

Foreign Lands

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The Bank of
Oregon City
Oregon City, Ore.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mountain View.

Joe Harrington is clerking in Ely's store this week.
Walter Curran has a severe attack of ulcerated eyes.
J. Skinner, of Clarks, was the guest of J. Gillett Friday evening.
Mr. Seely has the main part of his new house all enclosed.
It is rather quiet around here as so many are off hopping.
W. Hall has a very sick horse, but it is improving slowly.
Mrs. Montague, of Arlington, Or., was visiting with her son, Theodore Weed, and wife last week.
Mr. Swafford is on the sick list this week.
The excitement here now is the big fire in the Maple Lane district. Mr. Gillett is out helping to keep the fire from Mr. Beard's wood.
There was a big charivari again last Monday evening in honor of the wedding of F. Swartz and Mrs. Pauline Metzner.
Mrs. G. W. Grace and children were visiting friends here last Friday.
Adna Marrow has the typhoid fever. Dr. Strickland is in attendance.
Grandpa Frost is worse again.

SALINA.

Mackburg.

We are having pleasant weather at present, but it is so smoky that the sun is almost invisible.
Some of our farmers are prospering this year. Heretofore they paid 15 cents for threshing hands, while this year they paid 37 cents.
Nearly all the farmers have taken their families to the hop fields, and those that haven't families took some other man's family.
Mr. Daly will finish picking his hops this week.
Miss Eva, the 12 year old daughter of P. M. Graves, is making \$1.50 a day picking hops.
Cole Bros. have broken the record in all the history of the oldest pioneers. They have threshed 2531 bushels of oats and 241 bushels of wheat for one man in one setting and in one day. They commenced threshing at 6 o'clock a. m. and quit at 7:15 a. m. an hour and 15 minutes rest at noon.
Hepler & Helz have quit threshing until after hopping.
A war of words is always bad, but then we know it's human, we also know we'll sure get licked in such a war with women.

Russellville.

Threshing will be late here because of the the machines being so busy. A. Hardy is the only happy man in this country: He has his own thrasher and has finished threshing. Mr. Crawson has a thrasher, but he generally threshes westward or toward the valley.
Russell Bros.' mill has shut down until after threshing is over on account of the power.
H. Davidson is improving his farm by fencing some new ground.
The burg still prospers, and is looking hopeful. The merchants are waiting quietly for the hop money of which they will get a share.
Elder Moore will preach at Mulino strange hall the third Sunday in September.
George Marts and sister, Hattie, went to the hop yards Tuesday last.
Born to Mr. and Mrs. Marts, a 10-pound girl.
Most of the people of this place have gone to the hop yards.
Mr. and Mrs. Wingfield and daughter called on Scott Carter Wednesday.
Harry Newton, who has been in this section for about four or five years, has left and gone to San Francisco, where he will remain for awhile.
Maud Wingfield and Ethel Armstrong called on the Boyles family Wednesday.
Mr. and Mrs. Wingfield and daughter, Maud, went to Canby Tuesday and found the roads very dusty.
Miss Florence, Cecil and Etna Marts called on the Davidson family Wednesday.
Bennie Boyles and family went to the hop yard today.

MAXFLOWER.

Elliott Prairie.

Everyone is busy hop picking (your correspondent included).
The hop growers in this community are nearly all well pleased with their crops and are looking forward to a good rice.

Miss Kate Storts and friend returned from Eastern Oregon, where the former has been teaching school for several months.
Arthur Todd, of Portland, accompanied by his sister, Eva, returned home last week.
This part of the country is swarming with hop pickers, and most of the yards have so many pickers that they stop picking at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.
Miss Lena Hornshub and sister, Mrs. Streyfeller, accompanied by their brother visited at Mr. Todd's during hop picking.
Ernest Hitchman, of Portland, visited friends and relatives here during the week.
Mrs. Ben Stanton and baby have returned from Albany. Ben is very proud of the newborn.
Misses Mary and Sarah Davies and the Misses Henrici are enjoying the hop yards.
Miss Lurline Cochran, of Portland, has returned home after a two weeks' visit with her grandparents.
Mr. Stort's hop yard seems to be very popular this year. We wonder if it is on account of the numerous lachelors who are anxious for housekeepers.
Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Ryan, of Oregon City, visited relatives here last week.
A social dance was given at O. L. Barber's house last Saturday, which seemed to be enjoyed by all present.
Miss Annie Mauiz, of Maple Lane, is picking hops in A. Todd's hop yard.

ARABOHO.

ette Falls..... 410
M Harrington to H Genand, n½ of sec 28, 2, 4 e..... 1200
P Pendleton to J Trullinger, 39 as in sec 20, 4, 2 e..... 1220
A Len to T E Robb, w½ of Tuttle ctm..... 3180
A Weidner to G Schmitke, 30 as in sec 24, 3, 2 e..... 1630
D G Ely et al. to W W May, tract in Holmes ctm..... 1500
Wilfayette Falls Co to D H Courtney, lot 1, tract G and lot 2, tract H, Wilfayette Acreage Tract..... 250
Henry Graff to W A & M O Rathbone, 20 as in Thos Ross d l e..... 850
J W Meldrum to S J Young, 18.92 as in Rineason d l e..... 2584
F F Seely to D A Waters, sw of sec 4, 14, r 5 e..... 600
A Brockhart to L Brockhart, sw and s½ of nw of sec 0, t 5 s, r 1 e..... 1
W H Garven to C G Fortner, nw of ne and ne of nw of sec 30, t 7 s, r 3 e..... 300
F M Sutford to F L Newell, 10 as in sec 26, t 1 s r 2 e..... 1
F Newell to W Marks, same..... 600
G W Newton to J E Reed, s½ of sw of sec 12, t 4 s, r 1 e..... 2000
L Posson to M C and T E Craeft, 10 as in Abernethy d l e..... 87
R A Booth to same, 5 as in Abernethy d l e.....
O F Jones to J T Apperson, blk A, of Apperson subdivn of blks 5, 6 and 7, of Parkplace..... 400
Same to same, lot 12, blk 3, Parkplace.....
W W Bowers to L D Bowers, lots 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, blk H, Canemah F M Darling to Oregon City, tract

Springwater.

Threshing is a thing of the past in this place, which amounted to 25,000 bushels. Lewellen, Dubois & Co. threshed 15,000 bushels and Howl Brothers, 10,000 bushels.
Quite an exciting time was had on the 8th. An east wind revived smouldering fires on the Kidgeway place and Al Cary's place. The threshing crew had to be called out to subdue the flames. After 50 cords of wood, which belonged to H Dubois, had been burned, it was gotten under control. The fire started near Busch's ranch.
The other evening Earl Shibley went to bring in the cows out of the pasture, and his little dog got after a panther, which took after it, and Earl concluding it was getting rather a mixed-up affair and thought it would be a good policy to have a larger dog and gun, so he ran across the field and got Mr. Kandie and Mr. Austin and his dog, and after an exciting time they succeeded in killing the panther, which measured 7½ feet from tip to tip.
Miss Ora and George Lewellen have returned from Eastern Oregon, where they went for the former's health, which is not much improved, and fears are entertained that her lungs are affected.
Last Wednesday James Currin, of Oregon City, and Miss Bowen, of Springwater, were married at the church by Rev. Montgomery.
a Oregon City boats have changed time and now leave Portland 8:30 a. m. and 5 p. m. Leave Oregon City 7, 11 a. m.; 3 p. m. Round trip, 25 cents.

NEIGHBORS

By BALDWIN SEARS

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"He's there all alone with nobody but an old servant. His mother and father are still in Europe, no one knows where. It's all overwork, the doctor says, and he ought to be thankful it's not total blindness. But I'd be cross, too, if I had to sit in a dark room for six months without any one to read to me. And he's so anxious to get on with his law."

Nona Stewart gazed intently at the visitor, whose jetted fringe rattled a castanet accompaniment to her stream of talk. Who ought to be thankful?

When she had gone, Nona slipped from her corner by the window and stood behind the great chair where her grandmother sat winter and summer playing solitaire.

"Grandmother," she said questioningly, "who ought to be thankful, and why must it last six months?"

"Eh? Why, of course he ought to be thankful. Inflammation of the eyes is no joke even if he did bring it on trying to learn everything in one year. Commend me to young men for a parcel of fools." And the old lady snapped a king of hearts on a queen and shuffled the pack viciously.

"Grandmother"—again the small brown head peered around the corner of the great eared chair—"who did you say it was?"

"Who? Why, young Phil Strong, of course, the most reckless youngster that ever lived. I ought to know too. Wasn't his grandfather my own cousin? Wasn't he just the same, obstinate as a rebel?"

"Grandmother, did you say that he was all alone?"

"Mercy upon us, child, what next? Yes, he's all alone. Look out of the window all day if you want to, and you won't see a soul go out or in except the doctor and the butcher's boy. At this time of year all the silly people have rushed off to roast at the seaside, and there's no one in town to go and see any one."

Nona looked out of the window at the house opposite. For days she had wondered who it could be that the doctor went to see.

"I should think he would be lonely," said Nona to herself. "I should think he would want some one to come and read to him." There was a long pause. "And he's a kind of cousin, too, besides being my neighbor. * * * I should think * * * And grandmother takes her nap every afternoon at 4."

"Here's your cousin come to read to you, Mr. Phil." The old housekeeper pushed open the library door and stood aside for the young girl who had followed her up stairs.

"What?" came in a weary growl from the darkness. "Who's going to read to me?"

But the housekeeper had departed, and Nona was left standing in the middle of a very large, very closely curtained room, with a shadowy somebody who had turned his bandaged eyes upon her in a way that made her wonder why she had ever come and how she could get away without speaking. And as she stood there the voice repeated, "Who's that?"

Nona twisted her fingers together. "I-I heard my grandmother say that you hadn't any one to read to you and that it might last six months." She could get no further, but it was too late to retreat then.

At her first words the person sprawling in the big chair had risen abruptly, saying: "Pardon me. I didn't quite understand what that beast of a cook said." How polite he was compared with a moment before! "Your grandmother is quite right. I haven't any one to speak a Christian word to." Who was this girl anyhow? He wished that he dared pull up the bandage for a second. If her face matched her voice—well, anyhow, if she were as homely as sin she was an angel to come and read to him. "It's awfully good of you, Miss—"

"Stewart, Nona Stewart, just across the street," she hastened to tell him.

"It's mighty good of you, Miss Stewart. What shall I get you—I mean, won't you find a book? I stayed in town to study, and I haven't seen a book since I came here. This cursed luck—I beg your pardon—I mean my eyes went back on me just as I began to read for my degree."

"Oh, that's what I came to read, if you'll let me," added Nona, glad that blushes could not be heard by people who couldn't see them.

"Let you?" laughed the young man. "Indeed I will, though I'm afraid you'll find contracts dull work."

"Indeed, it won't be dull a bit," protested Nona, her sixteen-year-old heart swelling proudly as she settled herself near the window, where the light was cautiously let in. Wasn't she doing unto her neighbor as she would be done by?

"I shall like it, I am sure," she declared.

"And I love her for doing it," said the young man to himself at the end of a month as he sat and waited for 4 o'clock and Nona.

But 4 o'clock came, then 5 o'clock, and brought no one.

Nona did not come the next day or the next. Phil Strong grew crosser and crosser, and the doctor shook his head and declared that all the progress he had made in the last month would be lost if he did not stop fretting.

"Doctor," said the young man one day, "do you know anybody in this street of the name of Stewart?"

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"I did," said the doctor, "but she died last week—what?"
"Nothing; a—sharp pain in my eyes. O Lord, doctor, I can't stand it!"
"I told you this worrying and fretting would injure your eyes. I wish your father would come. I'd send you to the hospital tomorrow."

Phil Strong hesitated and looked up and down the street. He had come out to Tarrytown to make a will, and he did not see the house he had been directed to.

A young girl was coming toward him. He waited and lifted his hat. "Can you tell me where Henry Lloyd lives?" he asked.

As he spoke the girl, who had been looking at him, put her hand to her forehead quickly and blushed. "I—yes—that is, Henry Lloyd"—she began, but at the sound of her voice the young man started forward, the blood rushing to his face. "Nona," he said stammeringly, "Nona Stewart! I swear I'd know that voice in a thousand."

"Yes," said the girl, with a tremulous laugh, as he took her hand. "And you are Mr. Strong, are you not? But why do you look as if you had seen a ghost?"

"Because I thought at first that you were one," he answered, still holding her hand as if to assure himself. "They told me that the reason you never came any more was because you were dead."

"Why, that was grandmother," said Nona. "And I never had a chance to explain. I—"

"I never had a chance to explain either," said Phil slowly, looking at her.

"Explain what?" asked the girl.

"How much I love you," answered Phil.

How He Announced It.

There was a minister in a little Nebraska town who had two matters which were very close to his heart. He had prayed long and earnestly that the mortgage of the church might be paid off and that he might have a son and heir. Not long ago a boy came to gladden his heart and home, and on the same day the rich man of the village died, leaving \$5,000 with which to pay off the church debt.

The town was wild with excitement over the double event, and bets were freely made as to which subject was closest to the minister's heart and which he would refer to first in his sermon on the following Sunday. The eventful day arrived, and excitement ran high. There was an expectant hush when the minister entered the pulpit.

"My friends," he said, "you know what has been close to my heart for many years, and you know of the joyful happenings of the past week; and now, my friends, I want you to join with me in thanking God for the savior that has been sent us."

And then all bets were off.

Science For Its Own Sake.

A prominent feature in Faraday's character was his absolute love of science for his own sake. He freely gave his discoveries to his world when he could easily have built up a colossal fortune upon them. He once told his friend, Professor Tyndall, that at a certain period of his career he had definitely to ask himself whether he should make wealth or science the object of his life. He could not serve both masters and was therefore compelled to choose between them. When preparing his well known memoir of the great master, the professor called to mind this conversation and asked leave to examine his accounts, and this is the conclusion the professor arrived at:

Taking the duration of his life into account, this son of a blacksmith and apprentice to a bookbinder had to decide between a fortune of £150,000 on the one side and his unendowed science on the other. He chose the latter and died a poor man. But his was the glory of holding aloft among the nations the scientific name of England for a period of forty years.

Parrots.

There is an idea that the brilliantly colored parrots do not talk. There is no reason why they should not, and many possess the imitative instinct. One of the most richly colored of all is the purple capped lory, from the Moluccas. Its whole body is crimson and rose, its wings are green and its crest is purple. It is a thickset bird, like a big bullfinch, and can be highly educated. It is tame and gentle, an excellent "linguist" and mimic, never shrieks and is very amiable. It is also a ventriloquist.

It is worth noting that some of the lories, which are very fond of flowers, have been poisoned by being given laburnum blossoms. There is a belief that parrots should not be allowed water to drink, but only sopped food. We believe that this is a mistake which causes them great misery. They are not great water drinkers, and some species can go without it for a considerable time; but in their native state most of those that have been observed come regularly to the water holes to drink.

FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

In another part of this paper appears an advertisement worthy the reading, as it's for the public good. It tells of a free distribution of Doan's Kidney Pills, a remedy for Kidney ills. Read it, and call at C. G. Hunley, Druggist.

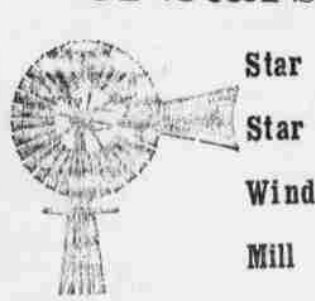
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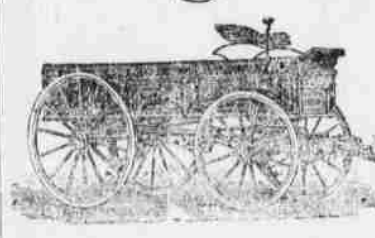
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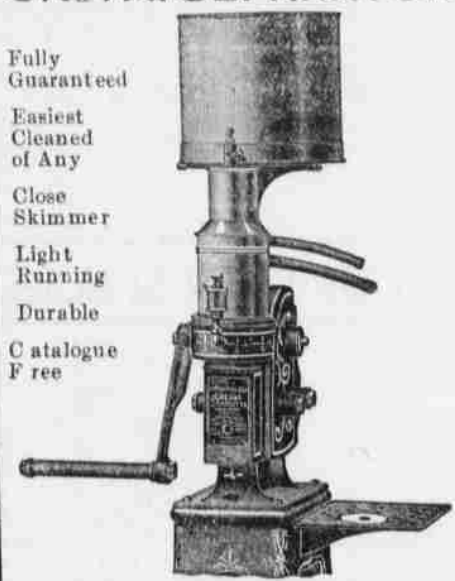
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REALTY TRANSFERS.

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J H Cook to C G Foster, lot —, sec 30, 7, 3 e..... 182
M E Forsythe to H E Davis, w½ of sec 26, 1, 3 e..... 26
J R Mark to C M Whitten, lot 11, blk 28, Oswego..... 100
T H Smith to H E Noble, lots 5 and 52, Pleasant Little Homes..... 1
Stone & Rodlum to M Z Burton, nw of sec 35, 1, 4 e..... 2500
H M Montour to A Busch, pt of lot 5, blk 60, Oregon City..... 15
O I & S Co to O Schaber, 39 as in sec 28 and 33, 1 e..... 1387
E P Bardine to Willamette Falls Co, lot 3, tract O, Willamette Falls..... 1
J Rose to J W Wilson, 9 64 as in sec 14, 3, 1 w..... 900
A O McFayden to J D Campbell, w½ of nw, ne of nw and sw of sec 14, 7, 4 e..... 1500
M Walsh to A McCalloch, lots 9 to 24, blk 87, Multnomah..... 1
S Hayford to A Hayford, w½ of nw of sec 1, 3, 2 e..... 1600
H B Nickles to W W May, pt of Holmes ctm..... 75
Sollwood Ld & Impvt Co to C Bingham, lots 1 and 4, blk 42, Oak Grove..... 400
T L Evans to G Drabbs, lot 14, Brock's Acre Home s..... 800
E M Rasmussen to T J Howell, lot in blk 12, Willamette Falls..... 700
M A Schilling to A Knapp, part of lot 8, blk 22, Oregon City..... 1850
Willamette Falls Co to C K Miller, tract X, in First Add to Willamette Falls.....

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When Sickness Comes

to the head of the family—the bread winner, the omnipresent thought is "Have I safely provided for the wife and little ones?"

Nine times out of ten, "No" is the answer. It is then too late, however, to do anything. The essential thing to do is to prepare now for what may occur at any time. An investigation of the Mass sachetts Mutual's new policies and bonds, will, without a doubt, bring to your notice a contract that will exactly suit your case.

If interested, send a postal, giving your name, address, occupation and date of birth, when an illustration will be sent you, showing exactly what the company will do for you. No guess work about it, as the dividends are paid ANNUALLY and not withheld for twenty years or so, and then not paid unless the contract is in force at THAT TIME.

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Manager Pacific Coast Dept.,
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