



Old Dutch Dunkards A couple of Washington county, Pennsylvanians, who have made and used HICKORY BARK COUGH REMEDY for seventy years, and reared a family of eleven children. For **Sure Pure** Sale by all dealers everywhere **Sure Cure**

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UNDER THE VINE AND FIG TREE

(WRAPPING PAPER TALKS BY THE COLONEL.)

C. H. Ekin shows us a receipt given by his father, R. H. Ekin, a farmer among the pioneers, for his income tax \$15.15 paid to R. C. Crawford. The receipt is funny in one way as it shows the money paid to Crawford but the receipt is made out and signed by Geo. A. Edes. It is dated Feb. 1, 1866, and in those days there were no printed forms. It is more than likely that farmers would kick now to have to pay an income tax. But they have other things to kick for that are just as handy and so they are not deprived of the pleasure. Mr. Ekin has an old account book of his father's that goes back to 1838, and a desk that was made by Lewis Westcott. Once in a while his children get hold of the papers and scatter them around, and it is just such little treasures as the above receipt that tell the history of the past.

What is pleasanter than the remembrances of kind friends. Here is an old friend who has for many years been in the saloon business, and a kinder-hearted man you would hunt a long way to find. Well, knowing that we have no very great fondness for drink of any kind, he goes and buys a keg of sweet cider and sends it to us. Another dear friend, who has taken holy orders, sends us a fine box of grapes—express prepaid, and writes a very kind letter in German which touches our heart. Here is a man who is generally condemned by church people, and another who belongs to an ancient and holy order of priesthood—and both are our friends and in the bottom of our heart we believe both are better disposed men than we are, and if there is a lodging place in the vast forever where the kind-hearted will have hereafter we know they will both be surer of their title to that

celestial rest than we have ever been able to make ourself think that we were.

The stage is playing up the Devil as a money-maker more than ever. As a last resort, the personification of evil has always drawn the attention of the world. That character has no place in this department, although fabled to have once made fig-leaves a fashion. Harris Grey Fiske (12 West 14th St., N. Y.) prints this skit on "The Two Devils":

Of Plays and Attractions we've had not a few,
With here and there Plays—that were Homilies, too,
When the Stage plays the Pulpit—I leave it to you;
For the sake of fair play—give the Devil his due—
And I think you'll agree as a fact "on the level"
It was up to the Stage to—well, just play the devil.

A play was produced with a devil so swell
That rumors were out of rebellion in Hell:
The Imps held a meeting and voted pele-mele
Old Nick "A Back Number," "Down-and-outer" as well,
And I think you'll agree as a fact "on the level"

All this was enough to drive Nick to the devil.

Old Nick came to town, and his wonderment grew,
Instead of one Devil he found there were two.
He smiled in the Garden "Vieux Jeu, I preceive,
That devil's as old as Mephisto or Eve."
And I think you'll agree as a fact "on the level"

Old Nick ought to know when a man plays the devil.

He heard of a devil named Arillas and Fiske,
So he dusted his boots, with his tail as a whisk,
And sat through the play. Then exclaimed with a shout,

"My kingdom is lost, since my secret is out."
And I think you'll agree as a fact "on the level"
"Every man his own Satan is death death to the devil."

If Hughes is licked for governor of New York he can blame it to cigarettes. A moral reformer with the cigarette habit is not impressive as a great national figure. We are not yet erecting statues to the deluded victims of the coffin-nail habit.

There is real old Uncle Sam carrying on a land lottery again at Dallas, S. D. A great many thousand envelopes containing titles to land, and many blanks, are thrown on a platform and a little blindfolded girl is sent to pick up and hand out the prizes. A lottery, an allotment, a prize drawing, prohibited by law and Uncle Sam the law breaker. But it seems they draw lots in the Bible times. It is probably the only absolutely fair way to do some things. Besides, there is a great deal of difference between a lottery to make money and an allotment to settle differences.

What is home with a mother-cat and a batch of kittens once in a while, and dame nature looks after that. That home is not complete, especially if it has a lot of children in it. This leads us to say a word about cats in general and one cat in particular. A lady placed an advertisement in this paper for a fine snow white Tommycat with the eponymous and dramatic name of Peter Pan. It seems Peter wandered away and the little girl in the family was sure he had been shot by a bird hunter and killed by a dog, he was so tame,

beautiful and attractive. Snow white and of a fine size and a gentle disposition, all kinds of things might have happened to Peter. Soon after the ad. appeared the lady was called up over the phone and some one started to tell about a cat—when the person broke down laughing and hung up the phone. The other evening Peter walked into the house as big as life and was as sleek and fat as if he had been living at a hotel. There was great rejoicing and the tears that had been shed by his little mistress were turned in rejoicing. The writer has forgotten what he started to say but it looks very much as if some lover of cats had entertained Peter at her house and he liked it so well that he did not wish to come home. Next will be a traveling library of cats.

We always liketo see any man better himself, and yet we do not know whether R. D. Gibson, a son of our friend, J. R. Gibson of Liberty, has bettered himself or not. He has just sold his farm on Prospect hill of 169 acres to Ed. Hartley, formerly of this city. His land corners on the Tilmon Ford farm, and is one of the sightliest places in the county. Prospect Hill commands a view of five counties on a clear day—Polk, Yamhill, Linn, Marion and Benton. When it is very clear you can see ten snow mountains and even look into Washington county and Clackamas county. Mr. Gibson farmed up on that hill so long, he got kind of tired of it and wanted to get onto some bottom land. He has some fine dairy cows and will now try to hold 40 acres of land suitable for dairying. He is a good careful farmer and we wish him luck in his charge, but we believe he has let go of some valuable land, and if the electric line is extended out that way it will become still more valuable. We look for all that country to be cut up into fruit tracts some day and dotted with suburban residences. Such changes are going to be made in these days of all-wool and a yard wide prosperity.

The United States has appointed a commission to inquire into the relations and conditions of the farmer and his hired man. This commission is composed of some of the big college presidents and is no doubt in-

tended to be an useful and honest undertaking. A lost list of questions is sent us to give information about how the farmers and their hired help are getting along out this way, whether they treat them right, how many hours they work them, what they feed them, whether they give them books to read and a chance to take a bath, and the daily papers, etc. We returned the blank with some pretty plain cussing in queen's English, as we do not regard it any of the government's business to investigate such affairs. These endless commissions and investigations make us tired. They all have a graft connected with them—hilarutin as they appear. Old Thomas Jefferson had a level head and when he generally advocated that the government mind its own business and let the citizens alone as much as possible he was about right. That commission ought to resign and go to work for a living at some honest business. The farmer and his hired man are getting along tolerable well, and do not need any high salaried commissioners to protect them against each other.

"The Working Girl's Song," written by Miss Hattie Monroe and dedicated to the Women's Trade Union league, touches a chord in the heart of all who sympathize with labor: Sisters of the whirling wheel
Are we all day:
Builders of a house of steel
On Time's highway:
Giving bravely, hour by hour,
All we have of youth and power.
Chorus:
Oh, lords of the house we rear
Hear us, hear!
Green are the fields in May-time,
Grants us our love-time, play-time.
Short is the day and dear.

Fingers fly and engines boom
The livelong day,
Through far fields when roses bloom
The soft winds play,
Vast the work is—sound and true
Be the tower we build for you!
Chorus:
Oh, lords of the house we rear,
Hear us, hear!
Green are the fields in May-time,
Grants us our love-time, play-time.
Short is the day and dear.

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Ours the future is—we face
The whole world's need,
In or hearts the coming race
For life's joy pleads.
As you make us—slaves or free—
So the men unborn shall be.
Chorus:
Oh, lords of the house we rear
Hear us, hear!
Green are the fields in May-time,
Grants us our love-time, play-time.
Short is the day and dear.

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It is worth more than any bread yet the price is as low for sale at your grocery.
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