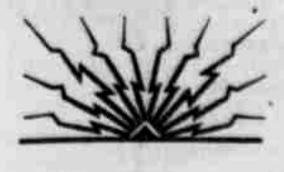


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NEWS OF MILTON

LITTLE CHILD IS ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.

Personal Notes—Old Fiddlers' Contest—New Implement House in the North End of Milton—Belgian Hares Becoming a Nuisance.

Milton, Feb. 9.—David Ross, of Pa-louse is visiting his son, John, up the river, about five miles.

Freewater has a mole, wart, corn and birthmark doctor in the person of Joe Lawson.

Dr. S. J. Hayes, laid a wooden pipe through the college yard and L. B. Plants last week, connecting it with the ditch above, so that he could get water to irrigate with. This is a new feature in Milton and will be watched with interest.

William Nichols and S. A. Miller purchased the J. S. Vinson property where the bakery stands last week and will erect a brick building on it in the spring.

Milton is again free from smallpox and scarlet fever, and the health of the people is in general good.

Some seem to think that the freeze killed all the fruit, while others say it is not injured in the least; the latter of which is nearly correct.

Rev. D. C. Sanderson was assisting in a revival meeting in Walsburg last week, but is in Moscow, Idaho, now, attending a Methodist convention.

A. E. McKnight has the plans and specifications for a new house which he is going to have erected just as soon as the weather will permit.

Last week was examination week at the college and public school and there are lots of long faces and disappointed students and pupils in Milton at present.

Rev. R. L. Cartwrights, the new Christian minister, mother and sister, along with their goods, arrived in Milton last Tuesday and are living in G. R. Bayly's house on Mill street. Rev. Cartwrights will begin a series of meetings next Sunday night.

For five cents, George Edwards drew the bicycle raffled off here last week.

Mr. C. W. Harder, of Dry Creek, has awarded the contract of building a new home, to B. F. Williams of this place.

Among those who visited Walla Walla last week from this place were Miss Jennie Dykes, D. J. Kirke, J. E. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Berry, Mr. William Miller, Mrs. T. L. Taylor, H. L. Frazier, Lida Niel and Rev. D. C. Sanderson.

Mr. Jolly, of Moscow, is here with a view of opening up a mercantile store in the near future.

William Betherold, a drummer for the Haywood Brothers, Wakefield Co., of Portland, was doing business in Milton a few days ago and visiting his sister, Mrs. Robert Frazier.

The price suited him and he had the cash to pay for it, but a fine residence and five acres of ground in Milton valued at about \$3000, which he expected to get in the trade spoiled it all. The above is the reason that Mr. H. L. Frazier did not sell his half section of land, lying just outside of the city limits to Mr. York, of Weston, last week.

The Belgian hares are getting so plentiful in this vicinity that there is talk of making a hare drive in the near future. Ye scribe has been driving some of them all winter and intends to drive more. We are out of meat and we have got to have it.

Shoots Himself.

A little child of Mr. Huff, who lives about 10 miles west of here, while playing with a loaded gun last Saturday, in some way accidentally discharged it the shot taking effect in its body from which he died in a short time. The funeral was held in the Cumberland Presbyterian church in Freewater Monday and the body was buried in the Odd Fellows' cemetery in Milton.

Fiddlers' Contest.

An "old fiddlers' contest" will be given in the opera house Thursday evening February 12, which promises to be a grand treat for those who love to fiddle. Among those who will enter the contest as being dexterous with the bow are "Bill" Wells, Sr., J. K. Lawler, "Bill" Fletcher, Fred Lorenzen, Lin Olinger, Sam Thomas, Geo. Ingalls, L. Williams and P. J. Kelly. The prize for the best fiddler will be the best hat in town. Admission 50c.

New Implement House.

It is pretty well understood that Messrs. Burton and Kyle of this city, backed by Walla Walla capital, will open up a new implement house in the north end of Milton near the depot, just as soon as the weather opens up so that a building can be erected. North Milton now has a furniture store, a lumber yard, the depot and all the packing houses in the city. During the summer and fall she has erected six new houses and no doubt ere another summer passes will have a large store and in time will put on metropolitan airs.

Measuring Social.

On Friday evening of this week, the Epworth League of the M. E. church, South, in the dining room at the college will give a "measuring social." The price of admission will be five cents a foot and one cent an inch for odd inches. Then on Satur-

day evening, February 14, the male members of the Epworth League of the M. E. church will give a "bachelors' banquet" in the opera house. A unique program will be rendered, after which a supper will be served by the masculine members of the league. A big time is anticipated.

Light Plant Froze Up.

Last Friday morning the electric light plant froze up for the first time this winter, the thermometer dropping down to about 12 degrees for several hours. It was somewhat amusing that day to see the town-folk getting substitutes for the electric light; every old lamp, candle-stick, gasoline lamp and coal oil lamp that could be found were brought out and polished to the last extreme of brightness and placed where they would be handy when necessity demanded it.

Sunday School Convention.

The ninth annual Sunday school convention of Umatilla county will convene in the M. E. church of this city next Thursday at 1 o'clock p. m., and continue until Saturday afternoon. There will be delegates from all points of the county, besides several state workers. The church people of the city are making large preparations to receive the delegates and visitors and extend a cordial welcome to any one not interested to attend the meetings. The program prepared is elaborate and promises one of the most interesting sessions ever held in the county.

Trashy Literature.

It's strange, how particular some people are about, who handles their mail. A few days ago we stood by the general delivery window in a postoffice and saw a man get the mail for six families, who live on a road where there is a free delivery wagon pass each day. It excited our curiosity and we had the impudence to ask why it was. This is what we heard: "Well they don't want so many people to handle their mail; then, they don't want to pay for a box; they are afraid that some one will take the mail, etc." We said "If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Perhaps the reader can see the other and most prominent reason for them not patronize the mail route when I mention that the postmaster handed out six copies of the Woman's magazine; four of Nicory's Fireside; two American Homes; three packages from J. Lynn & Co., and several other such magazines. In all he had 32 pieces of mail matter; not one of any value. Is it any wonder that Uncle Sam's wagons don't haul it?

THE TELEPHONE LUCK.

Wrong Number Romance Ends Abruptly at Red Men's Carnival.

There is one young man in Walla Walla who has had the idol of his heart shattered. It happened in this manner, says the Union: Some time ago he put in a call for a telephone number and central gave him the wrong one. A woman's voice answered him. After he found that a mistake had been made he apologized, and finally drifted into a rather long conversation.

They liked to talk to each other and it soon became a habit for him to call her, up almost every day for a few minutes. They had never met, and he had begun to imagine her a beautiful, angelic creature, and they decided that they would meet at the Red Men's Carnival some evening. He was to wear a carnation in his button-hole, while she was to have one in her hair, that they might recognize each other.

Thursday evening came and the young man went to the Armory early and took up his position near the door that the object of his blind love might not pass without his knowledge. After a wait that seemed an eternity to him she appeared on the floor. He took one look, his jaw dropped, he made a wild clutch at the carnation on his coat and bolted for the door. The woman who appeared was short, fat, red-headed, and elderly.

The young man now has an aversion for telephones and carnations.

Sick Headache absolutely and permanently cured by using Moki Tea. A pleasant herb drink. Cures constipation and indigestion, makes you eat, sleep, work and happy. 25 cents and 50 cents. Write to W. H. Hooker & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., for a free sample. F. W. Schmidt & Co., druggists.

Already a Marked Man.

It is thought that a special chair will have to be provided in the United States senate for W. B. Heyburn, senator-elect for Idaho, who is a very large man of great avoirdupois. Once before the senate had a mighty chair, especially built for Dixon A. Lewis of Alabama, who took his seat April 22, 1844, on appointment of the governor of the state was afterward elected by the legislature and served until his death, which occurred October 25, 1848.—Chicago Chronicle.

If you are troubled with impure blood, indicated by sores, pimples, headache, etc., we would recommend Acker's Blood Elixir, which we sell under positive guarantee. It will always cure scrofulous or syphilitic poisons and all blood diseases. 50 cents and \$1.00. F. W. Schmidt & Co., druggists.

Men's shirts, Teutsch's.

ON THE COLUMBIA

SIGHTS THAT GREET THE WONDERING TRAVELER.

Locks at the Cascades and their Great Cost—Immense Volumes of Traffic That Pass Down This Waterway.

Columbia River, Feb. 6.—The traveler journeying up the Columbia has a choice of two routes. If he is in a hurry he can take the railway; if he is not and enjoys water travel, he can take The Dalles boat which leaves Portland at 7 a. m. and pointing down the Willamette heads straight for Mt. St. Helens, which stands out prominently among its lesser brethren over in Washington.

Near the mouth of the Willamette a large steam dredger is at work, deepening the channel of that river. Turning into the Columbia the course changes from north to eastward and the boat is headed for Mt. Hood instead of Mt. St. Helens.

Six miles up the Columbia Vancouver is reached on the Washington side of the river. It has long been a military post and is one of the historic spots of the continent. One of the boys in blue was standing guard at the boat landing to see that no deserters got aboard. The parade ground sloping gradually backward from the river is said to be unexcelled in the country. Here under the old regime of the Hudson Bay Company Dr. John McLaughlin, his hunters, trappers and Courcur Du Bois long held sway and on this parade ground and in these waters practiced the arts of their profession which made them famous as riders, hunters and boatmen from the St. Lawrence to Hudson Bay and from Hudson Bay to the Columbia and here the genial doctor dispensed open-handed hospitality to all comers in away that still keeps his memory green.

Sawmills and lumber piles and saw logs in the river discloses one of the sources of revenue of the Vancouver of today, and Uncle Sam disburses quite a pay roll monthly. Passing up the river villages are passed on either side a collection of houses around a church and schoolhouse; fishwheels in the river without number; here a big stone quarry turning out building stone, with half a dozen barges waiting to load; there a pulp mill for grinding some of this timber into pulp, the power being furnished by a flume carrying water down the mountain side; and the pulp neatly piled on the wharf waiting shipment to some paper mill. Here and there an orchard planted on a little spot of soil washed down the mountain side or deposited there by the river in years gone by. All these show the manner of livelihood of the population scattered along the river. Not much farming anywhere in sight. The boat brings up baled hay, grain and other supplies from Portland and dumps them at the little landings along the river or sometimes on the bank where there is no landing and takes away anything that has to seek a market elsewhere.

At the Cascades the river has become much narrower and rushes swiftly between the rocky walls on either side. Large masses of rock lie in the stream around which the water foams and dashes. Uncle Sam has spent \$4,500,000 building a canal around this obstruction and he is spending more all the time, but the works looks as if it might be built for the ages. Walls of solid masonry between which the water runs 24 feet deep. Twenty-five years ago the work was started, since then plans and engineers have been changed and rechanged, money wasted in many ways, work accomplished and swept away, but at last the end sought seems to have been reached and today the traveler passes through the canal with a wait of a very few minutes.

This section of the country has furnished much of the inspiration for Oregon literature. Ella Higginson, Sam L. Simpson and a host of others turned their lyrics to these running waters and their grassy borders. Mrs. Dye found here much of her material for McLoughlin and old Oregon. Balch's "Bridge of the Gods" spanned the stream in this immediate locality and somewhere among the trees along this stream Old Multnomah's captive was tied to the tree roots and left for the wolves to tear him limb from limb.

We've been 12 hours coming 120 miles and port is not yet in sight. Lelaurely traveling—yes, but there's been something worth looking at every minute. Pulses set to the tune of 40 miles an hour would probably enjoy the Chicago-Portland Special better, but instead of a confused blur at the end of the trip, out of which you vainly try to extract any one particular feature, there has been time to see and enjoy.

Much has been said and written about the beauties of this Columbia river trip, and the last word has surely not been spoken. Much will still be said and written until speech and writing both shall cease. Surely as long as this earth is inhabited by a race of people who see beauty in running water and timbered slope; in rugged mountains with snowy peaks down whose rocky sides streams dash themselves into spray, this route will never lack appreciative travelers to sing its praises.

C. E. McLELLAN.

The Other Half

Half the children in the world actually need Scott's Emulsion. The other half would be benefitted by it. A goodly portion of the latter half have already been helped by Scott's Emulsion. They have been made comfortable and well. They have been supplied with the element of fat that their bodies are constantly in need of. Scott's Emulsion has done even more for them; it has furnished nourishment which their ordinary food has not supplied.

The lack of proper nourishment in a child's food is responsible for its failure to thrive and grow as it should. So long as the important elements of nourishment are not contained in the child's food it will remain thin and lack the plumpness and glow of youth that marks the properly fed child.

What can be done for such children? Give them Scott's Emulsion. It is so palatable and acceptable that children like it. Cream of cod liver oil it could be called, for it resembles cream very closely. Moreover, being predigested, Scott's Emulsion enters the system quickly and with least tax upon the stomach. The delicate digestive organs of a backward child accept and retain Scott's Emulsion when other forms of nourishment are repulsive. It makes up the short-comings of a child's ordinary food and furnishes nourishment and fat in proper proportions and in the proper way.

So-called wines, cordials and extracts of cod liver oil should always be avoided. No matter what the claims may be, they do not contain the value of the whole oil, and hence are worthless in cases where a reliable cod liver oil preparation is necessary. Their sole purpose is to taste nice, and the use of alcohol and strong extracts makes them really harmful in many cases. Scott's Emulsion contains the whole oil carefully prepared, palatably presented, and is a safe and reliable preparation.

We'll send you a sample free upon request.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl St., New York.

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I have a larger and better list of Farms, Stock Ranches and City Property to sell than ever before. Also a big lot of land in the coming wheat section of Eastern Washington.

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