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SALMON, IDAHO, THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1905.

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Say:

You will need a



For that big crop of hay None better than the McCormick F. W. HAMAN, Brown Block A A Salmon, Idaho.

LOSING MONEY ON HORSES

There are several ways of doing this—betting on the wrong one, making mistakes in trading etc., but the most frequent way is by neglecting their health just when the hard work of spring and summer is at hand. A great deal can be saved by asking for

W. B. Pyeatt, Ph. G. Druggist. SALMON, IDAHO.

It is a general tonic and appetizer, gives a fine, glossy coat, hardens the muscles and places the animal in the best condition for hard work. It costs 25c per pound. A pound of it is all medicine—nothing added to make it heavy and bulky.

W. B. Pyeatt, Ph. G. Druggist. SALMON, IDAHO.

A. Barrack,

Dealer in . . .

LUMBER

FLOORING CEILING PICKETS, ETC.

Kiln Dried Finished Lumber a Specialty.

Planing Mill at Yard Main St., Salmon, Idaho

Manager Wanted.

Trustworthy lady or gentleman to manage business in this country and adjoining territory for well and favorably known house of solid financial standing. \$20.00 straight cash salary and expenses, paid each Monday by check direct from headquarters. Expense money advanced. Position permanent. Address Manager, 810 Como Block, Chicago, Illinois.

To Buy Farms.

I have buyers for Idaho farms. If you want to sell, list with me or write for particulars.

Horace Grant, Kansas City, Mo. Heist Building.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

E. L. Hubbard DENTIST Established 1892. All work first-class and guaranteed. Salmon, Idaho.

Geo. A. Kenney Homeopathic Physician Chronic Diseases a Specialty Salmon, Idaho.

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J. C. Sinclair Attorney-at-Law Office Shoup Block Salmon, Idaho.

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DELOS SIMONS,

Breeder of . . .

THOROUGH-BRED POULTRY

Black Langshans Plymouth Rocks Silver Laced Wyandotts

For Sale, either Eggs or Fowls.

SALMON, IDAHO.

It's usually the alimony he has to pay that causes a man to figure in a divorce suit.

Tourist (in retired village).—"So that's the oldest inhabitant? One hundred and four years old? No wonder you're proud of him."

Native—"I dunno; he ain't done nothin' in this yer place 'cept grow old, and it's took him a sight 'o' time to do that."

A Bad Scare.

Some day you will get a bad scare, when you feel a pain in your bowels, and fear appendicitis. Safety lies in Dr. Kings New Life Pills, a sure cure for all bowel and stomach diseases, such as headache, biliousness, costiveness, etc. Guaranteed at W. C. Whitwell drug Co. and Guy Edwards drug store, only 25c. Try them.

At the Feet of Man.

Did you ever pass an hour in conversation with a botanist without realizing your woeful ignorance of "the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into?" Did you ever listen to the instructions of an astronomer without being impressed with the great realities that are moving about you and shining above you, wondering all the time that you had neglected these opportunities? Did you ever listen to the orations of the sage whose philosophy inspires him in prosperity and supports him in adversity, without realizing that at least some portion of your life had been wasted? Did you ever stand in the presence of a man who, reared in poverty had overcome all obstacles and climbed high into the tree of knowledge, learning so many things worthy of being known, and remembering everything he had learned, without feeling your own ignorance and your folly in failing to grasp what seemed beyond the reach of a man handicapped as you had never been?

The non-observing man sleeps upon his opportunities. Even the eminently practical may learn much to their advantage if they be not ashamed to give attention to little things and to show some concern for the lessons that may be learned even in seemingly insignificant affairs. There are all too many of us who are like the man of whom it was said: "A primrose by the river's brim a yellow primrose was to him, and it was nothing more." But as the astronomer could point out truth and beauty in the skies, as the philosopher could direct attention to beauty and truth in philosophy, so the botanist could show truth and beauty, and beauty and truth in the yellow primrose by the river's brim.

In every fact of creation, in every incident of life, in every love and in every passion, in every duty and in every sacrifice there is a lesson to be learned; and it will do the busy man no harm if he becomes more observing of the things that are not intimately associated with stocks and bonds, with purchase and with sale.

Recently in the city of Omaha happened an incident that ought to be carefully considered by every human being. It had the elements of tragedy and there was in it a bit of comedy, too. It was fraught with lessons of love and of life, lessons which might give courage to the hopeless, lessons which might inspire the prosperous.

A man, brought to the depths of despair through his own folly, feeling that his career of usefulness was at an end, went to the river's bank determined to end it all. Those who thought they knew this hopeless creature, might have been pardoned for concluding that it would have been just as well had the man been permitted to carry out his purpose. But something happened which saved this being from a suicide's grave. We are told that just as this man was about to plunge into the current of the Missouri some one threw a little dog from the bridge. Instantly the better nature of the would-be suicide was aroused. His desire to destroy his own life was forgotten in his consideration for the little animal struggling in the waves. Instead of plunging into the water bent upon taking the life which it was his duty to preserve and use for the benefit of the world—he plunged into the stream and rescued the little dog.

Newspaper reports say that "with the wet, shivering dog nestling in his arms," the wet, shivering man applied for shelter at the police station. He refused to part company with his little protege and the newspaper reports state, "when he went to sleep on the bench in the hall-way at the police station the little black dog was curled upon his breast."

The sufferings of the helpless dumb animal instantly appeal to the hearts of men. On the occasion of President Roosevelt's visit to the city of Lincoln a powerful dog jumped upon a smaller dog and was getting the better of him when half a dozen stalwart men rushed from the crowd, and taking the part of the smaller animal, beat off his assailant. It is well that men show such sympathy for the beast. But is it not strange that they do not show more sympathy for the man who, in some cases, through his own folly, in other cases, through no fault of his own, is made to feel that he has reached the end of his period of usefulness, that the world has turned against him, and that self-inflicted death must be his portion.

It requires no great effort to lend a helping hand to an intimate friend, temporarily suffering under adversity, but real heroism is displayed when, without hope of recompense and merely "in His name," we reach out into the darkness and the gloom enshrouding a human being who has lost all heart and believes himself to be beyond all help, and do our part in the effort to rescue the perishing. Many men will be surprised to learn how far even a kind word or the warm pressure of a hand will go toward changing, or perhaps preserving, the life of a fellow creature. Important as the lesson involved in the incident referred to may be to

the more prosperous man, the greater lesson is to the man who has lost hope. Words cannot describe the condition of "the man who has lost hope." That condition can be understood by one whose life has not been broken upon the wheel of adversity, only when he imagines what his own career would be if hope were entirely removed from it. One might imagine that it would be impossible to revive hope within the breast of the would-be suicide; but the fact that there was so much good in him that he forgot his own sorrows in the sympathy he had for a dumb creature, provides conclusive proof that even to that most hopeless man, life is worth living. The man who, under those circumstances, could display such love and tenderness, is capable, with a little encouragement, of conquering himself and proving to the world that it is better because he lived. He is but the representative of a type, and every one of his class is entitled to the tender sympathy and the substantial encouragement of his more fortunate fellows.

The finest tribute that could be paid to any man—and we must not forget that it may, in truth, be paid to many men—was given by Robert G. Ingersoll at his brother's grave when he said: "If everyone to whom he did some loving service were to lay a blossom on his grave he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers."

There are so many heartaches and so many tears, so much grief and so much sorrow, so many heavy crosses to be borne by disheartened men and frail women, that it ought to be the pleasure, as it is the duty, of their stronger fellows to lend a hand.

Every tear that falls in response to another's woe, every hand clasp meant to give reassurance to a faltering comrade, every word of encouragement uttered in the presence of a despairing creature, every sacrifice made by the prosperous for the unfortunate, provides healthy seed for fertile soil. It is, at once, a prayer and a benediction; a help to others and a help to one's self. It blesses him that gives and him that takes; and generous heart and grateful soul need give no audible utterance to the prayer which, although unspoken, breaths about the great white throne and there interprets itself, in the very language of Tiny Tim: "God bless us, every one."

If the busy man would but give some thought to the things going on about him in every hour of the day, he would learn that "the primal duties shine aloft like stars," and "the charities that soothe and heal and bless, are scattered at the feet of man like flowers."—Richard L. Metcalf, in the Commoner.

Utopian Japan.

Some interesting facts concerning the extent to which the Japanese have mastered the art of living and the attainment of genuine civilization, were presented by Mr. Samuel M. Fox at a meeting of the Japan Society of London, on February 8th. It appears that societies for the prevention of cruelty to children or animals are non-existent in Japan, for there is no need of them.

Work is not regarded as a degradation, but is undertaken with cheerfulness and artistic appreciation by both men and women.

Their cities spread forth in one-storyed houses with miniature gardens, instead of squalid courts and festering slums.

Their civilization makes the people happy and efficient. A Japanese recently remarked, "We should be ashamed to profess to follow the Sermon on the Mount and act as you do."

The ideal of life for women in Japan is to make those around them happy, and they thus grow up naturally to experience the bliss of self-abnegation and self-devotion, and exhibit a type of true womanhood that commands universal appreciation.

Mr. Fox is of the opinion that the happiness of the Japanese is largely owing to the fact that the national ideals are brought down to the market-place. And it would appear that such a condition of things has become attainable because the physical and moral health of the Japanese has not been undermined by centuries of carnal feeding and barbaric cruelty towards the sub-human races.

Nearly every farm hand thinks that he receives the smallest wages of any branch of labor. However the hand that is getting \$25 per month with board, washing and the keeping of his horse, is better paid than the book-keeper, the clerk or the tradesman who gets \$50 per month and has to pay board and laundry out of this.

The Simple Life—Doing your own work.

The Strenuous Life—Doing some other fellow's work.

The Modern Life—Getting some other fellow to do your work.

Some one Must Yield.

The Washington Post says: "We have read many times about threatened splits in the republican party, but somehow they don't materialize very frequently."

But it is evident at this time that something will happen to the republican party unless some republicans abandon their position.

A very large number of republicans insist that the shelter which the trusts find in the tariff must be destroyed. The tariff barons say that the maintenance of that shelter is a patriotic duty. If this difference is not settled to the satisfaction of the tariff baron the world knows that he will not tamely submit.

Mr. Roosevelt says that the interstate commerce commission too, must be given authority to fix railroad rates. The railroad managers and their representatives in the United States senate say "No." Somebody must yield on this point.

Mr. Roosevelt has, in effect, said that in spite of the republican claim that it is the duty of Americans to buy at home, even though they are required to pay more than they would if the purchase was made in a foreign market, the supplies for the Panama canal will be purchased abroad in order to avoid the impositions which the trust magnates seek to put upon the government.

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the American president, the other is the perfect faith of both powers that there is not one thought of political or commercial advantage behind the proffer of mediation.

Both Russia and Japan know that the United States government has no land hunger; that there is not an acre of any other nation's land that the United States covets, and not one commercial advantage that is not open to all the world. They also know that the president and people of the United States, while better prepared to carry on a long and fierce war than any other power, love peace better than any other nation, and that is because, as a nation, they are the freest and most generous race that ever held dominion in this old world.

Turning back for a reason, they quickly discover that ours are more blessed than any other people ever were: that not one oppressive law binds their free acts; that they are all free to do any legitimate thing, and that all the great new world's opportunities, either for fortune or for fame, are open to all her people alike.

From this they understand why, when a few years ago a call was made for volunteers to fight out a righteous war, the call was answered from every state by thousands and tens of thousands more men than the government could put in the field.

These things give to our country a prestige that no other nation since old Rome began to decline, has ever attained.

So when our president tendered his good offices to begin to open a way through which peace might be secured between those warring powers, neither thought of the individual, but of the majesty that clothes his office—the sovereign majesty of 90,000,000 free people who love peace more than any other people, though better prepared to meet a furious war than any other power.

This act of our president will add much to the splendor of his reputation, but it will be but a reflected splendor, the real glory belongs to our government and people.—Goodwin's Weekly.

The Lone Woman.

The lone woman is not the one who persistently and cheerfully conquers the difficulties of a solitary life, meeting its trials with a disarming smile and guarding herself against falling into that ineffably dreary state which is meant by the designation. Nor is it she who, delivered from all activity by ill health, possesses in rare perfection the art of self-effacement.

Lonely women are largely recruited from the ranks of the unmarried, but they are found in as great or even greater proportion where, apparently, harassed and harassing specimens of the genus wives and mothers, innocent sufferers, it may be, longing for the affection withheld from expression, wounded by the thoughtlessness which ignores their heart hunger, or so hampered by commonplace duties that they have neither time nor strength to keep up with the members of their own families, as these only enjoy the thrill and stimulus of a broader life, with its crowded opportunities.

The cheery single woman finds that she can be a comfort to others and do good service in various helpful ways, social, personal and charitable. Mothers soon learn that she is one of their faithful aids. Little children love her, as she enters into their amusements and sympathizes with their small griefs. Young men and maidens confide their pretty secrets to her discretion and older people enjoy the delicate attentions she delights to bestow.—Ada M. Kreeker.

Idaho's Modern Ananias.

"Yes, sir," said Dad Lorton, as the crowd of agriculturists seated themselves round a little table; "yes, sir, we do things on rather a sizeable scale. I've seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the spring and plow a straight furrow until autumn. Then he turned around and harvested back. We have some big farms up here gentlemen. A friend of mine owned one which he had to give a mortgage on, and I pledge you my word the mortgage was due on one end before they could get it recorded at the other.

And the worst of it is, it breaks up families so. Two years ago I saw a whole family prostrated with grief—women yelling, children howling and dogs barking. One of my men had his camp truck packed on seven four-mule-teams, and he was going around bidding everybody good-bye."

"Where was he going?"

"He was going half-way across the farm to feed the pigs," replied Mr. Lorton.

"Did he ever get back to his family?"

"It isn't time for him yet. Up there they start young married couples out to milk the cows, and their children bring home the milk."

—Cambridge News.

Hit the Trail.

The call comes, strong and insistent, Out of the West, Oh, hark! Follow through hail and sun the trail Blazed by Lewis and Clark!

On with the blanket and saddle, Ride like the devil possessed, Swart on the way by night and day Hit the trail to the West!

Sting of the wind in our faces, Crunching of hoofs on sand, Whate'er betide, pause not, but ride Straight to the promised land.

Whiteness of sails on the ocean, Gleaning of gold in the hills, Glory of grain on the harvest wain, Curling of smoke from the mills.

Off with the saddle and blanket, Kindle our hearthfire's spark, Here's all hail to the westward trail Blazed by Lewis and Clark.

(Price poem by Mrs. A. A. Lindsey of Portland.)

Is it a Square Deal?

Theodore Roosevelt is President of the United States. It's a great bother to have the chief magistrate killed, in office. It disorganizes everything, and puts the nerves of everybody on painful tension, like the strings of a piano just tuned.

Ought the executive to expose the country to the confusion, danger, and chaos of a change in the succession, by taking such hazards as he faces every hour on his present hunting trip? He indulges in breakneck horseback rides in snowy mountains, chasing wolves pell-mell, and is liable to bad accidents any moment.

He rages and lusts after bears—what if a healthy old grizzly should hunt him to a finish? There will be dozens and scores of chances to be killed, or badly hurt, daily. He is in constant peril, though he fears nothing. Is it "a square deal" to the people, his taking such chances? We think he has no more right to do that than he would have to face mobs or a mania, or an assassin. While he is president, he ought not to invite possible accidents and disasters. His horse might stumble and fling him with fatal force, or fall on him, or drag him. A gun might accidentally go off in such a party "frenzied" with excitement while in at the killing, and he catch the ball. A bear might get him. The country is in suspense all the time the strenuous, fearless, reckless man is out heeding "the call of the wild."

He has no business to be out on a wanton killing expedition, anyhow. His taste is the residuum of the barbarian in a highly civilized man. He is killing wild animals just to gratify his "berserker rage" to shed blood and take life. He does not want wolves or bears for food, and not for their pelts except as trophies; a taste as low and brutal as that of an Indian. It is not one whit more respectable than a child's pulling the wings off from flies, or a boy killing song-birds with niggershots. It is the old, aboriginal savage instinct, and worse, and more out of place in a civilized, cultivated man than in a naked cave man, who did need the animal's flesh for food and its skin for clothing. The ancient hunting by that poor creature, hungry and shivering, was justifiable—he did not kill out of cruelty or malignity or naive aforesaid thought, but from sheer necessity. The president of the United States, rich in his own right, and getting \$50,000 a year, can buy all the bear and wolf meat his man cries for, in the market, and he need not shoot down these wild animals as white men, falsely called "sportsmen," wantonly exterminated the buffalo, for fun. The president is setting a bad example to people, especially the young people of this country, by this wanton, wicked, unnecessary and cruel slaughter of wild animals. It is the only bad trait in his character. In other respects he is an admirable, picturesque man. This streak of cruelty and savagery in him makes one suspect that his humanitarianism may be full of blowholes. A truly merciful man is merciful to his beast, to all beasts. There is Scripture for it. Does this bloody streak in his mental constitution account for his adoration of the "big stick" and a big navy and a general swashbuckler air and manner towards the world? The press would lots rather have him stick to boxing and jiu jitsu.—Boston Transcript.

Now and then farmers think they will live longer and be happier if they leave the old place and go where they will not have to work. It is a mistake, and they find it so, sooner than they desire. It is not work that kills; work keeps men alive. A farmer may live without anything to eat, for a while. He can go without very fine clothes, and still be comfortable; but without work he soon finishes his course on this old earth.—Exchange.

Puzzled.

"I called on our new neighbor, Mrs. Nurich, this afternoon, and ever since I came home I have been wondering."

"What about?"

"I smelled gasoline the minute I entered the house, and I've been wondering whether Mrs. Nurich had just returned from an auto ride, or whether she had been cleaning her gloves."

—Cambridge News.

A Berlin scientist has discovered a medicine to cure laziness, but some people are too lazy to take the medicine.