

SALE of Furniture Stoves Ranges Kitchen Utensils Etc. Continues!

Our \$1. Chairs that we marked down to 65c for the Sale are all gone--125 went in a week. We have a few \$1.20 Chairs left that go at 85c. We still have too many Ranges and heaters on hand We do not expect to get the original cost out of them--They must be sold for what they will bring. \$2.00 will do for our small heaters. Our Iron Beds are about cleaned out but \$2.25 will buy one while they last. Plenty of the bed springs that go at \$1.75 still on hand. Don't pay \$2.50 or \$2.75 for this spring later but lay in a supply during our Sale

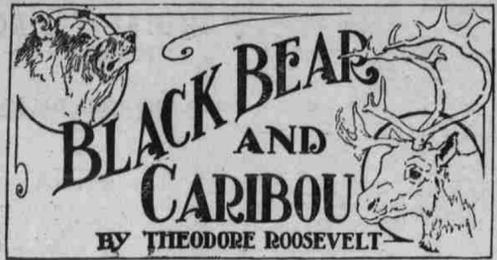
You can buy KITCHEN UTENSILS for a song. Also any PICTURE we have in stock for just about what you care to offer.

We have plenty of medium priced ROCKERS that we must sell for our ORIGINAL COST.

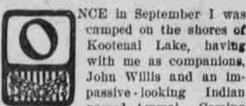
DON'T DELAY too long! Every day leaves less for you to select from.

E. W. Mellien & Company

Opposite the Court House



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ONCE in September I was cramped on the shores of Kootenai Lake, having with me as companions, John Willis and an impassive-looking Indian named Ammal. Coming across through the dense coniferous forests of northern Idaho we had struck the Kootenai River. Then we went down with the current as it wound in half circles through a long alluvial valley of mixed marsh and woodland, hemmed in by lofty mountains. The lake itself, when we reached it, stretched straight away like a great ford, a hundred miles long and about three in breadth. The frowning and rugged Selkirk's came down sheer to the water's edge. So straight were the rock walls that it was difficult for us to land with our bateau, save at the places where the rapid mountain torrents entered the lake.

We had come down from a week's fruitless hunting in the mountains; a week of excessive toil, in a country where we saw no game--for in our ignorance we had wasted time, not going straight back to the high ranges, from which the game had not yet descended. After three or four days of rest, and of feasting on trout--a welcome relief to the monotony of frying pan bread and coarse salt pork--we were ready for another trial; and early one morning we made the start. Having to pack everything for a fortnight's use on our backs, through an excessively rough country we of course traveled as light as possible, leaving almost all we had with the tent and boat.

We walked in single file, as is necessary in thick woods. The white hunter led, and I followed, each with rifle on shoulder and pack on back. Ammal, the Indian, pigeon toed along behind, carrying his pack, not as we did ours, but by help of a forehead band, which he sometimes shifted across his breast. The traveling through the tangled, brush choked forest, and along the bowlder strewn and precipitous mountain sides, was inconceivably rough and difficult.

An hour or two before sunset we were traveling, as usual, in Indian file, beside the stream, through an open wood of great hemlock trees. There was no breeze, and we made no sound as we marched, for our feet sank noiselessly into the deep moss.

Suddenly the hunter, who was leading, dropped down in his tracks, pointing upward; and some fifty feet beyond I saw the head and shoulders of a bear as he rose to make a sweep at some berries. He was in a hollow where a tall, rank, prickly plant, with broad leaves, grew luxuriantly; and he was gathering its red berries, rising on his hind legs and sweeping them down into his mouth with his paw, and was much too intent on his work to notice us, for his head was pointed the other way. The moment he rose again I fired, meaning to shoot through the shoulders, but instead, in the hurry, taking him in the neck. Down he went, but whether hurt or not we could not see, for the second he was on all fours he was no longer visible. Rather to my surprise he uttered no sound--for bear when hit or when charging often make a great noise--so I raced toward the edge of the hollow, the hunter close behind me, while Ammal danced about in the rear, very much excited, as Indians always are in the presence of big game. The instant we reached the hollow and looked down into it from the low bank on which we stood we saw by the swaying of the tall plants that the bear was coming our way. The hunter was standing ten feet distant, a hemlock trunk being between us; and the next moment the bear sprang clean up the bank the other side of the hemlock, and almost within arm's length of my companion. I do not think he had intended to charge; he was probably confused by the bullet through his neck, and had by chance blundered out of the hollow in our direction; but when he saw the hunter so close he turned for him, his hair bristling and his teeth showing. The man had no cartridge in his weapon, and with his pack on could not have used it any how; and for a moment it looked as if he stood a fair chance of being hurt. As the bear sprang out of the hollow he poised for a second on the edge of the bank to recover his balance, giving me a beautiful shot, as he stood sideways to me; the bullet struck between the eye and ear, and he fell as if hit with a pole axe.

Our prize was a large black bear, with two curious brown streaks down his back, one on each side the spine. We skinned him and camped by the carcass, as it was growing late. To take the chill off the evening air we built a huge fire, the logs roaring and crackling. To one side of it we made our beds--of balsam and hemlock boughs; we did not build a brush lean-to, because the night seemed likely to be clear. Then we supped on sugarless tea, frying-pan bread, and quantities of bear meat, fried or roasted--and how very good it tasted only those know who have gone through such hardship and some little hunger, and have worked violently for several days without flesh food.

The morning after killing Brain, we again took up our march, heading up stream, that we might go to its sources amidst the mountains, where the snow fields fed its springs. It was two full days' journey thither, but we took much longer to make it, as we kept halting to hunt the adjoining mountains. On such occasions Ammal was left as camp guard, while the white hunter and I would start by daybreak and return at dark utterly worn out by the excessive fatigue. We knew nothing of caribou, nor where to hunt

for them; and we had been told that thus early in the season they were above tree limit on the mountain sides.

Until within a couple of days of turning our faces back towards the lake we did not come across any caribou, and saw but a few old signs; and we began to be fearful lest we should have to return without getting any, for our shoes had been cut to ribbons by the sharp rocks, we were almost out of flour, and therefore had but little to eat. However, our perseverance was destined to be rewarded.

The first day after reaching our final camp, we hunted across a set of spurs and hollows, but saw nothing living. The next day we started early, determined to take a long walk and follow the main stream up to its head, or at least above timber line. The hunter struck so brisk a pace, plunging through thickets and leaping from log to log in the slashes of fallen timber, and from boulder to boulder in crossing the rock-slides, that I could hardly keep up to him, struggle as I would, and we each of us got several ugly tumbles, saving our rides at the expense of scraped hands and bruised bodies. We went up one side of the stream, intending to come down the other; for the forest belt was narrow enough to hunt thoroughly. For two or three hours we toiled through dense growth.

Then we came to a spur of open hemlock forest; and no sooner had we entered it than the hunter stopped and pointed excitedly to a well-marked game trail, in which it was easy at a glance to discern the great round foot-prints of our quarry. We hunted carefully over the spur and found several trails, generally leading down along the ridge; we also found a number of beds, some old and some recent, usually placed where the animal could keep a lookout for any foe coming up from the valley. They were merely slight hollows or indentations in the pine-needles; and, like the game trails, were placed in localities similar to those that would be chosen by black-tail deer. The caribou droppings were also very plentiful; and there were signs of where they had browsed on the blueberry bushes, cropping off the



Giving me a beautiful shot, as he stood sideways to me.

berries, and also apparently of where they had here and there plucked a mouthful of a peculiar kind of moss, or croppet of some little mushrooms. But the beasts themselves had evidently left the ridge, and we went on.

After a little while the valley became so high that the large timber ceased, and there were only occasional groves of spindling evergreens. Beyond the edge of the big timber was a large boggy tract, studded with little pools; and here again we found plenty of caribou tracks. A caribou has an enormous foot, bigger than a cow's, and admirably adapted for traveling over snow or bogs; hence they can pass through places where the long slender hoofs of moose or deer, or the round hoofs of elk, would let their owners sink at once; and they are very difficult to kill by following on snow-shoes--a method much in vogue among the brutal game butchers for slaughtering the more helpless animals. Spreading out his great hoofs, and bending his legs till he walks almost on the joints, a caribou will travel swiftly over a crust through which a moose

breaks at every stride, or through deep snow in which a deer cannot founder fifty yards. Usually he trots; but when pressed he will spring awkwardly along, leaving tracks in the snow almost exactly like magnified imprints of those of a great rabbit, the long marks of the two hind legs forming an angle with each other, while the forefeet make a large point almost between.

The caribou had wandered all over the bogs and through the shallow pools, but evidently only at night or in the dusk, when feeding or in coming to drink; and we again went on. Soon the timber disappeared almost entirely, and thick brushwood took its place; we were in a high, bare alpine valley, the snow lying in drifts along the sides. In places there had been enormous rock-slides, entirely filling up the bottom, so that for a quarter of a mile at a stretch the stream ran underground. In the rock masses of this alpine valley we, as usual, saw many cones and hoary woodchucks.

The caribou trails had ceased, and it was evident that the beasts were not ahead of us in the barren, treeless recesses between the mountains of rock and snow; and we turned back down the valley, crossing over to the opposite or south side of the stream. We had already eaten our scanty lunch, for it was afternoon. For several miles of hard walking, through thickets, marsh, and rock-slide, we saw no traces of the game. Then we reached the forest, which soon widened out, and crept up the mountain sides; and we came to where another stream entered the one we were following. A high, steep shoulder between the two valleys was covered with an open growth of great hemlock timber, and in this we again found the trails and beds plentiful. There was no breeze, and after beating through the forest nearly to its upper edge, we began to go down the ridge, or point of the shoulder. The comparative freedom from brushwood made it easy to walk without noise, and we descended the steep incline with the utmost care, scanning every object, and using every caution not to slip on the hemlock needles, nor to strike a stone or break a stick with our feet. The sign was very fresh, and when still half a mile or so from the bottom we at last came on three bull caribou.

Instantly the hunter crouched down, while I ran noiselessly forward behind the shelter of a big hemlock trunk until within fifty yards of the grazing and unconscious quarry. They were feeding with their heads up-hill, but so greedily that they had not seen us; and they were rather difficult to see themselves, for their bodies harmonized well in color with the brown tree-trunks and lichen-covered boulders.

The largest, a big bull with a good but by no means extraordinary head, was nearest. As he stood fronting me with his head down I fired into his neck, breaking the bone, and he turned a tremendous back somersault. The other two halted a second in stunned terror; then one, a yearling, rushed past us up the valley down which we had come, while the other, a large bull with small antlers, crossed right in front of me, at a canter, his neck thrust out, and his head--so coarse-looking compared to the delicate outlines of an elk's--turned towards me. His movements seemed clumsy and awkward, utterly unlike those of a deer; but he handled his great hoofs cleverly enough, and broke into a headlong, rattling gallop as he went down the hillside, crashing through the saplings and leaping over the fallen logs. There was a spur a little beyond, and up this he went at a swinging trot, halting when he reached the top, and turning to look at me once more. He was only a hundred yards away; and though I had not intended to shoot him (for his head was not good), the temptation was sore; and I was glad when, in another second, the stupid beast turned again and went off up the valley at a slashing run.

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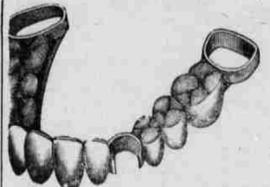
Astoria Budget: Eight timber cruisers arrived in this city last evening and this morning left for the Nehalem valley and will make their headquarters at Medley's place. Little is known about them or in whose employ they are except that they are to cruise 20,000 acres of timber.

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