculating cynic, I am more inclined to leave with my sister, Jess, that if I return to India without asking that girl to be my wife I shall be the stupidest, most ungrateful and most contemptible beast on earth."

"I warn you," said Metford warmly, "that if you pretend to love Miss Wethered and let her pledge herself to love you, you will regret yourself within a week, and the girl will find you out and be the most miserable woman on God's earth. You won't listen to my words of wisdom, of course; for of all the pig-headed, obstinate mules—"

"A somewhat mixed metaphor," laughed Winston, unabashed.

"Mixed metaphor be hanged! Be a man and a gentleman! Go away undecided, and if, after you have had six months to think about it, you feel something more than gratitude stirring within your bosom, get six months' leave, return to England, insert your head into the matrimonial noose—and be hanged to you!"

"Really old cynic!" declared the blase lieutenant. "I like your confounded impudence talking about love! Why, I do not believe you possess even the rudiments of a heart! Damned good chap, all the same! You shall be my best man. Tomorrow or the next day I shall invite a hyperbolic epistle to Miss Mary, asking whether she cares enough for a fellow to wait for him until he gets his captaincy. It may be years, as the song says, but I flatter myself I am well worth waiting for, and I don't propose to take the risk and of any other fellow—a cold-blooded chap like you, for instance—stepping into the ring during my absence."

Metford was speechless with contempt. That Winston should have proved himself such an unmitigated cad!

The funny part of it was that Miss Wethered, who was taking a brief rest at the seaside, received two letters by the morning's mail—one from the unmitigated cad, thanking her "ever

so much" for all her kindness to him during his protracted illness, the other from the "beastly old cynic," the reply to which—it seems almost like sacrilege to print it—was as follows: "Dear Dr. Metford: I am so glad! How glad I can not tell you! I have loved you ever since the day that I first met you; but I never dared to hope that I should be honored with your love. Very sincerely yours, MARY WETHERED."

And this is the letter that sister Jess wrote a day or two thereafter to her graceless brother:

"My Darling Boy: You did it beautifully. If I were queen, you should be decorated with a cross for most conspicuous gallantry. I know how fond of the girl you had become, and what it must have cost you to act as you did. It was very hard work, wasn't it, poor boy? Mary is overjoyed. Some day, when she has been married a year or so, I may let her into part of the secret of our conspiracy. But 'mum's the word' for the present."—The Sketch.

SIGHTS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

An automobile and bicycle palace, with an arena for races and exhibitions.

Electric ships on the river Seine that will go at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

A Japanese temple and Oriental gardens, with dancing Gelsha girls from Tokio.

An American corn palace, with walls of cornstalks and tower made of corn-cobs.

A reproduction of the city of Venice, with its water streets, gondolas and ancient palaces.

The biggest wine cask in the world, 45 feet high, with its top used as a dancing pavilion.

The panorama of the world, which will represent a trip around the world in sixty minutes.

A restoration of the buried city of Pompeii, with Roman men and matrons in the costumes of eighteen hundred years ago.

LIGHTS AND SIDELIGHTS.

"Dis paper," remarked Hungry Hawkes, "is remarkable. The great man is most unconventional. His attire is always a quite ingenious negligence. Dat's too deep for me."

"Well," replied Harvard Hasben, "that merely means he's one of us, only he's got money."—Philadelphia Press.

"Forgive me, my dear," said the gossip, humbly. "but I thoughtlessly mentioned to Mrs. Brown the things that you told me in strict confidence."

"There is nothing to forgive," replied the wise woman, pleasantly. "It was for that very purpose that I told them to you in strict confidence."—Chicago Post.

Plaville—There are only two kinds of bachelors.

Myrtle—And who are they?

Plaville—Those who are too timid to propose, and those who are too courageous.—Indianapolis Journal.

LIGHTS AND SIDELIGHTS.

Hoax—Is Hardluck the sort of fellow one could trust?

Joax—Well, if you trust him once you'll distrust him forever.—Philadelphia Record.

Miss Faydid—I'm sorry to have to say "No," but you might have read the refusal in my face.

Mr. Fresh—I'm not good at reading between the lines.—Ex.

"I always get a cook as soon as I advertise for one," said Mrs. Kosdick, adding Mrs. Gazzoni. "I advertise for a cook for a small family; and so on, but get poor results."

"I always advertise for a lady cook," explaining Mrs. Fosdick.—Detroit Journal.

ON THE BEACH.

Agnes—Just look at Dolly's bathing robe.

Mary—Loan me your marine glass, dear.—Philadelphia North American.

"What is a furlough?" asked the teacher.

"It means a horse," was the reply of Mary.

"Oh, no," replied the teacher. "It doesn't mean a horse."

"Indeed it does," said Mary. I have a book at home that says so."

"Well," said the teacher, now thoroughly interested, "you may bring the book to school and we'll see about it."

The next day Mary brought the book and in some triumph opened to a page where there was a picture of a soldier riding a horse. Below the picture were the words: "Going home on his furlough."—Pearson's Weekly.

Little Elmer—Papa, what is a politician?

Professor Broadhead—A politician, my son, is a man who hungers and thirsts to sacrifice himself for his country in times of peace.

Summer Boarder—What is the maximum temperature here?

Farmer Backwoods—I can't say exactly, but you can bet it's as maximum as it is anywhere!

Some women expend more nervous energy in getting a lot of clothes together for a summer vacation at the seashore than they can regain during twice that time.

In Darkest Africa.—First Chief—That's a dandy new war club you have. Second Chief—Isn't it a beauty? If I could soak some white man with that, his burden wouldn't bother him!—Puck.

Aunt Mchitable (reading the police court news)—Well, well! there's one thing I'd never do, if I had fifty children, I'd never name one of them Alas. Seems as if they're sure to do wrong.—Judge.

CASTORIA. The Kid You Have Always Bought. Signature of J. C. Watson.

CHINA AND THE ORIENT

INTERESTING SERMON BY BISHOP EARL CRANSTON

At the First M. E. Church on Sunday—Conditions in Asia—Frampt Action Urgently Required.

Bishop Earl Cranston, of the M. E. church, who recently returned from an extended visit in Japan, Korea and China, spoke to a large audience at the First M. E. church Sunday morning, his subject being: "China and the Work of the Missionaries." His intimate knowledge of conditions at the seat of the present trouble in the Orient, together with his splendid oratorical powers, secured for him the closest attention of his hearers.

The Bishop emphasized the importance of prompt action by the Government in sending troops to the rescue of the missionaries and foreign residents in Pekin, and declared that he would have cut all the red tape in the world to have delivered the Americans from the impending danger. While admitting that to the aggressions of foreigners was largely due the prevailing conditions, he said that the work of the missionaries was not the cause of the trouble and that their actions were in every way defensible.

The people know but little of the work the missionaries are attempting to do, because they do not study the question, but the church and those whose duty it is to direct it, are more capable of speaking intelligently on the subject than anyone else. He described Taku as being surrounded by a vast plain sprinkled over with the graves of the dead, built up in mounds above the general surface of the land.

The action of the water and running water have torn down many of these and exposed their occupants to view. In this same plain are dug out reservoirs in which salt water is confined, to be evaporated for the salt it will produce. This crude and filthy product is shipped to various ports of China to supply the very necessary want.

There are no roads except in the northern part of China, and military operations will be carried on with extreme difficulty. The cart with a horse, cow or mule hitched was the ordinary means of road transportation and sometimes you find all three of these animals hitched in a single team. The Bishop only saw one four wheeled vehicle while in China, and that belonged to a missionary who had imported the wheels from San Francisco.

The streets of Pekin are extremely crooked and narrow, and upon the main thoroughfare you may find the meat vender butchering his hogs and sheep in plain view of the crowds thronging the ways. The city has poor sanitary facilities and every depression becomes a cess pool. Dogs, which are found in great number, are the scavengers for the city.

The inhabitants of all classes are deserving as being very superstitious, and a number of instances are given to indicate to what extent this is true. A man supposed to be born on an unlucky day wears a ring in his nose to keep off evil. By official order a south wall, which had been painted red by the missionaries, was ordered torn down on the ground that a red south wall invited fire to destroy the city.

The south gate of the city is closed to traffic and the west gate is supposed to be a barrier against a flood. A foreigner secured a right from the Government to sink a mine and when he began his work the people in the vicinity became terrified, claiming that the shaft sunk would pierce the dragon's neck. The people paid the man 4000 taels to desist from his work.

The education of the people consists of learning 10,000 characters, and to repeat from memory the sayings of Confucius and other sages of the distant past. The process of education clings China to the past, and under it the Chinese cannot become a progressive people. The struggle for bread begins very early with the Chinese and lasts through life; this has made him very cunning, and no dependence can be placed in anything he says in a business transaction.

There is no such thing as a free lunch among them. The officials of the government live by plunder from the people and 50 per cent of the taxes levied go to the official classes.

The missionaries' work is not what it is supposed to be. They teach reading, arithmetic, geography and history. The people must be taught to think before they will break loose from their old ideas and superstitions. Religion is taught incidentally, and the schools are the primary and most important part of the missionaries' work.

The true Christian missionary has little of any responsibility for the trouble that now exists in China. It was said of this nation a few years ago that it could not live half slave and half free. The Bishop declared that the world was smaller than the nation was then, and that it cannot live half civilized and half barbarian. The irrepressible conflict has extended its lines to include the world. The contest is on and must be settled on the bloody fields of war or through Christian diplomacy.

A Monster Devil Fish Destroying its victim, is a type of Constipation. The power of this murderous malady is felt on organs and nerves and muscles and brain. There is health till it's overcome. But Dr. King's New Life Pills are a safe and certain cure. Best in the world for Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. Only 25 cents at DR. STONE'S drug stores.

WHY SHE WENT TO HOSPITAL. Woman Who Had Not Slept in a Real Bed for Ten Years.

There is something positively pathetic to me in the words of a department woman whom I ran across yesterday afternoon. I hadn't seen her for several weeks, and she told me she'd been taking a two weeks' vacation.

"No," she answered; "I've been in a hospital. There wasn't anything the matter with me—not even nervousness; but I was tired and wanted to go somewhere where I could sleep in a real bed. You know I've been in Washington ten mortal years, and in all that time I've never slept in a bed. My sister and I took a house when I

came here and my father bought me a sofa in the parlor. It was one of those sofas that split in the middle and open out into an imitation of a bed. It hadn't any footboard, so there was not any way of tucking in the covers at the bottom. For two years I slept there, and six nights out of seven the covers pulled off my feet.

When sister married I gave up the house and took a room in a big apartment house. I had only one room, so I had to make it look like a sitting room during the day in order that I might have a place to receive my friends. I couldn't bear the idea of a boarding-house parlor. Well, first I had a folding bed that looked like a wardrobe. It fell on me once and nearly killed me, so I traded it off for a sofa. For two years I slept on that. It wasn't wide enough to stretch out on. Later I bought a divan and had soft pillows and a cover for it. It hadn't any footboard, of course, and it hadn't any sides to hold the covers on, and it hadn't any headboard to keep the pillows from falling out at night and giving my head jerks that nearly broke my neck.

"For ten years I've slept in a scraggy way. My whole existence has been a sham. The make-believe bed has been the symbol of it. Two weeks ago I went to the hospital. I had a bed that didn't try to be anything else. I had a bolster and a white bedspread. I had a bed wide enough to sleep crosswise in—a bed that was a bed by day as well as by night. I've been to the springs, and the mattress is on the seashore, but I've never been anywhere where I was so happy as in that hospital. I stayed in bed two whole weeks doing nothing but getting solid comfort out of that bed. I am content now to go back to my divan and my shams. I've had two weeks of the real thing, and my soul is made over new within me."—Washington Post.

THEN SHE MISSED IT. Wiggs—Poor old son! She doesn't believe as much in the efficacy of prayer as she did.

Wiggs—You surprise me. She has always been so extremely religious.

Wiggs—Yes, but the other day she got ready to go into the city, and then she discovered that she had only ten minutes in which to catch the train. So she knelt before the Lord, she started, and for five minutes prayed fervently that she might catch it.

AN ADVOCATE OF PEACE. Collier's Weekly says: "You ran at the first fire, didn't you?" said the colonel of a colored regiment that distinguished itself during the war of the rebellion.

"Yes, sah," was the unblushing reply. "an' I would have run soonah if I had knowed it was conah."

"But have you no regard for your reputation, Sam?"

"Reputation is nuffin to me, sah, by the side of life."

"Well, if you lost your life you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would dat be to me, sah, when de power of fellin' it was gone?"

"Then patriotism is nothing to you, Sam?"

"Nuffin! whateber, sah."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance."

"Yes, sah, dat's so; dere would hab been no help for it. I wouldn't put my life into de scales 'gainst any government that ober existed for no government could replace de loss to me. I 'spect, though, dat de government would be safe 'nuff if all de soldiers were like me, as an dere could be no fittin'."

FACTS ABOUT HONEY. It is a notorious fact that pure white clover honey is a scarce commodity in the market. Much honey that is sold as such is a preparation of glucose. It is pronounced to be as good as honey, and in this way the stard conscience is salved over. But the conscience is not soothed by the thought that as much is asked for cheap glucose as the honest man receives for the genuine article. To sell glucose for honey, at honey prices, is fraud. There are abundant laws against such frauds; but there is no provision for loss to one cutting the law. In all large communities there should be established a department especially charged with the execution of laws. At present, little is done some citizens or organization complains. It costs a fortune for any one person to get justice in most cases.—Mechanics Monthly for July.

INFESTED BY VICIOUS ANIMALS. A new species of animal, which appears to be a hybrid between a dog and a wolf, infests the southern portion of Wayne county, Missouri. The animals have large claws and climb trees as readily as a catamount.

Several hunters have been dangerously injured by the animals springing on them from the limbs of trees. Yesterday a daughter of Jesse Osborne was crossing a pasture when one of the animals attacked her, mauling her so that death resulted.

The beasts bark like a dog, run like a deer and show all the symptoms of a dog affected with hydrophobia. They fatally overrun the woods.

NEW VARIETIES OF GRAIN. A cable dispatch to the New York Sun notes an something wonderful that, on the experimental farm of the Earl of Winchester, new varieties of grain have been raised by crossing. Raising new varieties in this way is not a novelty. But the Earl deserves credit for doing so much in the line he has done. It is one of the surprises that more is not done in the way of raising new fruits, vegetables and grains by crossing varieties, than by the usual easy-going course of watching for accidental sports. When we remember the wonderful results achieved by Rogers and Jacob Moore, nearly a generation ago, with the artificial crossing of the native and foreign grape, one might reasonably hope for more laborers in this promising field.—Mechanics Monthly for July.

His Little Joke.—In wandering near the sea rocks of St. Helena General Craze picked up a piece of broken glass. "What is this?" enquired the general. "It looks like a piece of lamp shade," responded his wife. "It's! Perhaps it is the shade of Napoleon!" One hour later the English general saw the joke and grinned.—Chicago News.