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Studio Open Every Saturday

Notice of Meeting of Stockholders of The Oregon Interurban Railway Company.

Notice is hereby given to all stockholders of The Oregon Interurban Railway Company that a meeting of the stockholders of said Company will be held in the circuit court room, in the Court House, in the City of Oregon, Holt County, Missouri, on **THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27th, A. D. 1908,** at 9 o'clock a. m., of that day and continued during at least three hours, unless the object for which the meeting is called be accomplished sooner; that the object for which said meeting is called is to have submitted and voted upon a proposition to issue the first mortgage bonds of the said company in the sum of Thirty Thousand Dollars, (\$30,000) the proceeds of which may be used for the necessary to be used for the completion and equipment of said company's road. Said bonds are to run for a period of Twenty years, payable at the option of the Company on and after five years.

By order of the Board of Directors, this August 1st, 1908.
Attest:—LEWIS L. MOORE, Secretary.
B. F. MORGAN, President.
1st Insertion, August 7, 1908.

For Sale.
54 acres, all in Alfalfa, hog-tight fence all around, and cross fenced. Four-room house, three down stairs and one up stairs; barn, hog sheds, corn cribs and hay barn. Good well and running spring. Plenty of fruit, apples, peaches, plums and strawberries. 40 tons alfalfa hay. 150 head of stock hogs in good condition and healthy. Call on or address, **W. A. SITES, Forest City, Mo., Route, No. 3.**

FARM FOR SALE.
The farm known as the Wm. Brodbeck place, consisting of about 105 acres, and lying just half way between Oregon and Forest City, and 1 1/2 miles distant from each, is now offered for sale. Seventy acres in cultivation, about 15 of which is in orchard. A small house, good spring, plenty of post timber. Electric light and water line extends along one side of this land for a distance of 1/2 mile. Oregon is the county seat of Holt county, and Forest City is a thriving town on the B. & M. railroad. See or address, **W. J. BRODBECK, Oregon, Missouri.**

W. S. WOOD, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office Over Zook & Roecker Bank, OREGON, MO.
Home Phone, 61. Mutual Phone 59.

Drs. Josephine and Sylvia Priddy, OSTEOPATHS.
Office in Seeman Building, West Side of Square.
Day and Night Calls Promptly Attended
Home Phone, 87. Mutual Phone, 104.

W. L. KENNEY, M. D., Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist.
Sixth and Edmond, St. Joseph, Missouri. Correspondence solicited.

WANTED—SEVERAL INDUSTRIOUS PERSONS in each state to travel for house established eleven years and with a large capital to call upon merchants and agents for successful and profitable line. Permanent engagement. Weekly cash salary of \$18 and all traveling expenses and hotel bills advanced in cash each week. Experience not essential. Mention reference and enclosed self-addressed envelope. **THE NATIONAL, 324 Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.**

WANTED—FAITHFUL PERSON TO TRAVEL for well established house in a few counties, calling on retail merchants and agents. Local territory. Salary \$1024 a year and expenses advanced. Position permanent business successful and rushing. Standard House, 324 Dearborn St. Chicago.

Teacher (after explaining the character of the Pharisee)—And now what do we mean by a "hypocrite"? Pupil—Please, miss, a man who says he is not he isn't, but he ain't.—Punch.

HARRY DUNGAN, Attorney-at-Law Oregon, Mo.
Administrator's Notice.
Notice is hereby given, that Letters of Administration on the estate of Allen T. Bloomer, deceased, were granted to the undersigned, on the 31 day of July, 1908 by the Probate Court of Holt County, Missouri. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance to the administrator within one year after the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of said estate; and if such claims be not exhibited within two years from the date of this publication, they shall be forever barred.
WATSON BLOOMER, Administrator.
First Insertion August 7, 1908.

EASY TO REMEMBER ANY DATE.

Rhyme Will Fix Days of Week of Every Month.
The following lines, committed to memory, give an easy method of stating offhand the day of the week of any date in 1908:
Just a mother's arms, my Joann Jean;
A spell o'er Nature's dream.
The number of letters in each word represents the date of the first Saturday in the particular month to which it corresponds; thus, "Just," for January, has four letters, because the first Saturday in January is the fourth of that month; "a," representing February, has one letter, as the first Saturday in February is the first day of that month; and so on through all the 12 months.
Each word of the 12, excepting the "a," begins with the same letter as the month it represents. Thus, "Just" begins with "J" because January begins with "J"; "mother's" begins with "m" because March begins with "m"; and so on all through, with the exception of "a" for February.
Having obtained the dates of the first Saturdays, the date of every other Saturday in the month is got by the addition of the necessary number of sevens, from which it is but a step to any intermediate day.—Stray Stories.

COMPLAINED OF THE DISCORD.

Clarinet Player Had Real Grievance Against Loud Snorer.
A traveling man who recently put up at a hotel in Trenton was violently awakened the first night of his stay by a terrific pounding on the door. Hastily jumping out of bed, the traveling man jerked open the door, when there was presented to his astonished sight the spectacle of an excited German frantically waving his arms and sputtering away for dear life.
"What's wrong?" demanded the traveling man, amazed.
"You vos wrong! Dot's vot de matter!" exclaimed the Teuton, shaking his fist beneath the other's nose, "you vos all wrong!"
The man who had been so rudely awakened could make no reply to this strange accusation; but instead stood gazing stupidly at his midnight visitor.
"I dell you you vos all wrong!" reiterated the German, assuming a still more threatening posture. "I am a clarinet blayer in de next room! I cannot blay vile you snore like dot! You snore all de vay from B to G! I cannot blay, sir, I cannot blay vile you snore in dot manner! You schpold dot drives me vild."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

The Institution Smell.
A reporter, at the end of a tour of the eastern penitentiary in Philadelphia, said:
"What I like about this place is that I don't notice here that unpleasant and peculiar smell which I have always found heretofore in prisons, almshouses, reformatories and such-like places."
"The institution smell is what you allude to," said the resident surgeon, with a gratified smile.
"What causes it?" asked the reporter.
"Dirt," was the reply. "This odd and nauseating smell, as alike in the most distant institutions as two bottles of the same cologne are alike, is caused by dirt, and the conductors of prisons and almshouses and reformatories feel that they have reached the height of perfection in their work when they succeed, by eternal cleansing, in driving this smell away.
"A criterion of institution management is the institution smell."

Japanese Wedding Ring.
Mrs. Post Wheeler has what perhaps no other woman in the United States has—a Japanese wedding ring. For Hallie Ermine Rives, as she is known to the literary world, was married in Japan to Post Wheeler, secretary of the American legation. Although the Episcopal ceremony was used she chose the Japanese marriage symbol in preference to that of her own country. It is a little wider than the ordinary band and is beautifully carved in oriental design. Between the chased work are inserted Japanese characters that read: "My beloved is mine and I am his." This is the favorite sentiment for the oriental wedding. This sentiment is repeated several times around the band.

Servant's Tribute to "Ouida."
On a little writing table at the foot of the bed on which "Ouida" died, the British vice-consul at Lakehorne found reverently arranged by her unlettered servant two writing quills. He had gone thither to attend "Ouida's" funeral, and he remarks: "The honor thus spontaneously rendered by symbols takes us back to the origins of armorial bearings, and it impresses, it is surely the one which would have appealed to her most of all." What more tender, more simple, expression of appreciation could have marked the ending of "Ouida's" stormy life than the crossing of these quills! It was most significant.

Self-Watering Potatoes.
A number of congressmen were one day informally discussing the work of the experts attached to the department of agriculture. One of the representatives was inclined to poke fun at the new methods. "These chaps," said he, "remind me of a crank farmer in Kansas, who proposed to plant onions with his potatoes, the idea being that the tear-making qualities of his onions might act on the eyes of the potatoes and thus render the latter crop self-irrigating."—Harper's Weekly.

Church Directories.

Presbyterian Church.
Rev. James M. Walton, Pastor.
Sabbath School at 9:30 every Sabbath.
Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.
Prayer Service Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m.
Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
Woodville every Sabbath at 3 p. m.
Everybody cordially invited to attend at above services.
If the pastor can help you, please call for his services.

Christian Church.
Elder R. H. Dawson, Pastor.
Bible school every Lord's day 9:45 a. m., D. P. Brooks, superintendent.
Y. P. S. C. E. every Lord's day 6:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30.
Preaching every second and fourth Lord's day, morning and evening, 11 a. m., 7:30 p. m. All cordially invited to attend all meetings of the church. All made welcome by the pastor.

M. E. Church.
T. J. Eneyart, Pastor.
Preaching every Sabbath morning and evening at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
Sunday school every Sabbath at 9:30 a. m. J. Morgan, Supt.
Prayer meeting every Thursday evening 7:30 p. m.
Epworth League Junior every Sabbath 3 p. m., and senior one hour before preaching Sabbath evening.
Business meeting of the official board first Monday of each month, at 4:30 p. m. A. Kreek, secretary of the board.
W. F. M. Society meets first Friday of each month, 2:30 p. m.

Evangelical Church.
E. F. Boehringer, Pastor.
Sunday school at 10 a. m.
Prayer meeting Thursday at 8 p. m.
Services every Sunday, morning and evening.
Regular preaching services the first and third Sundays at 11 a. m., and the second and fourth Sundays at 8 p. m.
Preaching at Nickell's Grove on the first and third Sundays at 8 p. m., and the second and fourth Sundays at 11 a. m.
Preaching at Culp school house on the first and third Sundays of each month.
Preaching at Benton church second and fourth Sundays.
All are cordially invited to attend.

German M. E. Church.
Rev. Wm. Tonat, Pastor.
Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.
Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m.
Preaching every Sunday at the Nevada church at 2:30 p. m.
Prayer Meeting Wednesday afternoon at 7:30.
Everybody cordially invited to attend above services.

M. E. Church, Forest City.
Rev. J. P. Godbey, Pastor.
Preaching on the second and fourth Sunday each month, 11 a. m., and evening.
Preaching on the first and third Sunday evening.
Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Junior League at 2:30 p. m., and Septuagesima at 7 p. m. J. A. Lease, Pres.
Prayer meeting every Tuesday evening 8 p. m. Ladies' Aid society every Friday at 2:30 p. m. Mrs. E. A. Scott, Pres.
Preaching at Kimsey school house on the first and third Sunday mornings.
Sunday school at 10 a. m. James Lee, Supt.
All are cordially invited to attend.

Christian Church, New Point.
Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.
Preaching on the first and third Sunday each month, 11 a. m., and evening.
Y. P. S. C. E. every Sunday evening, 6:30 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

Rev. T. D. Roberts' Appointments.
New Point, every Sabbath, morning and evening.
Sabbath School at 10 a. m. every Sabbath.

Jurzon Christian Church, Bluff City.
W. H. Hardman, Pastor.
Preaching on the second and fourth Lord's day at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
Bible school each Lord's day at 10 a. m.

Three Years for 25 Cents.
Farmer Progress, the big farm and agricultural monthly of St. Louis, Mo., announces that the subscription price will be advanced to 25 cents per year beginning January 1, 1908. Until that date subscriptions will be accepted at the old rate of three years for 25 cents. Farmer Progress is one of the best farm papers in the country, and well worth the advance asked. Send in 25 cents at once to pay for a three year subscription. If you are already paid up in advance, send in 25 cents and have your time extended three years longer. A beautiful fruit picture, size 22x33 inches, will be sent for 5 cents additional to cover cost of tube and postage. Address all orders to Farmer Progress, St. Louis, Mo.

ATTENTION, COMRADES!
All comrades of Meyer Post are hereby notified to assemble at the court house on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 22d, at 2 o'clock, for the purpose of transacting such business as may properly come before it. The semi-annual dues are now due and comrades are requested to come prepared to pay their dues for the term beginning Jan'y 1st 1908.
By order of **W. H. HARDMAN, Commander.**

SOURCE OF ALL REAL POWER.

Inherent Capabilities the Foundation of Commanding Position.
One hears it said that the rich compel the poor to work. To this Clemenceau has most wisely replied: The rich do not compel the poor to work; nature compels them to work. Work, the search for food, is the universal law of nature, imperatively laid on all, young and old, male and female alike; and lasting the whole lifetime. All that the rich do is to show the poor what to work at; and this they do, not because they are rich, for a rich fool cannot do it, but because they have the twofold power of seeing what is needed to be done and co-ordinating the powers to others to get it done. The poorest man in the country, if he have these two powers, will soon become rich. It is not capital that makes power effective; it is inherent power that makes capital effective. The richest men among us to-day began with no capital but their inherent power; and what we call capital is merely the register of that power, the evidence that the power has been exerted; but the inherent power is the real thing. Whatever form the state may have, we are, and always shall be, dependent on those who have the twofold power of seeing what is to be done and of co-ordinating workers to do it.—Harper's Weekly.

DRIVE DOG AWAY FROM HOME.

Animal Was Jealous of Master's Affection for His Wife.
"This here season bears hard on dawgs," said the sailor.
"May I ask why?" the druggist politely inquired.
"It's the weddin's," the sailor explained. "Dawgs is tender-hearted. When a master or mistress marries, they feel the estrangement. Jealousy breaks them all up. I tell ye, it's pitiful."
"Wunst I got married in Cadiz. I had a little dawg at the time, and after the weddin' I naturally, to keep down expenses, moved over across the street to my father-in-law's. The dawg, of course, I took along.
"You never see nothin' like that dawg's jealousy. I couldn't so much as squeeze my wife's hand without drivin' him half wild. I'm an affectionate man by nature. I guess I give him a good deal to stand for. Yet I tried to spare him.
"One day, though, he caught me with my wife on my knee. He give me one look, turned, left the room without a sound. He went and got his bed. He dragged it down to the front door. He whined till we let him out. Then he went back to his old home across the street.
"That was the last of him. He'd never recognize me any more."

Paid Well for His Lodging.
Turned away at first, but afterward given shelter, a tramp who came to the home of Daniel Bretano one night a short while ago saved the life of his host's wife and prevented the destruction by fire of the house in which he was stopping, according to an Altoona, Pa., special in the Philadelphia North American.
The tramp asked lodging for the night and was refused. He returned and Bretano relented, providing a mattress for the stranger on the kitchen floor.
At two o'clock in the morning Mrs. Bretano arose and going to another portion of the house slipped and fell, upsetting a kerosene lamp, which exploded and set her clothing afire. The tramp heard her screams and beat the flames out with his hands. He then extinguished the burning carpet.
In the morning the stranger left, refusing to accept a reward or even give his name.

Constable Arrests Mayor.
Seaford, Del., has a municipal muddle that would do for a comic opera plot. Mayor Robinson and Constable Steen could have the comedy leads and townfolk, bailiffs, process servers and aldermen could make up the chorus. The constable has been owing the mayor money on a trade bill and recently the mayor tried to collect the account. So wroth was the constable at the impertinence of his honor that he had the mayor arrested for doing a collecting business without a license. The mayor protested and the constable pointed to his own ordinance recently passed, and quoted law and wound up by arresting the chief executive and halting him before a magistrate. The mayor was put under \$100 bonds for breaking his own ordinance in trying to collect his own bill, while the constable now for the time being, is triumphant.

Is It Worth While?
Women who complain of being bored with so few interesting things to think about should take up some of the subjects for investigation that are being proposed. A Boston man, for instance, is very anxious to know whether cats like flowers or not, and any woman suffering from ennui might easily divert herself by making such investigations as would satisfy the curiosity of the gentleman.

Fame.
"The boys in this town must have heard all about me before we moved here," boasted Tommy on the day after the family's arrival.
"But there's no one here that knew us," objected his mother.
"That's all right," persisted Tommy. "Just as soon as I came in the schoolyard this morning they all yelled, 'Hello, Bricktop!' just the way they used to do at home."—Lippincott's.

DISTURBED THE BOY'S SLUMBER.

Inconvenience of Using the Backlog as a Sleeping Place.
An old mountain preacher used to tell of a lawyer, a friend of his, who lived at the county seat of a mountain county. Back in the hills some where lived one of his clients, whom he had occasionally entertained with the ready hospitality of Kentucky. When he left, the client always invited the lawyer to come to see him when in his neighborhood.
Business called the lawyer back into the hills one winter day, and late in the afternoon he found himself in the vicinity of his client. He decided to accept the oft-repeated invitation.
After inquiry, he found the shack—one of the poorest he had ever seen. As there was no sign of barn or shed, he blanketed his horse and hitched him in the lee of the house.
His warm welcome was genuine, but supper was in accord with the surroundings, and at bedtime he was conducted to the loft, which he found bare of beds, but well filled with partly dried cornstalks. He was bidden to make his bed on the fodder.
His overcoat furnished inadequate protection. After a short nap, he awakened, stiff with cold. He remembered the big fireplace with the backlog, and decided to go down-stairs and start the fire.
The coals brightened as he stirred them and added kindling. The sparks and smoke began their ascent, when the guest noticed a strange commotion at the back of the fireplace. This stopped when the oldest son of the family, covered with soot and ashes, scrambled from the backlog, where he had gone to sleep for the night.—Youth's Companion.

FOUND A HAVEN OF REFUGE.

It came near to being a great embarrassment, even though he was only a man.
Men aren't supposed to mind such things; but his garter was slipping down, and for two reasons he wasn't anxious to make public exhibition of himself in fixing it up, says the New York Sun. First of all, he had a more than usually lean calf, and secondly, he was one of the short underwear brigade.
But something had to be done, and quickly, if he didn't want to risk having some one step on the trailing garter—if he didn't do it himself—and so either break it or give him a fall.
Then came the great idea. It took quick work, because just the right moment had to be seized.
He entered one of the less frequented—for lack of a better phrase—office buildings, which had a turnstile door. In between the leaves he stooped down, out of vulgar sight, and in a trice or less had his garter fixed. He figured that any one coming after would delay about pushing the door just long enough to save him.
Then he kept right on around and so into the street, satisfied in every way.

HEN WORKS ONLY AFTER DARK.

Tacoma Biddy's Habit Makes Her Unpopular with Companions.
Tacoma has a freak hen. She is a non-union bird, according to other hens, for she works overtime. Her peculiarity is laying eggs at night.
The hen is owned by M. J. La Vergne, of East Thirty-fifth street. He bought her several weeks ago. At first she absolutely refused to lay eggs, but as her shyness in her new surroundings wore off, she became good and worked like the others.
La Vergne thought she was going to prove one of the best layers in his flock, but several nights later the family was awakened by an unusual cackling. Thinking a thief was at work, La Vergne rushed to the chicken house, but found no one, though the hens were making a big noise.
The next morning an egg was found in the new hen's nest. The next night the same performance was repeated. This kept up a week, and always there was a new egg in the hen's nest.
She is still at it, and is proving a valuable layer. But all this is playing havoc with the other hens. Loss of sleep has made them cranky and they have gone on a strike. Eggs are getting fewer in the La Vergne chicken house every day.

SECOND STROKE A GOOD ONE

Remarkable Story of Lightning Related by Veracious Mariner.
"In Duluth, down on the docks, some days ago, some fresh-water ancient mariners were talking of adventures on the raging main," began Capt. O. J. Ludlow of Detroit at the National.
"Capt. H., said one, 'it seems to me I've heard somewhere that your vessel was once struck by lightning while sailing, sailing over the bounding main.'
"Yep, twice," said Capt. H. "Happened off Point aux Barques 'bout 15 years ago. We were joggin' long when a thunderstorm overtook us, and the very first flash of lightning struck the deck amidships and bored a hole as big as my right leg down through the bottom of the vessel."
"And she fountered, of course?"
"No, sir. The water began rushing in, and she would have fountered, but there came a second flash and a bolt struck my fore-to-gallant mast. It was cut off near the top, turned bottom end up, and as it came down it entered the hole and plugged it up as tight as a drum. When we got down to dry dock we simply sawed off either end and left the plug in the planks."
—Washington Herald.

Deaths from Anaesthetics.
A question recently put to the secretary of state from the home department as to how many deaths occurred during the year 1907 in the metropolitan area and in the other parts of England and Wales respectively from the effects of the administration of anaesthetics elicited the reply that the figures for the year 1907 were not yet available, but according to the verdicts of coroners' juries and the certificates of medical practitioners there were in the year 1906 64 deaths in London and 119 in the remainder of England and Wales caused by anaesthetics administered for operations.
It was stated that there appeared to be some reason to doubt whether the certificates on which these returns were based were in all cases complete and that there must necessarily sometimes be difficulty in determining if death under an anaesthetic was caused by the anaesthetic. It was proposed, therefore, to make further inquiry into the matter.—British Medical Journal.

A Royal Cigarette Factory.
"The Turkish sultan," said a tobaccoist, "has for generations smoked the finest cigarettes in the world. Cigarettes like his, brought over here, would cost quite 25 cents apiece.
"In the royal palace there has been from time immemorial a small cigarette factory—a light, airy room, a bale of exquisite tobacco, one or two simple hand-cutting machines, a half dozen workmen of marvelous skill. Here the cigarettes of the sultan are turned out.
"The best cigarette tobacco comes from Turkey, and the best of that best goes to the sultan. A hundredweight of leaves are rejected before a pound sufficiently fine and flawless is found for royal use."

Treatment for Tuberculosis.
Graduated labor in pure air is the medical treatment prescribed by Dr. M. S. Paterson, an English physician, for pulmonary tuberculosis, and three years' trial at the Brompton hospital sanatorium has shown great improvement in general health and resisting power. Only rest is permitted while the temperature is above 99 degrees in the male or 99.6 degrees in the female. After a few days of normal temperature, light work begins, and is slowly increased—the temperature being carefully watched—through such grades as (1) walking from half a mile to ten miles daily, (2) carrying baskets of mould, (3) using a small shovel, (4) using a large shovel, (5) using a pickax and (6) using a pickax six hours a day.

A Bad Model.
"I must say I'm s'prised at our minister," said Deacon Longface. "He sez all Christians should take pattern o' the bee as a model of industry."
"Wat's the matter o' that?" demanded his wife.
"Why, the bee works on the Sabbath same's any other day."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Family Repartee.
"Well," snapped the husband, "I've come to the conclusion that I'm married to a talking machine."
"Is that so?" replied his wife. "I know that so!" snapped a carpet beater, and thrusting a club in his hand he sent him out into the yard to vent his wrath on the parlor rugs.—Detroit Free Press.

Fortified.
The representative arose to make a speech, and his fellow members began to file out.
"Gentlemen," he said, calmly, "don't think for a minute you can throw me down. My address is already in the hands of the printer, with 'applause' in the proper places."