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See the new stock of guns at the Oregon City Bicycle & Gun Store

Recently opened at McKittrick's old stand

- New Shot Guns, from \$6.00 up
- " Rifles " 3.50 up
- " Revolvers " 1.50 up
- Gun Cases " .75 up
- Hunting Coats " 1.50 up

Shell Vests, Cleaning Rods, Crimpers, Etc., at prices that are right.

Guaranteed Hunting and Pocket Knives.

A full line of ammunition for Rifles and Revolvers.

Shot-Gun Shells in stock and loaded to order—any shot any powder.

You Get What You Order and You Know It Is Loaded.

Gun and Bicycle Repairing a Specialty

Work Guaranteed

LAMB & SAWYER

6th and Main Streets OREGON CITY, OREGON

For Over Sixty Years.

STRICKEN WITH PARALYSIS.

Miss Esther Williams Dies at St Vincent Hospital, Portland.

Miss Esther Williams died at St. Vincent's Hospital, Portland, last Friday evening as a result of a stroke of paralysis.

Miss Williams' death was peculiarly a sad one. She owned some real estate in this county and had come from Salem here the first of the week to fill out some papers, having sold the property. Friday it was necessary for her to go to Portland in order to make the necessary acknowledgments. While there she was stricken with paralysis. She was immediately taken to the St. Vincent hospital and the best medical attention summoned, but it was of no avail and she died the same day.

Miss Williams has been an attendant in the Oregon hospital for the insane for a number of years and was a faithful nurse. She was the eldest daughter of Eli Williams, former assessor of Clackamas county.

She was a charming and accomplished young woman, very popular and highly esteemed by her intimate acquaintances and she possessed a strong sense of fidelity to duty. She was a head attendant in the asylum and her ward was always a model for neatness and cleanliness. Something over a year ago she was compelled to leave her position on account of heart trouble, and for some time her life was despaired of, but she recovered and returned to her duties last spring. Her sad death has occasioned universal grief among her many friends and sympathy among her relatives.

Beside her parents there are seven brothers and sisters to mourn her death, among them being Arthur H. Williams, employed at the Chemawa Indian school, and Mrs. Myrtle Tilton, of Salem.

Funeral services were conducted at the Episcopal church Wednesday afternoon at 1 o'clock, Rev. P. K. Hammond officiating at the obsequies. The burial took place in the Mountain View cemetery.

DIVORCE MILL STILL GRINDING.

Men and Women Who Have Not Found Connubial Bliss in Married Life.

Annie Eddy has filed her suit in the Circuit Court of Clackamas county for a divorce from her husband, Daniel M. Eddy. The parties both reside in the city of Portland. The plaintiff alleges that they were married on September 14, 1902, and that the defendant deserted her on the 20th day of the same month. She says that his desertion was without cause as she was a true and faithful wife in every particular to him. She asks for a decree of divorce and that she be permitted to use her maiden name.

Mountain View.

"Oregon mist" has been falling in great quantities the last week.

Mr. Johnson and wife have gone to Coquille for the winter.

Charlie Diekey went out to Ogle Creek this week with P. A. Fairclough.

There will be a temperance rally meeting at the United Brethren church next Sunday evening.

The members of the Sunday school are talking of having an entertainment at the church soon, the proceeds to be for a new organ.

Mrs. G. W. Grace was visiting Mrs. George Ely Tuesday. We are pleased to know that she has recovered from her late illness.

Mr. McGeehan is on the sick list and not able to attend court. He is a juror for the Circuit Court.

F. A. Ely is courting this week.

Mr. Rutherford and family have moved into their house and Mrs. Laten and son, also her sister and son, we have not heard the latter's name, have moved into the Grout house, vacated by Mr. Rutherford.

Mrs. George Ely gave a comfort tacking on Tuesday afternoon. Twelve neighbors and eight children were present. Refreshments of sandwiches, tea and cake were served and all had a good social time.

The church and Sunday school of this burg have a bible reading every Thursday afternoon. It will be at the home of Mrs. Gillett next week.

SALINA.

HIS LORDSHIP'S ...SECRETARY

(Original.) Two young Englishmen, hunting in the far west, one night sought shelter at a ranch, where unexpectedly they came upon the family of the owner, an eastern capitalist.

"I say, Bramley," said one of the hunters to the other, "these people belong to that class who are after titled husbands for their daughters. Now wouldn't it be a jolly joke for us to let it out that we are titled men traveling incog?"

Bramley looked at his companion surprised. "You mean in order to secure a rich wife under the pretense of being a nobleman?"

"Oh, I was only proposing to go in for the fun of it," replied the other.

"Well, Chesborough, suppose you play the lord, and I'll play your secretary. I shall not be claiming a rank above what I really possess, and you will be free to get what amusement out of it you can. I have an intimate friend—Lord Charley—about whose affairs I know a great deal. Personate him if you like, and I will be able to keep you from detection by preventing your making any serious blunders."

So it was made up that Chesborough should play Lord Charley, and it was soon evident to Bramley that he was striving to win the love of Florence Mortimer, the second daughter of the owner of the ranch. As soon as it was known that the sportsmen were a lord and his secretary very naturally they were objects of interest and were invited to prolong their stay. There was a slight suspicion, however, on the part of the Mortimers of Lord Charley. They had mingled with noble families abroad, and his lordship, though certainly having the manner of a gentleman, if a lord seemed to them to be a very inferior one.

Florence Mortimer was not hunting for titles, and his lordship did not please her. His secretary seemed far preferable. She was a fine horsewoman, and she and Mr. Bramley rode together and sang duets together and read books together till Mr. Mortimer began to feel troubled. Miss Florence was a very independent character, and he feared that if she fell in love with Mr. Bramley, who, being a lord's secretary, was, to say the least, not an important personage, she would marry him despite all efforts to prevent it.

Meanwhile the spurious lord became infatuated with the girl, and, seeing that she was not only irresponsible, but leaning toward Bramley, confidentially warned her against his secretary, informing her that he was the younger son of a nobleman, had been cashiered from the army, and that he (Charley), being related to him, had taken him into his service and brought him to America with the hope that he might marry well and make the new world his home.

Miss Mortimer expressed gratitude to his lordship for his magnanimity in not sacrificing her to his designs for his protegee. Then, leaving him, she thought out the problem of the strangers. Evidently there was something wrong with them. It was difficult for her to think of Bramley, and she did not believe Charley's story. But Bramley was, to say the least, in bad company, and she determined to drop him. The next morning her father informed the two huntsmen that other guests were expected and their rooms would be required.

A hot flush passed over Bramley's cheeks at the polite dismissal, which he knew was with scarce noticed him at breakfast. He had unwittingly brought the slight upon himself. Chesborough was a stranger to him, whom he had met in the west, and, being a fellow countryman and a sportsman, had taken him up for companionship. He was puzzled what course to take. In deed after reflection he concluded that there was nothing for him to do but go without attempting to explain.

When Miss Florence Mortimer returned to New York she wrote to friends in England making inquiries about the Earl of Charley and learned that there was such a title and such a person and that during the past autumn he had been hunting in America. The next step in the affair was an invitation to dine with him. Miss Mortimer, thinking that she might have been unjust to him in the matter of his story about his secretary, decided to accept.

"Miss Mortimer," said the hostess, tapping the lady on the back with her fan to secure her attention, "let me present Lord Charley." Florence turned, and there stood Mr. Bramley, his cheeks flaming like a pair of carillons.

A pleasant surprise lighted up Miss Mortimer's face, relieving to a great extent the earl's embarrassment. Since they were not alone she tactfully began to chat without any reference to their former meeting, but later when they were seated apart from the others she said:

"Come, there is a story I am dying to hear."

Charley began by telling her that to enjoy a hunting season, avoiding no society, he had come to the country under the name of Bramley and gone west, where he had met Chesborough, to whom he did not reveal his identity. He then confessed that when Chesborough proposed that they should play the parts of noblemen the temptation to let Chesborough play his (Charley's) part was too strong to be resisted. Miss Mortimer was at first inclined to blame him for not making an explanation before he left the ranch, but before he left her he had convinced her that he could not in honor to the false earl do so. At any rate she so far forgave the indiscretion as to become Lady Charley. F. A. MITCHELL.

THE TRAINED NURSE'S STORY

(Original.)

How is it that I studied to be a trained nurse and never took but one case? I will tell you. A few days after receiving my diploma I was at the hospital from which I had been graduated. While there a sudden call came for a nurse. None of the regular nurses could be spared, but the inquirer was informed that a recent graduate who had yet to take her first case was ready to respond. The parties were obliged to be satisfied with this, and I was engaged.

I found my patient surrounded by every luxury. A venerable lady received me and told me that her son was to be nursed through a case of fever. Upon going into the sick room I saw a man apparently about forty whose case had just been diagnosed as one of typhoid. As I was in uniform, I had only to begin my watch.

My patient never complained, no matter how he suffered, and at the slightest approach of relief would make light of his condition, which, I knew well, was very serious. I made several mistakes, one of which was apparent to the sufferer and resulted seriously to him. Nevertheless he prevented the doctor from knowing that I was the cause, sending me away when he next called and explaining his condition in his own way.

But this is not the story. One night when he was passing the crisis I stepped into the hall. It was between 1 and 2 o'clock. I was surprised to find that the light always kept there was not burning. While I was wondering at this a bright light shone full in my face, and a masked man behind it came toward me. I thought only of my patient, who, the doctor had assured me, was hovering between life and death and could bear no shock. Two frights cannot occupy the mind at the same moment. At any rate, I stepped forward to meet him, putting my finger to my lips.

"There's a man near to death in that room," I whispered, pointing, "go downstairs, and I'll help you all I can."

The man motioned for me to go downstairs before him, then followed me to the library below. When we reached it I found the gas burning and, turning to the man, saw him clutching a revolver, which was pointed directly at me.

"Turn over the plate," he said, "and I'll get out, but I warn you if you play any game you're a dead woman."

Now, the plate had always been taken at night to the room occupied by my patient. I would have discontinued the practice, but he would not permit, and it was there now. I told the burglar that, being a stranger in the house, I could only help him find it and began a pretended search, when he stopped me, telling me that the silver was in his hands taken upstairs, and either I should go and get it or he would seek for it in the sick room.

What could I do? I promised to go and get it for him while he watched me from the landing. What a position! I was obliged to steal the plate, and if the patient saw me he might believe himself in the hands of a thief. Nevertheless I went into the room, leaving the door open, as directed, to bring the plate. My patient seemed to be in a doze. I opened the closet door in which it was kept, keeping my eyes fixed on the sleeper, if he was not rather in coma than asleep. The plate was kept in a large morocco covered box, and I took it out and was midway between the closet and the door when he opened his eyes and looked straight at me. That was the moment of supreme terror of my life.

"What are you doing?" he asked feebly.

"I need a few articles in this box," I said. "I will take them out downstairs, and bring it back."

There must have been a guilty look on my face rather than a frightened one, for he looked at me with a severe expression as his condition would admit, then, with a groan, turned his face away. There was nothing for me to do but to carry the box to the burglar. He transferred its contents to a bag he carried, then, opening a closet, told me to go into it. In vain I begged to be permitted to go back to my patient, assuring the man that without my care he might die before morning. All in vain. The brute declared that he would not trust me lest I give an alarm and thrust me in the closet.

What I endured there till I heard the butler setting the table for breakfast no one but myself knows, and I could never transfer the experience to another. When I was let out the servant started back as if he had seen a ghost. There was a mirror in the buffet, and as I came before it I stood wondering whose was the reflection in it with features not unlike mine and hair white as snow.

I had presence of mind to telephone for a nurse, then told the butler to go to the patient's room and see if he were alive. He did so and came back to say that his master wanted me to come to him. I waited till the nurse came and sent her in to him to say that I had been worn out with watching and was resting.

When I saw my patient again he was convalescent. He had been prepared for everything, but when he saw my white hair he groaned.

"You have saved my life," he said, "and it belongs to you. You must stay here as long as you live."

This was all the wooing I got till he was well, when he made up for the matter of fact manner of his proposal and has been making up for it ever since. BESSIE FISHER MERSEY.

"WHEN YOU SEE IT IN OUR AD, IT'S SO."

SOME GOODS FOR SALE AT THE PEOPLE'S GROCERY

- Pennsylvania Buckwheat Flour
- Nebraska Cornmeal
- Acme Graham Flour
- Acme Whole Wheat Flour
- H. O. and Ralston Cereals
- Sinclair's Hams and Bacon.
- Scudder's and Log Cabin Maple Syrup
- Bishop California Honey
- Preferred Stock Brand of Canned Goods
- Best Eastern Cove Oysters

Our stock is all new. This season's goods. We have no old or unsaleable goods to force upon you.

We do business on a broad basis and narrow margin of profit. We want your trade and will work hard to please you.

Trade for produce—30 cents for eggs, 50 cents for good butter.

J. E. SEELEY THE PEOPLE'S GROCERY. OREGON CITY, OREGON.

REALTY, TRANSFERS.

Furnished Every Week by Clackamas Abstract & Trust Co.

- H Bethke to Brown & Welsh, 17 acres in 5, 3-2 e; \$1900.
- E Wilson to J B Preamall, el-2 ac of ne and roadway sec 31; \$1300.
- T Billeter to L Genger, 128 acres in sec 18, 3-2 e; \$2450.
- W A Hart to C W Hess, 3 acres in ne of sec 4, 4-1 e; \$800.
- B W Ott to I M Wilburn, 20 acres in Ross ctm 6-1 e; \$750.
- G L Bartholmer to J A Haskell, 20 ac. in Matlock ctm 2-2 e; \$3000.
- A B Buckles to G H Kernea, lot blk 81 Oregon City; \$250.
- E Carter to S Garter, nl 2 of nw of sec 3 6-2 e; \$1.
- L E Wise to C B Cotty, lot 5 and 12 blk 10 Gladstone; \$1.
- T E Robb to J Taylor, w1-2 except 27 acres of Tuttle ctm 2-4 e; \$450.
- M H Broughton to Clackamas Abstract & Trust Co, lot 1 blk 11 Sun set; \$25.
- J A Rydman to C J Shanks, lots 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 7, blk 21 Canby; \$250.
- B F Rhore to E E Cartwright, 50 acres in Fordpe ctm 5-3 e; \$350.
- H Grimm to S Grimm, 80 acres in sec 18 4-2 e; \$1.
- S Grimm to H Grimm sec 16 and ne of 22 5-3 e; \$1.
- P Elmer to F E Muller, el-2 of sec, sec 13, el-2 of ne of sec 24, 4-2 e and nw o sec of sec 19 4-3 e; \$2000.

"MOUNT PLEASANT."

Mr. North, of Highland, was visiting Mr. Buckner Thursday and Friday.

People of this burg have their apples all about gathered.

Mr. Buckner called on Mr. Burreas Saturday.

Mr. Snidow called on Mr. Burreas Sunday.

Miss Nellie Buckner called on Mrs. Burreas Sunday.

Miss Nellie Buckner called on Mrs. Burreas Sunday.

The weather is very cold. It seems as if it would rain.

MAYFLOWER.

It's folly to suffer from that horrible plague of the night itching piles. Doan's Ointment cures quickly and permanently. At any drug store, 25 cents.

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Having First-class Machinery

Doing First-class Work

Keeps in Stock a Line Shafting and Pulleys, New and Second Hand. Also Engine and Saw Mill Machinery

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Removes the cause. PRICE \$2.00. A postal card will bring our little booklet that tells the story. Address

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An old and well-tried remedy.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Is pleasant to taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

For the latest novelties in all kinds of laces and dress trimmings there is no store in Oregon City like the Fair. They sell men's underwear at the Fair at ridiculously low prices considering the values. An investigation will prove the truth of both the above statements.

The Fair Store

WM. ROBINSON, Prop'r.

FRESH MEATS

The City Meat Market at Canby, Oregon,

Pays the highest price for all kinds of cattle. The best of fresh meats are handled at most reasonable prices. I have been in business in Canby a number of years, and have tried to treat everybody right. I solicit your patronage for the future and intend to deserve it.

J. J. Schmitt, Canby, Oregon

A Positive Statement

Huntley Bros., Druggists, are agents for Oregon C. for

Mellet's Oil of Eden

Sweet Spirits of Eden

Remedies that will positively cure any case of Rheumatism, no matter how severe or how long standing. In case anyone is not cured, the California Co-Operative Medical Company, of Oakland, will refund the purchase price.

Call at Huntley Bros. for free booklet.

The Store That Saves You Money

New and Second-Hand Stoves, Furniture and Hardware Bought and Sold. We buy all kinds of Junk. 75 Cook and Heating Stoves practically good as new to closed out at one-half their value.

Sugarman & Son

10th and Main St. Oregon City

Sick Headache?

Food doesn't digest well? Appetite poor? Bowels constipated? Tongue coated? Is your liver! Ayer's Pills is your liver! Ayer's Pills is your liver! they cure dyspepsia, biliousness.

25c. All druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BROWNING SOAP FOR THE FACE.

25c. per box. Sold by all druggists and by the BROWNING SOAP CO., New York, N. Y.



The Finest Fruit

The very finest fruits of the shoe manufacturer have been selected to complete our stock. The sweetest styles in all the varieties of lasts, tops, toes and trimmings. Every pair a beauty, with solid, substantial wear to back them and make them sensible bargains will be found at

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Oregon City Shoe House