

ASCRIBED VISIT TO PRAYER.

Father Evidently Had Faith in Daughter's Supplications.

Among my esteemed neighbors there is a family known for the piety of its members and their implicit confidence in the efficacy of prayer.

Not long ago a certain society of young men which had interested itself in the campaign for higher school license sent a committee to visit the homes of the district and obtain signatures to a high-license petition.

"Laws, John!" she exclaimed to her husband. "See all these young men coming to visit us!"

Mr. B— glanced out of the window, noted the number of the invading force and remarked, with an air of conviction:

"Humph! Kate's been praying again." —San Francisco Call.

BEAUTY OF PHYSICAL HEALTH.

No Attractiveness for Women Without Good Digestion.

"To look young and keep your beauty you must have a good digestion," says a beauty culturist. "We feed our patrons upon herbs; we give them greens, and we advise them to take acid fruits."

"Outdoor life is everything for the woman who wants to keep young."

"Her walk gives away the woman who does not want people to know how old she is. Usually she loses her elasticity. And she takes to high heels and a stilted walk."

"I advise women generally to join a dancing class. By taking the steps one can keep up one's elasticity winter and summer. I have a class of four women who come three times a week to learn the gypsy fandangoes and the Spanish dances."

Penitent and Resourceful.

One of the prison missionaries of the Church Army tells a story of a man who came under the influence of the society at a mission held at York, England. The man, a notorious pickpocket, was so impressed by what he heard that he felt he must do something to show his determination to lead a new life.

Reads Like a Fairy Tale.

An Atchison girl had always heard of the impoliteness of women in failing to thank men for giving up a seat in the street car, and decided that she would be an exception. A man gave her a seat Saturday night in a crowded car, affording her the opportunity for which she had been looking.

Death-Bed Statistics.

When a great man dies, no one is interested in learning who surrounded his deathbed, but the news is always sent out. People care no more to know, than to hear if he were laid out in the parlor or bedroom, or if he were attired in a shroud or his regular clothes.

Suspicious.

"I wish," said the hard-hearted landlord, "that you would watch the tenants in No. 3310. Be sure that they pay promptly in advance."

"Very well," replied the clerk. "Have you heard anything to make you suspicious of them?"

"No; but they haven't asked for any repairs for nearly six weeks now. It doesn't look right."

His Serious Interruptions.

"I s'pose John is still takin' life easy," said the woman in the spring wagon.

"Yes," answered the woman who was carrying an armful of wood. "John has only two regrets in life. One is that he has to wake up to eat, and the other is that he has to quit eatin' to sleep."

Classified.

"Who was that fool you bowed to?" "My husband."

"Oh! I—er—I—humbly apologize."

"Never mind; I'm not angry. But what a keen observer you are!"

FIND WOMAN'S WIT UNCERTAIN.

As When This Wife Failed to Appreciate Her Husband's Pleasedness.

"Don't always rely upon the ready wit of a woman," said the man who is sometimes pleased to consider himself an oracle. "That ready wit business is sometimes prone to get 'way off."

"For example, my wife and children had been staying in the country for several weeks and I was regular with my letters, as every loving husband should be. Finally on the day before my wife was to start for home I concluded my letter to her with these words:

"This will be the last letter I will write to you for a long, long time."

"When I got down to my office the next morning I found a telegram from my wife waiting for me. 'What on earth do you mean?' read the dispatch.

"Later a registered letter came from her. She had blotted almost every line with tears. What it was all about I could not imagine."

"Then my telephone bell rang, and when I answered I heard my wife's voice speaking over the long distance 'phone."

"Oh, John," said she, "is that really you? I thought you had committed suicide!"

NEW ZEALAND'S WHITE ISLAND.

Always Enveloped in Clouds of Steam—Its Strange Lakes.

White Island, in Australia, derives its name from the clouds of white steam in which it appears to be continually enveloped. Its area is only 600 acres, and its height about 880 feet above the sea level.

In form and color it is like a reposing camel, while its interior with its gray, weather-beaten, almost perpendicular cliffs, recalls the Coliseum at Rome. Overhanging the southern landing place stands a column of rock closely resembling a sentinel, which has been dedicated to the memory of Capt. Cook.

On a fine moonlight night a wonderful sight is afforded to any one who will sit in an open boat in one of the lakes of the island. Covering an area of 50 acres is an immense cauldron hissing and snorting and sending forth volumes of poisonous steam, while all chances of egress appear to be denied by the steep, silent and gloomy cliffs.

His Little Family.

Families of French-Canadian farmers often run into large numbers, as is demonstrated by the following written order received by the proprietor of a Quebec shoe store: "You will put some shoes on my little families like this, and send by San Jameson, the carrier: One man, Jean St. Jean (me), 42 years; one woman, Sophie St. Jean (she), 41 years; Hermedes and Leonore, 19 years; Honore, 18 years; Celina, 17 years; Narcisse, Octavia and Phyllis, 16 years; Olivia, 14 years; Philippa, 13 years; Alexandre, 12 years; Rosina, 11 years; Bruno, 10 years; Pierre, 9 years; Eugene, we lose him; Edouard and Eliza, 7 years; Adrien, 6 years; Camille, 5 years; Zoel, 4 years; Joseph, 3 years; Moise, 2 years; Muriel, 1 year; Hilaire . . . He go barefoot. How much?"

Quaint Death Notice.

This notice appeared recently in a German paper: "Bowed with grief and recognizing the wisdom of God, who decreed it, the widow and four children of Hartwig Langmann make known to their relatives and friends the entry into eternal rest of a beloved husband and father. There will be no oration at his bier, because no words could describe his worth or make our sorrow less. Flowers from those who share our grief should not be sent, because the custom was distasteful to him who has gone. If a desire to show such a mark of respect exists let it find expression in gifts to the poor, whose thanks we shall echo in the firm knowledge that the act would find favor with him whose life was goodness."

Church Tower His Pulpit.

Sunday last being "Feast Sunday," the vicar of Selston, Rev. C. Harrison, hit upon the novel idea of preaching from the church tower. The greater part of the congregation seated themselves on the highway.

The reverend gentleman took as his text "The Builders and the Tower," and, possessing a strong voice, his remarks were heard distinctly by the large crowd of colliers and others gathered together, the weather being all that could be desired.—London Evening Standard.

A Unique Cat.

Horace Elliott has a handsome shag cat which he would not sell for love or money, and which is quite a curiosity. She was never known to catch a rat or mouse or anything else, and Mr. Elliott has recently found out what the trouble is. You, of course, have heard of cross-eyed cats. Well, this one is so much that way that when she attempts to catch anything she jumps in the opposite direction.—Rockland (Me.) Opinion.

Diffusing the Annoyance.

"You don't suppose we take boards because we need the money?" exclaimed Farmer Courtssell, loftily. "I had some such idea," answered the man who had ventured to criticize. "Not at all. We just get these people in from town to keep the mosquitoes from doctin' all their attention to our home circle."—Exchange.

DECLARED WORSE THAN CANCER.

Of the Two, Pangs of Toothache Are Less Easy to Bear.

"You of the younger generation," said the dentist, severely, "don't appreciate the importance of the conquest of toothache that dentistry has made. 'Toothache is the worst torture that ever afflicted mankind. Its pains—'lancinating' they are technically called—are worse than the pains of cancer. Worse than cancer; that is the truth; I have heard it from physicians. I have heard it from three old people whom cancer finally killed. They all said that the pain of cancer at its worst was mild beside the pain of the worst toothache."

"Toothache drove DeQuincey to opium-eating. DeQuincey, too, says in his 'Opium Eater'—like all dentists, I have the passage by heart:

"No stronger expression of toothache's intensity and scorching fierceness can be imagined than this fact—that, within my private knowledge, two persons, who had suffered alike under toothache and cancer, have pronounced the former to be, on the scale of torture, by many degrees the worse. In both, there are at times lancinating pangs—keen, glancing, arrowy radiations of anguish; and upon these the basis of cancer, and its pest—paroxysmal paroxysm—with the result that I have stated."

ANTS AS WEATHER PROPHETS.

Their Method of Giving Warning of an Approaching Storm.

Ants, as weather prophets afford new testimony to the cleverness of these small insects.

When you go out on a spring morning and find the ants busily engaged in clearing out their nests and dragging the sand and bits of earth to the surface you may be sure that no matter how cloudy it is there will be no rain that day and the probabilities are for several days of good weather.

If, however, you see the ants about the middle of a spring or summer afternoon hurrying back to the nest and a sentinel trotting out in every direction looking up stragglers and urging them to go home as soon as they can get there, you may figure on a rain that afternoon or night.

When the last of the wanderers is found the picket hurries in and the nest is securely sealed from the inside to keep out the water. It is seldom that ants are taken by surprise by the approach of a shower.

Show Men Like Apes.

Prehistoric paintings recently unearthed show man to have been like an ape. The only known examples of paintings of men by prehistoric cave decorators have been discovered lately by Prof. Rene Leaulen in the Portel grotto, a cave of Louhens, in Arliege, France, where Noullet already had found quaternary remains and human bones. About 40 sketches in black or red, only one in both colors, adorn the cave as frescoes, and two represent men of a primitive type, while the others show bisons, boars and horses. Of the human figures one has a long head, with retreating forehead, while the other shows a remarkable apelike pose, with rounded back and arms pendent in front. There is a crocheting bear, but the horses are mostly galloping and poorly drawn, although the forequarters of a horse are quite skillfully figured in black on one of the darkest walls of the cavern.

One by Barnacled Ben.

"Yes, mates," related Barnacled Ben, retired seaman, "I certainly did see some wonderful things when I was cruising around the seven seas. Why, once we had a sawfish to follow the Nancy Jones for 1,000 miles. We used to throw off the leavings from the galley and when we'd hit a big calm, why, the sawfish would saw up our firewood in stove lengths. All we had to do was to toss the long sticks over and he'd saw them up in a jiffy. Then we'd take a long rake and rake them aboard. Nature faking? Never heard of it, mate, never heard of it."

And Barnacled Ben lit his pipe and shambled away.

His Deep Concern.

The kind old lady noticed a small lad entering a cobbler's with a small package.

"What have you there, sonny?" she asked, kindly.

"Ma's slipper," replied the lad; "you see, there is a tack out of place in it and I want to have it fixed before ma notices it."

"Ah, what a considerate little boy! I suppose you are afraid the tack might hurt your mother's foot?" "Well, it's not exactly that. You see, the tack is sticking out on the sole and this is the slipper ma spansks me with."

Arabs Outlive Eskimo.

While it may be true that the white man loses in intellectual and bodily power in the tropics, Dr. Luigi Sambon maintains, as a result of recent researches, that the average Arab lives 25 years longer than the average Eskimo; that the coast people of South America are longer lived than the mountain people; that old age is much commoner in the southern countries of Europe than in the northern countries, and that Spain (with a population smaller by 9,000,000) has 401 centenarians to England's 146.

Sufficient Reason.

"Are you going to the commencement?" "No." "Why not?" "I went to a commencement once."

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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.

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.

M. E. Church. L. C. Taylor, 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. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 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.

German M. E. Church. Rev. Henry Bruns, Pastor. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Preaching every Sunday at the Nodaway church at 2:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday afternoon at 7:30.

M. S. Church, Forest City. Rev. J. P. Godbey, Pastor. Preaching on the second and fourth Sundays each month, 11 a. m., and evening. Preaching on the first and third Sunday evening.

Christian Church, New Point. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m. Preaching on the first and third Sundays 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.

Garzon 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.

HARRY DUNGAN, Attorney-at-Law Oregon, Mo.

Order of Publication in Tax Suit.

STATE OF MISSOURI, County of Holt, ss. In the Circuit Court of Holt County, in said State, to the January Term, 1908. The State of Missouri, et al., vs. Hezekiah B. Watson, James H. Watson and James Agee, defendants—Tax suit.

THE STATE OF MISSOURI, County of Holt, ss. I, Fred W. Cook, clerk of the circuit court of Holt County, aforesaid, hereby certify that the above is a true copy of the original order of publication, in the cause herein named, as the same appears in my office.

FOR SALE. I have a Saw Mill, Separator, Clobber Huller and Engine for sale. All in good condition and ready for service. My reason for selling is a desire to quit business.

PETREE BROS. ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office up stairs in VanBuskirk building, OREGON, MISSOURI.

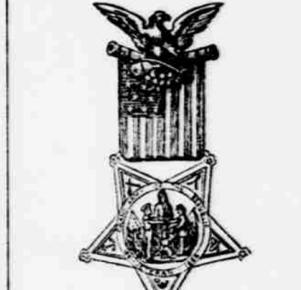
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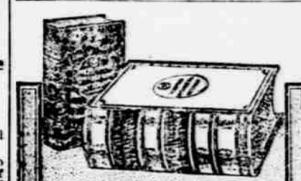
ATTENTION, COMRADES:



All comrades of Meyer Post are hereby notified to assemble at the court house on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 25th, at 2 o'clock, for the purpose of transacting such business as may properly come before it.

Drs. Josephine and Sylvia Priny, OSTEOPATHS.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. —LADIES—I have just received a fresh supply of "Velvet Cream," a cream for the complexion. Call on Mrs. Clara Maupin, or phone No. 2. Farmers' Mutual, and will be delivered. Price, 50c.

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Wild ducks are so plentiful this season that the city markets are getting an abundant supply of them. Since the repeal of the Walrusley law, the pot hunter has free range and, though game generally is abundant this year, there is small prospect of its continuing so very long.