

Crescent Bicycle and The Repair Man

Have no use for each other. Ten years of hard use on Clackamas county roads has given the Crescent the name of "The Wheel That Stands Up." Many new features on 1902 models.

Columbia Bicycles Standard of the World

For 23 years. Always first in improvements—always the leader. "Good as the Columbia" is the best that can be said of any wheel.

Tribune Bicycles Fastest in the World

The fastest mile ever ridden on a bicycle was on a Tribune. It's light, staunch and easy running—"Hurry-up" riders pick the Tribune.

Select your mount from either of the three and you will get the most and best that money can buy in a bicycle.

Prices \$25 to \$50—Easy installments. Choice of any good tire. Old wheels \$5 up. Get our prices on Tires, Bells, Lamps and all Bicycle Sundries.

HUNTLEY'S BOOK STORE, Oregon City, Ore.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN PACIFIC SYNOD

Will Begin a Six Day Session in The Oregon City Church Next Wednesday.

The Pacific synod of the Evangelical Lutheran church will open a six days' session in the local church at the corner of Eighth and Jefferson streets, on Wednesday, May 28th. Following is the program as near as can be ascertained at this date:

Wednesday, May 28. 10 a. m. Meeting of the Oregon district of Pacific Synod.

4 p. m. Meeting of executive committee.

5 p. m. Meeting of examining committee.

8 p. m. Preparatory services; synodical sermon by Rev. Henry Martens, of Salt Lake City, and celebration of Lord's supper.

Thursday, May 29.

9 a. m. Devotional exercises and formal opening of synod. President's report, election of officers and business.

2 p. m. Devotional opening; business and by-laws.

3:30 p. m. Doctrinal discussion on baptism—paper by Rev. H. Yung, of Seattle.

8 p. m. Devotional services. Sermons, "Works of Mercy," by Rev. W. Hall, of Lacombe, Wash., and Professor B. Merz, of Cleveland, Ore.

Friday, May 30.

9 a. m. Opening and business.

10:15 a. m. "The Pastor's Relation to His Congregation," by Rev. E. Meyer; discussion.

2 p. m. Devotional exercises and business.

3:30 p. m. Doctrinal discussion of a paper by Professor B. Merz on "Justification."

8 p. m. Sermon on "Home Missions," by Rev. William Stoeber, of Tacoma.

Sermon on "Education," Rev. H. A. Yung.

Saturday, May 31.

9 a. m. Devotion and business.

10:15 a. m. Doctrinal discussion, a paper on the "Sacrificial Elements of Worship," by Rev. H. Martens.

2 p. m. Sunday-school convention. Devotional opening; organization.

1. A paper on Mission Sunday-schools, Rev. E. Meyer.

2. A paper on "Individual Interest in Sunday-schools," of Tacoma. Discussion.

3. "The Model Superintendent," Rev. W. Hall.

4. "The Model Teacher," Rev. Herbert Martens. Discussion.

5. "Sunday-school Music," Rev. William Brenner.

6. "Our Graded System," of Seattle. Discussion.

Sunday, June 1.

9:30 a. m. Sunday School; addresses by visiting pastors.

10:30 a. m. Sermon by Rev. A. Schoenborn, of Macksburg, and Rev. W. Kochmer, of Nehalem.

Rev. Herbert Martens will preach in Portland Sunday morning in St. James Evangelical Lutheran church.

2:30 p. m. Luther League: Devotional opening; organization. Papers on the following topics will be presented: "Loyalty," by Miss Walter; "Labor," Theodore Strohmeyer; "The National Convention," Miss Bell; "Literature," Miss Anna Stuebeling, of The Dalles; "Our Needs," S. S., Portland.

8 p. m. Evening services: Sermon, by Rev. F. Sack, of Medford; sermon by student Theo Schoenborn, of the Theological Seminary at Chicago.

Monday, June 2.

9 a. m. Final session: Completion of business and adjournment.

Rev. E. Meyer, secretary of the Pacific Synod, contributes the following: "We expect this to become a very interesting meeting of the young organization known as the Pacific Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran church, with good hopes and fair promises for the future, we look to a prosperous year, as well as we know that the past has been prosperous."

"This organization is growing in strength, and is carefully supported by the church in the East financially and morally. We hope to add a number of new names to the clerical list in the

near future. Rev. G. Yang, of Lenexa, Kan., has accepted the call to Oregon City. Our synod is delighted to have received so eminent a man as a leader in its ranks, and the congregation at Oregon City may be congratulated from all sides upon their selection. Rev. Yang has been president of the Kansas and Nebraska synod for 10 successive years, and secretary still longer. Under his leadership we predict a bright future for Zion's congregation here, and we see the blue sky between the dark clouds, which overhung this church for a time—these clouds are rapidly dispersing and sunshine will be the final blessing for the congregation. The public is cordially invited to all sessions of the synod."

Praying and Prinkng.

Sam Jones, the revivalist, was once taking women to task for spending more time in prinking than in praying. "If there's a woman here," he screamed finally, "who prays more than she prinks, let her stand up."

One poor old faded specimen of femininity in the sorriest, shabbiest of clothes arose.

"You spend more time praying than prinking?" asked the preacher, taking her all in.

The poor old creature said she did—prayed all the time, prinked none at all.

"You go straight home," admonished Jones, "and put a little time on your prinking."

Turner's Toast.

Turner, the painter, was a ready wit. Once at a dinner of artists and literary men a minor poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast "the health of the painters and glaziers of Great Britain."

The toast was drunk, and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed "the health of the British paper stainers."

The laugh was turned against the poet.

Ungallant.

A Marysville schoolma'am was teaching her class the mysteries of grammar.

"Now, Johnny," said she, "in what tense do I speak when I say, 'I am beautiful?'"

The little fellow answered quick as a wink, "The past."—Kansas City Journal.

The Other Way.

Teacher—I would like some one in the class to define the meaning of vice versa.

Bright Boy—It's sleeping with your feet toward the head of the bed.

Ireland has 408 able-bodied persons to 1,000 inhabitants, Scotland 424 and England 432.

The hardest thing to find is an honest partner for a swindle.

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure no pay. Price 25 cents.

A Revelation.

If you will make inquiry it will be a revelation to you how many succumb to kidney or bladder troubles in one form or another. If the patient is not beyond medical aid, Foley's Kidney Cure will cure. It never disappoints. Charman & Co.

The Best Prescription for Malaria

Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYE are fast to sun light, washing and rubbing. Sold by C. G. Huntley

Urban Stupidity.

"Henry," said Uncle Amos from Up-creek, who was visiting his city nephew, "who's that man in the house on the other side of the street? Every morning he stands in front of a window an' shaves himself. He's done it now for three days hand running."

"I suppose that he has done it every morning for the last ten years, uncle," replied Henry.

"Has he lived there all that time?" "Yes, and longer than that, for all I know. I've been here only ten years myself."

"Who is he?" "I don't know."

"What does he follow?" "I haven't the slightest idea, uncle."

Uncle Amos put on his hat and went out.

In an hour or two he returned.

"Henry," he said, "that chap's name is Horton. He runs an insurance office down town. He's wuth about \$27,000, owns that house an' lot, belongs to the Presbyterian church, has three boys an' one girl, an' he's forty-six years old. I've found out more about him in an hour than you have in ten years. Blamed if I don't believe livin' in the city makes people stupid."—Chicago Tribune.

He Watched Them.

The following is one of the stories told about Eugene Field:

There were visitors in prospect one afternoon in the Field household and a strike in the culinary department. Mischief was at flood tide, and Mrs. Field was vainly endeavoring to be everywhere at once, when the man of "sharps and flats" appeared in the kitchen doorway with a folio in his hand.

"Oh, won't you watch those pies for me while I run upstairs an instant?" his wife exclaimed. "Be sure not to let the meringue scorch—it would ruin them; you'd better give me that book or they'll be burned to a crisp." With mock meekness Mr. Field allowed her to carry off his treasure. On returning she was horrified to find the oven door wide open and the rich, fluffy meringue flat, tough and leatherlike.

"They're ruined!" she exclaimed in dismay. "Why didn't you keep the oven door shut?"

"Keep the door shut?" Mr. Field repeated in very genuine amazement. "Why, you told me to watch them every instant, and I'd like to know how I could do that with the oven door shut!"—New York Times.

Sable Sheep.

Sable sheep are not frequently seen in England, but ebony lambs are plentiful in the Australian commonwealth.

A colonial dockmaster had quite a number of black lambs, and he folded them in a range by themselves. He found that black lambs might not recur in a flock in generations and then recur suddenly. For example, where a black ram was used in a flock of white ewes the product was white lambs, with few exceptions, and where sire and dam were ebony colored the lambs were mostly white. And so the Australians gave up the attempt to found a sable flock. Where wool is dyed a deep color sable wool absorbs less dye and makes a more durable color. Still black fleece absorbs more sun rays than white, and black sheep are more seriously affected by heat.—London Live Stock Journal.

Speaker and Speakers.

There is a tale to the effect that while Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed wielded the gavel a gentleman took his little boy to the gallery of the house of representatives. Looking down upon the more numerous branch of the federal legislature the child asked, "Father, who is that large man sitting in the pulpit with a mallet in his hand?"

"He, my son," replied the fond parent, "is the house of representatives."

"And who are those other men sitting in semicircles around him?" inquired the tiny chap.

"They are the speakers of the house of representatives," answered paternal-familias.—Cham Clark in Leslie's Weekly.

Historical "Bulls."

Grave historical writers are occasionally guilty of what are called "Hibernicisms." The following passage occurs in a popular history of France:

"It is extremely doubtful whether this prince, Meroveus, ever existed at all, but he had a son, Childeric, whose existence is well authenticated."

The following is also from a historical work:

"Like Samson of old, who, armed only with the jawbone of an ass, put 1,100 Philistines to the sword."

A Brutal Threat.

Mrs. Jigsby (the discussion having become somewhat personal—You may talk till doomsday, George Jigsby, but you'll never get me to admit that a wife is bound to do as her husband tells her.

Mr. Jigsby—By gravy, madam, if I outlive you I'll have it engraved on your tombstone that you were a good and obedient wife!—Chicago Tribune.

Good Cough Syrup.

The following is said to make a splendid cough syrup: Take one ounce of boneseed, one of flaxseed, one of slippery elm and a stick of licorice. Boll in soft water until the strength is extracted. Strain carefully and add one pint of best syrup and one pound of loaf sugar. Simmer together. Bottle up tight when cold and take a tablespoonful three or four times a day.

Where Medical Knowledge Stopped.

"No use talking," said the invalid feebly. "I'm going to die, I know."

"Oh, come!" expostulated his friend. "The doctor doesn't say that, and he surely knows more than you do."

"No; he doesn't know, as I do, that I allowed my insurance to lapse."—Catholic Standard and Times.

FROM RAIN IN THE WOODS.

When on the leaves the rain insists, And every gust brings showers down, When all the woodland smokes with mist, I take the old road out of town, Into the hills through which it twists.

I find the vale where catnip grows, Where boneseed blooms with wetness drenched— The vale through which the red creek flows— Turpid with bill washed clay and lead As some strange horn a wildman bleeds.

Like knots upon the gray bark'd trees The lichen colored mushrooms are pressed, And, wedged in hollow blooms, the bees Seem clogged pollen; in its nest The hornet creeps and lies at ease.

The butterfly and forest bird Are huddled on the same garbled bough From which, like some rain vocalized word That dampness hoarsely utters now, The tree toad's voice is vaguely heard.

I crouch and listen, and again The woods are filled for me with forms; Weird, elfin shapes in train on train Arise, and now I feel the arms Around me of the wraiths of rain.

O wraiths of rain! O trailing mist! Still fold me, hold me and pursue! Still let my lips by yours be kissed! Still draw me with your hands of dew, Unto the trust, the dripping trust!

—Madison Cawein in Atlantic.

WHAT MRS. JOHNNIE DID

"Whatever you do, don't take the 12:10," Tom had said when at breakfast Mrs. Johnnie declared her intention of running up to town. "It's slow and awfully dusty and there's generally a rowdy crowd aboard. Wait for the 2:05 express."

But no sooner had Tom taken his departure than Mrs. Johnnie decided to do nothing of the sort. She was a bustling little body, forever on the go, and when once an idea crept into that clever little head of hers she was inclined to carry it through to a finish in her own particular way.

Consequently Mrs. Johnnie did take the 12:10 local, and within five minutes' time she was wishing devoutly that she had followed Tom's advice, for it was hot and dusty, and they were crawling along at a snail's pace, and there were some rough looking customers on board, and—well, oh, dear! After all, Tom did know what he was talking about occasionally.

At the far end of the car a young woman was sitting. She looked so young that one might almost have called her a child in spite of the fact that her pretty brown hair was twisted up on the top of her head in a vain imitation of the latest fashion and the (to Mrs. Johnnie) most atrocious fact that her cheeks were covered with rouge.

Mrs. Johnnie gathered her belongings together and set out to take possession of the seat just in front of the young girl, and then, half turning, she scrutinized the young woman at her leisure. She could do so without rudeness, for the girl was gazing out of the window, and her thoughts seemed to be far away. "It's a sweet little face," thought Mrs. Johnnie, "and I don't care if it is painted it's innocent and trustful. Her dress fits her admirably, but she has a glorious pair of eyes. She's a positive anomaly. I'm going to introduce myself."

The girl turned her head just at that moment, and as their eyes met both of them smiled, and each perceived for the first time that the other wore the little silver Maltese cross of the King's Daughters. They needed no introduction after that. Mrs. Johnnie moved into the seat with her, and they were soon the best of friends. It did not take Mrs. Johnnie very long to gain the particulars of her story. She had never been to the city before, she said; indeed, except for some little excursion now and then, she had never left her home, which was in a little village on the coast of Long Island. She was so glad to have some one to talk to, for of course she was feeling a bit lonely. Then she told Mrs. Johnnie that her name was Daisy—Daisy Hope—and that she was an orphan with just one sister. Her name was Sophie, and she was married now. They had always been the very best of friends—she and Sophie—until Dan Hackett came along. Nowadays, she added with a sigh, Sophie had eyes for no one but Dan.

"But I shan't mind it so much now," she added, suddenly brightening up again, "now that I'm going to be married too."

"Married!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnnie in astonishment. "You don't mean to tell me so! When is it coming off, and what's his name?"

"Yes, we're going to be married right away—Jack and me. This isn't very much of a trousseau, is it?" she added, with an expressive gesture toward her old fashioned carpetbag and two paper parcels. "But Jack said that wouldn't matter. He could fix me up when I came to town. He told me in his letter not to bring anything along; my country dresses would never do for New York, he said. So I've left them all at home there, hanging up in my closet—all except my new pink one I got at Easter. It's so pretty I couldn't bear to leave that behind. I guess it will do for the mornings, now and then."

"But wasn't it awfully good of Jack, though? He sent me this dress to wear on the way up and this diamond," pointing to a huge brooch that sparkled at her throat, but which Mrs. Johnnie's eyes pronounced to be very bad paste. "And there was a box of complexion salve he sent me too. I've put some of it on just to please him, but I can't say that I like it very much. It itches so and feels horrid. Do all ladies paint in New York?"

At another time Mrs. Johnnie would have burst out laughing, but just at present matters were taking too serious a turn. Mrs. Johnnie was beginning to wonder very much.

White Lies.

One would hardly dare to ask a friend to dine in so many words, says a writer in The Spectator, if it were not permissible for him to make the false reply that he was sorry he was engaged and could not come.

Ordinary social intercourse, instead of becoming more direct, would have to be carried on by an elaborate system of hints; otherwise society would become, metaphorically speaking, a bear garden in which sensitive persons would be battered to death. It would be impossible to get used to being told "I do not like you, and your friend bore me," or "I could come quite early, but I do not care to identify myself with the very second-rate people among whom you live."

Neither could we improve matters by reversing the ordinary procedure and allowing the guests to invite themselves. The rebuff of being refused hospitality would be almost unbearable.

"But when are you to be married, my dear?" she asked hastily. "You have not answered my question yet. And what does Sophie say? For, of course, you've told her all about it."

The girl hung her head, and Mrs. Johnnie could see her blushes even in spite of the rouge.

"You see, it's this way: Jack hates a fuss and all that. He said for us to get married first and then let Sophie know. That was the hardest thing I had to do—leaving her without a word of goodbye. But Jack knows best, I suppose. Only I wish—"

"Excuse me, Daisy, you mustn't think me impertinent for asking all these questions, my dear. Is Jack going to meet you at the station?"

"Well, no, not exactly. He's so busy at this time of day, you know. That's one reason why he sent the dress and things. He said in his letter that he had shown them to a lady friend of his. She's to meet me at the ferry and take charge of me till he comes."

"Oh! And how long did you say you have known a—a—Jack?"

The girl hung her head again. "I saw him first about six weeks ago. He came down twice on Sunday after that, and he's written ever so often."

Mrs. Johnnie laid her hand tenderly upon the young girl's arm. "And do you really think, my dear Daisy, that you know him well enough to marry him? Wouldn't it be wiser to wait a bit and take your sister into your confidence? Why not ask Jack to wait a year for you and then see how matters stand? He'll wait for you gladly enough if he's really in earnest."

"Why should I keep him waiting?" she answered. "He loves me. Isn't that enough? I love and trust him entirely, and he does the same by me? Isn't that enough?"

Mrs. Johnnie did not answer for a moment. Her lips were pressed tightly together, for, to tell the truth, Mrs. Johnnie was making up her mind to adopt a desperate measure. This car half full of men was certainly no place for a scene, and Mrs. Johnnie began to realize that if she proceeded to do her duty by this little girl a scene was bound to come. The train was just slowing up for a moment at a little wayside station.

"Well, my dear, I hope sincerely that you will find it is enough," she said. Then, springing up suddenly, she grasped the carpetbag and her own belongings.

"Hurry up, my child!" she exclaimed, giving the girl a little push. "Here's where we change cars, you know. Come along!"

"But I thought this train—"

"Now, my dear, that's just what you mustn't do. Don't think, but follow my instructions."

Before the girl had realized what she was doing Mrs. Johnnie had bundled her out on to the station platform. The train moved slowly out. Mrs. Johnnie watched it disappear with a sigh of relief, and then she turned to the bewildered girl and spoke to her very gently:

"Let us walk over to the little hotel, Daisy. We shall have to wait there half an hour. Perhaps we can secure a room there, for I want to have a little talk with you."

In speaking of it afterward Mrs. Johnnie always declared that to her the walk from the station to the hotel was by far the saddest part of all that day's ordeal. It was then that the magnitude of the work she had to do dawned upon her for the first time. Before they two should be standing on that platform again Jack, the young girl's idol, must be shattered and thrown from its pedestal. To Mrs. Johnnie fell the task of displaying him in his true colors, and, though it was a task which she shrank instinctively from in perspective, when the time came Mrs. Johnnie was not found wanting. She never told any one—not even Tom—the particulars of what occurred in that little room, but when the train from New York came rushing along half an hour later the semaphore was hoisted as a signal to stop and the two women stepped silently on board.

Both of them had tear stained faces, but there was no rouge on the young girl's face now. Her hair hung simply down her back, and she wore her pretty pink dress. That night, when Mrs. Johnnie reached her own home, after quite a long combat with sister Sophie, Tom was told just as many of the particulars as Mrs. Johnnie thought fit.

When she had finished, he was silent for a moment or two, while he exhausted his stock of anathemas upon Jack. Then, turning his attention to the woman in the case, he exclaimed, "Well, of all the little fools—"

But Mrs. Johnnie interrupted him suddenly.

"Don't call her that, dear," she added as she kissed him. "Just thank God that I took the 12:10."

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED—To increase my list of farms and lands for sale, in all parts of the county. Lands owned by non-residents represented and sold. H. E. Cross, Attorney at Law.

FOR SALE—500 tracts of land. Inquire of O. A. Cheney, Oregon City.

FOR SALE—80 15-100 acre farm, 7 miles from Oregon City, 18 miles from Portland. 40 acres in cultivation; 15 acres in wheat, 12 acres in oats, 10 acres in clover, 1 acre in potatoes, 1/2 acre orchard, good well and running water, house, barn, granary, stable, blacksmith shop with tools, 2 wagons, 2 plows, spring tooth harrow, peg tooth harrow, cultivator, self binder, mower, hayrack, feed and bone mill, hay cutter, and other tools too numerous to mention. 2 horses, 3 cows, 48 sheep with lambs, 2 hogs, 100 chickens, 12 stand bees, 2 sets harness, 2 stoves, some house furniture. All goes for \$42 an acre, half cash; balance so suit purchaser at five per cent. Five per cent. discount if all cash. A dress, P. O. Viola. AUGUST FUNK, Redland.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred Holstein Friesian bull, 10 months old, sire and dam Registered, or will exchange for No. 1 milk cow. Address Chas. N. Wait, Canby, Oregon.

FOR SALE—A No. 1 Durham fresh dairy cow, five years old; five gallons or more daily. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE—Finishing Lumber by J. A. Jones at his mill on the Abernethy, 2 miles east of Oregon City. The mill and machinery is also for sale, including 40-horse engine and boiler. Address J. A. Jones, Oregon City.

FOR SALE—On the installment plan, if so desired, good 5 room house, corner 3rd and Jefferson streets; sewer connections add healthy location. Apply to R. Koerner, corner 4th and Jefferson sts.

For Sale—A first-class buggy. Apply at this office.

LUMBER FOR SALE by E. E. Rich, 3 miles east of Sola Springs. Flooring and rustic a specialty. All kinds of lumber always on hand.

LUMBER—Leave orders at this office for first-class lumber of all kinds, or address W. F. Harris, Beaver Creek, Oregon.

STRAYED—About May 1st, a small bay horse, weight about 600 or 800, rather thin, little white in forehead. For information or return to Persell, the cow-leader, on Abernethy, a liberal reward will be paid.

WANTED—A house to rent below the hill in Oregon City. No children. Inquire at this office.

WANTED—A lady or gentleman to spend vacation months working for a salary of \$40 per month. Please address Box 425, Oregon City, Oregon.

THE T. S. Townsend Creamery Co. of 44 Second St., Portland, will sell you a cream separator and take cream in exchange.

SNOWDEN will make the season of 1902 as follows: Saturdays and Mondays, at home (Beaver Creek); Fridays at Oregon City Feed Yard on Main St. H. Hughes, owner and manager.

BOB, the 3-4 Percheron, will stand at Oak Grove stock farm this season. Six dollars to insure with fold. His colts can be seen at all ages from four days to six years old. J. W. Dowty, Currieville, Or.

Individuals' Money to Loan at 6 per cent and 7 per cent. Call on or write, JOHN W. LOREN, Attorney at Law, Stevens Bld'g., Oregon City, Ore.

THE DEPOT HOTEL is for rent or for sale or exchange for real estate. Inquire of E. E. G. Seal.