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 On the Street between the Bridge and the Depot.

Double and single rigs and saddle horses a ways on hand at the lowest rates, and a carriage connected with the barn for loose stock. Any information regarding any kind of stock promptly attended to by letter or person.

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 Loans made. Bills discounted. Makes collections. Buys and sells exchange on all points in the United States and Europe and on Hong Kong. Deposits received subject to check.  
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 Money to Loan. Abstracts of Title Made. Drawing of Legal Documents a Specialty. Office on east side of Main street between 6th and 7th.  
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**M. C. STRICKLAND, M. D.**  
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 Offers his professional services to the people of Oregon City and vicinity. Special attention paid to Catarrh and Chronic Diseases.  
 Best of references given.  
 Office in Willamette Building.  
 Office hours: 10 to 12 a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.  
**OREGON CITY OREGON**



**LOOK HERE YOUNG MAN**  
 Your looks tell on you. Can keep it secret a while. Before its too late, go and see or write to this old doctor. He has been treating such cases for over 20 years and perfectly reliable. Furnishes his medicine and tells no lies.

**Dr. Kessler**  
 of the Old St. Louis Medical and Surgical Dispensary, 239 1/2 Yamhill Street, Portland, Oregon, positively guarantees to remove.

**TAPEWORM**  
 In any stage without loss of time from business

**RHEUMATISM** Cured by an old German remedy. This remedy was sent to Dr. Kessler by a friend in Berlin. It has never failed, and we guarantee it.

**OLD SORES** Ulcers, Cancer, etc., cured, no difference how long affected.

**PRIVATE** cure any case of Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Stricture cured, no difference how long standing. Spermatorrhoea, Loss of Manhood, or Nightly Emissions, cured permanently. The habit of Self Abuse effectually cured in a short time.

**YOUNG MEN** Your errors and follies of youth can be remedied, and this old doctor will give you wholesome advice and cure you—make you perfectly strong and healthy. You will be amazed at his success in curing Spermatorrhoea, Seminal Losses, Nightly Emissions, and other ailments.

**KIDNEY AND URINARY COMPLAINTS**  
 painful, difficult, frequent, milky or bloody urine, unnatural discharges, carefully treated and permanently cured. Piles, Rheumatism and neuralgia treated by our new remedies and cured guaranteed.

Patients treated in any part of the country by his home system. Write full Particulars enclosing ten stamps and we will answer you promptly. Hundreds treated at home who are unable to come to the City.

**READ THIS**  
 Take a clear bottle at bed time and urinate in the bottle, set aside and look at it in the morning. If it is cloudy or has a cloudy settling in it, you have some kidney or bladder disease, and should be attended to before you get an incurable disease as hundreds die every year from Bright's Disease of Kidneys.

**EAST AND SOUTH**  
 VIA  
**The Shasta Route**  
 OF THE  
**SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO.**

Express Trains Leave Portland Daily.

South.	Portland	Ar	9:30 A. M.
6:32 P. M.	Oregon City	Lv	5:40 A. M.
7:45 A. M.	San Francisco	Lv	5:00 P. M.

The above trains stop at all stations between Portland and Salem, Forest, Mazeh, Jefferson, Albany, Tangent, Shedd, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Irving, Eugene, Creswell, Cottage Grove, Draina, and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland, inclusive.

**ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY.**

9:30 A. M.	Lv	Portland	Ar	4:30 P. M.
5:27 A. M.	Lv	Oregon City	Lv	3:38 P. M.
8:30 P. M.	Ar	Roseburg	Lv	7:9 A. M.

**DINING CARS ON OGDEN ROUTE.**  
**FULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS**  
**SECOND-CLASS SLEEPING CARS**  
 Attached to all Through Trains.

West Side Division,  
**BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS**  
 MAIL TRAIN DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY.)  
 At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Central & Eastern R. R.

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4:30 P. M.	Lv	Portland	Ar	12:25 A. M.
1:30 P. M.	Ar	McMinnville	Lv	12:30 P. M.
5:30 P. M.	Ar	Independence	Lv	4:50 A. M.

Rates and tickets to eastern points and Europe also JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU and AUSTRALIA, can be obtained from

**E. E. BOYD, Agent, Oregon City**  
**R. KOEHLER, C. H. MARKHAM,**  
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**YOU OWE**  
 It to yourself, your family, your friends and to all you benefit to considerately investigate the merits of VITÆ ORE as a remedy for those who need a cure. There is no experimenting, no guess work, no danger, no loss of time. It is perfectly harmless, and may always be relied on. It is the queen of cures, for it reaches the sides of all diseases, and will cure you when all other remedies have failed—after you have tried all catch-penny humbugs and frauds only to grow older and worse. Do not neglect to give it a trial, for Vitæ Ore comes to the sick and the afflicted like the vision of the Eastern star to the wise men. On every package of the genuine will be found the red ink signature of Theo. Wood. Price \$1.00 by mail.  
**MRS. M. M. LACROIX, Agent, Viola, Or.**

**Now**  
 IS THE TIME to clean house and repaper your rooms and paint your house and .....

**Murrow**  
 IS THE MAN to do the painting and papering in a first-class shape at very low prices. Leave orders at Ely Bros. store on upper 7th streeth.

**For First-Class BREAD and PASTRY**  
 Go to  
**C. F. HENNINGS**  
**Seventh St. Bakery**  
 or stop his wagon as it goes by.

**BOLTON DAIRY**  
**CHAS. CATTI, Proprietor**  
 Oregon City, Oregon  
 Pure Milk and Full Measure given; delivered to any part of the city.  
 Try Bolton Dairy and be Convinced

**THE BOYLESS TOWN.**  
 A cross old woman of long ago  
 Declared that she hated noise;  
 "The town would be so pleasant, you know,  
 If only there were no boys."

She scolded and fretted about it till  
 Her eyes grew heavy as lead,  
 And then of a sudden the town grew still,  
 For all the boys had fled.

And all through the long and dusty street  
 There wasn't a boy in view;  
 The baseball lot, where they used to meet,  
 Was a sight to make one blue.

The grass was growing on every base  
 And the paths that the runners made,  
 For there wasn't a soul in all the place  
 Who knew how the game was played.

The dogs were sleeping the livelong day;  
 Why should they bark or leap?  
 There wasn't a whistle or call to play,  
 And so they could only sleep.

The pony neighed from his lonely stall,  
 And longed for saddle and rein;  
 And even the birds on the garden wall  
 Chirped only a dull refrain.

The cherries rotted and went to waste;  
 There was no one to climb the trees;  
 And nobody had a single taste,  
 Save only the birds and bees.

There wasn't a messenger boy—not one,  
 To speed as such messengers can;  
 If people wanted their errands done  
 They sent for a messenger man.

There was little, I ween, of frolic and noise;  
 There was less of cheer and mirth;  
 The sad old town, since it lacked its boys,  
 Was the dreariest place on earth.

The poor old woman began to weep,  
 Then awoke with a sudden scream;  
 "Dear me!" she cried, "I have been asleep;  
 And oh! what a dreadful dream!"  
 —New Haven Register.

**RACE FOR A BRIDE.**

**DUKE CARLTON** paced restlessly back and forth on the platform at the station of D—. He was a man 26 years of age, upon whom Nature had certainly lavished an undue amount of good looks, but whose face was marred at present by a look of contempt for everything upon which his glance might chance to fall. And it was scarcely to be wondered at, for in just nine hours, as time was told by the large, slowly ticking clock in the waiting room at the depot, Duke Carlton was to be married. And here he was forty miles from his destination, and had just been told by the station agent that the trains had changed time, his train having left at precisely twenty minutes before his arrival, and there would be another before 8 that evening. Eight—the hour set for his marriage with sweet Lula Houghton. What would she, could she, think? What a position to put her in! Already he imagined the crowded church, the sea of eager faces, the waiting bride, and no Duke. He must reach the city of E—in time for the ceremony; but how?

Presently he walked back to the little ticket office where the agent was laboriously writing.

"Do you know if there is any sort of conveyance around here that I could get to take me to the next village? I would pay well for one, as it is imperative that I should reach E— before night."

The agent calmly finished the sentence he was writing, pushed the cap he was wearing on the back of his head still farther back, and having thoughtfully chewed the end of his pen for about half a minute, replied:

"I dunno. You might be able to git old Harmon's horse and buggy if 'tain't let. He keeps the tavern 'bout a stone's throw from here, an' sometimes lets his horse; but he wants a tartation price. You can try him, though; that's his chimney you see just over the yeller house there." And he rose lazily and pointed vaguely down the street, where a number of small houses were visible, among which the yellow one stood out distinctly, having been recently built and just received its coat of priming.

Duke walked rapidly from the depot and hastened in the direction of the "tavern," keeping the chimney in view as a guard against mistake, and soon found himself before a dirty, ill-kept, ill-looking place, from which an odor of bottled cabbage and onions was now issuing. To his loud and twice-repeated knocking the door was finally opened by an untidy specimen of woman-kind from which he would at any other time have recoiled in disgust; but his necessity was urgent, so, stepping forward, he raised his hat and courteously asked if he might see the proprietor.

After a prolonged stare, as if mentally digesting the word, she answered with a half grunt:

"Ain't 't home, but I'm 'is wife, 'nd we ain't no secrets. What do you want?"

Duke smiled in spite of his perplexity before he replied:

"I merely came to see if I could engage some one to take me over to the village east of here. I must reach E—to-night; I believe I can get a carriage there."

"There ain't no horse to hum," she said, "but Abe would take you over in the mornin'. Do you want lodgin' fur the night?" she added, an eager look taking the place of the previous vacant stare.

"No, thank you," said Duke; "if I cannot find a vehicle of some description, I suppose I must walk, for I must certainly get there to-night. Can you tell me about how far it is to the next village, and which is the nearest way to go?"

"It's four mile and a half by the railroad, an' nigh onto seven if you take the road," was the surly answer, as she saw that there was not even a remote

chance of "Abe's" making something in the morning. "But 'tain't many as likes to go by the railway, on 'count of the narrer tunnel, though it's a deal neerer."

"Thanks. Then if I take to the track here and go straight ahead I shall come out at the village at the end of about four miles?"

A nod was his answer, followed as he turned away by the words:

"Four an' a half, I said."

So Duke started to walk the four and a half miles, concluding he must take the shortest way he could, as he had not a superabundance of time; there might be some little delay even after he arrived at the village. So he began his journey at once, without even stopping for dinner.

He had passed the third-mile post when he reached the tunnel.

"Ah!" he said aloud. "Here is the tunnel of which she warned me. I wonder how long it is? What a dunce I was not to ask! It does look like a ticklish place, that's a fact—small, one-track affair. I don't half like the idea of going through it. Wonder if I'd have made it if I'd taken the road? Well, it's too late now—I'm in for it!"

He had groped along for about a quarter of a mile, feeling his way carefully by the wall. Not a thought of any actual danger had entered his head—so full of his fair bride-to-be—until suddenly a dull rumble struck his ears, and caused him to wonder whence the sound proceeded. Another instant and there flashed across his brain the horrible reality. A train was coming, from which direction he could not tell, but certainly coming, and if the tunnel proved much longer the fact was undeniable that he should be crushed beneath the iron monster there alone in the darkness, and no one would know his fate. He listened, laying his ear to the rail; it was coming in the rear. He quickened his steps—he ran—ran as rapidly as he dared for fear of a misstep which would hinder instead of advance his ends.

Now the roar comes nearer; he can imagine the train as it is tearing along, carrying death to him. He thinks each individual hair is standing on end. The sweat pours down his face, and still this darkness, still this louder roar of the engine as it comes steadily nearer and nearer, and his strength is nearly exhausted.

At last a gleam of light greets him at the farther end of the tunnel. O, what hope it inspires! He thinks of the races he has won at college, and determines to take a fresh start. Yes, he will run as if running a race, and forget the huge monster behind him which seems to paralyze his limbs and prevent all motion; he will run, run—he must win—how terrible the result if he does not! He thinks of Lula, his sweetheart, his wife that was to have been. Shall he ever see her again?

The light ahead grows more and more distinct, but his strength is going, and the train behind is rushing on fast; it seems quite close now; he can almost feel its breath upon him; still he runs. Another moment and he will have gained or lost—what? He must make that short space! What a thing it is, this being face to face with death! He cannot hold out much longer; he feels he must lose—and what then? But no—he will make one more effort. He clears the tunnel, leaps from the track, and falls headlong down the bank on the side, saved—but unconscious, while the heavily loaded freight train passes by.

But the engineer had seen him jump, and not being able to ascertain whether he had been struck by the cow-catcher or not, stopped the train and went back in search of him; and when Duke Carlton regained consciousness he was lying on a seat in the depot in the village for which he had started some hours before.

He was not seriously injured. His fall had not stunned him, and in an hour he was quite ready to proceed on his journey, a little pale, it is true, and shaky in the lower extremities, but otherwise rejoicing that he had succeeded in his quest, and would be in time for his wedding, with thirty minutes to spare.

Duke Carlton does not believe in the theory that a person's hair turns white in a night from sudden fright or sorrow, for his own raven locks show not a trace of silver; and surely no one ever had a more terrible fright or a narrower escape than did he on his wedding day, when he ran a race for his bride.—Chicago Tribune.

**Bullets Now Made of Paper.**  
 There used to be a saying in the old duelling days of a generation past that every bullet has its billet. Now, if we may believe a statement in Der Millitarist, the time has arrived when a billet, even a billet-doux, may be converted into a bullet. The Journal states that a French army surgeon has invented a bullet made of compressed paper, covered by a thin sheet of highly polished aluminum. The new bullet, it is claimed, is less expensive than those in use; it makes equally as good targets at any range, and the wound made by it is surgically clean, healing with far greater ease than wounds made by any of the missiles now in use. Thus, while the number of wounded may be no less, the labor of surgeons will be lightened by the absence of septic conditions.—Invention.

**A Masculine View of It.**  
 "Isn't my new dress becoming to me?" asked the delighted wife.  
 "Yes," replied the head of the establishment; "and I suppose the bill for it will soon be coming to me."

People probably get the blues because they fail to look at things in the right light.

A girl often wonders if a certain young man wonders if she is thinking of him.

**C. G. APPELGATH,**  
 3 YEARS HEAD CUTTER  
 WITH S. SILVERFIELD.

**A. PRASIL,**  
 FORMERLY DESIGNER AND FITTER  
 WITH MARSHALL FIELD, CHICAGO.

**APPELGATH & PRASIL**  
**FASHIONABLE FURRIERS**  
 Sealskin Garments  
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REMODELING AND REPAIRING  
 AT MODERATE PRICES  
 ALL WORK GUARANTEED

143 THIRD STREET,  
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**WE LEAD IN LOW PRICES**

While Others **TRY** to Follow  
**OREGON CITY AUCTION HOUSE**  
**W. L. BLOCK, PROP'R**

NEW line of Fine Steel Ranges and Stoves, NEW Air-tight Heaters, NEW Hardware, NEW Portieres and Lace Curtains. Also a fine line of NEW Crockery, Hanging Lamps, Glassware and Tinware.

I take pleasure in announcing to the public that I have put in a Fine Line of NEW Furniture, NEW Carpets, NEW Matting, My Second-Hand Stock  
 Of Furniture, Carpets and Stoves  
**Is Always Complete**  
 Convince yourself by getting our prices before buying.  
**Prices Cheerfully Given.**  
**Don't Forget the Place!** Main Street...  
 Opp. Postoffice

**G. H. YOUNG**  
**Funeral Conductor**  
**And Undertaker**

Caskets, Coffins, Robes, Lining, Etc. Best Material. Lowest Prices.  
 Next Door to Pope's hardware store.  
 Main Street. OREGON CITY, OR.

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 MANUFACTURER OF  
**Monuments and Headstones**

Estimates furnished on all kinds of Marble, Granite and Building Work. : : Drawings made by description.

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—GO TO— **G. H. BESTOW**  
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**DOORS, WINDOWS, MOULDING AND BUILDING MATERIAL.**

LOWEST CASH PRICES EVER OFFERED FOR FIRST-CLASS GOODS.

Shop Opposite Congregational Church, Main Street, Oregon City, Ore.

**R. L. HOLMAN**  
**Undertaker and Embalmer**

Carries a complete line of caskets, coffins, robes, etc. Superior goods, Superior services at most moderate prices. Next door to Commercial bank.  
**OREGON CITY OREGON**

**SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS**

To Watch Buyers for 30 DAYS; if you never possessed a watch now is the TIME to own TIME of your own.

293 Morrison Street  
**PORTLAND, OREGON**

**A. N. WRIGHT,**  
**The Iowa Jeweler**

**SOUTH OREGON CITY**  
 ...The Most Desirable Suburb...

ADJOINING OREGON CITY AND PRACTICALLY A PART OF IT.

It is all within one mile of the center of the city and is connected by an improved plank road. Healthy location, fine view, good air, soil, water and drainage and a first-class public school adjoining. With all the advantages of the city and but a 15 minutes walk to the business houses, makes this a very desirable place of residence and bound to grow in popularity.

Choice Lots ready for the garden from \$100 to \$150 on easy monthly installments with liberal discount to home builders. Call on or address.

**T. L. CHARMAN, Trustee, Charman Bros. Block**