

SISTER MARTHA.

By AUGUSTA EARNED.

Copyright, 1922, by American Press Association.

CHAPTER I.



In a moment Sister Martha was in the room.

The station hack stopped at Miss Mayhew's door, thereby causing a state of flutter and agitation in the breast of Miss Mayhew truly pathetic to contemplate. The idea of company was always present to this lonely lady as a sweet, sympathetic longing, but the reality brought with it undisguised dismay.

Now she clasped her pale, chilly fingers together and leaned forward in her invalid chair, craning her neck from behind the curtain, as a small, black, shiny trunk was taken off from the back of the carriage, and a short, stout woman in a gray traveling dress, with a large straw hat tied down over her ears, making a rather aggressive poke in front, stepped briskly out of the carriage and pointing her parasol with a businesslike air directed the driver to take in her luggage.

Miss Mayhew gave a faint groan as she fell back among her cushions with an air of passive injury. The evil was upon her, and she had been warned and had not heeded the warning. Events with Miss Mayhew generally cast their shadows before, and she learned the full meaning of the "signs" after they had come to pass. That very night Miss Mayhew had dreamed of a ship in full sail, which always betokened misfortune, and now Sister Martha had arrived bag and baggage, and she felt grieved that the presentment had not weighed with greater force upon her mind.

Sister Martha was not own kin to Miss Mayhew, only sister-in-law, having married her half brother. She was a woman thought to be rather hard on her "help," but an excellent manager and shrewd in affairs. She owned a large farm in another part of the county and managed to make a good income out of it even in years of drought and of short crops. Her habit was to command. It was said that sister Martha rode around her place on horseback man fashion, and that nothing ever escaped her lynx eyes. Two of her hired men had come down with typhoid fever one fall after being driven nearly to death through harvest time, and she had nursed them like a mother. One of the men died and she had a nice tombstone put up to his memory in the graveyard. As if folks said "Marthy Whitcomb, the Wilder Whitcomb, druv folks to death she still had some kind of a heart in her bosom."

Now Miss Mayhew, when she heard Martha Whitcomb enter her front hall like a strong northeaster, shivered, turned paler, if it were possible, and shrank into her shawls and wraps in which she was enveloped like a butterfly in its chrysalis. She was afraid of Sister Martha; not afraid of bodily injury from her hands, but of harsh judgments and hard eye beams and skeptical looks in return for her accustomed plainness over the facts of life. In a moment Sister Martha was in the room, and Miss Mayhew's face had gone into eclipse under the poke and her delicate cheek was rubbed against Mrs. Whitcomb's bristles. Miss Mayhew had a shrinking from the hairiness of her sister-in-law's lip that was quite pathetic. It was a terrible trial to this nervous invalid to kiss Sister Martha, and she never did it she could help it, merely allowing that energetic woman to rub her brush against her sensitive skin.

There was a frightful frankness about Sister Martha that Miss Mayhew dreaded like a cold douch. Now the first words she uttered were characteristic:

"I know you ain't glad to see me, Vinie, I didn't expect you would be, and Ann Baskett will be mad enough to tear her hair because I've come. But harvest was over, 'twixt corn and pig killing, you know, and I could get away as well as not, so I took a notion to come. We don't always know what's good for us, Vinie, and I thought a spurt of company might live you up a bit. And as for Ann, I've brought her a linsy woolsey piece for a petticoat, so I guess she won't bite me."

Miss Mayhew pulled herself together and looked at her sister-in-law with watery eyes. She made no direct response to this candid speech, nor was any expected from her. "I's'pose you're hungry," she said anxiously. "Our dinner's over and Ann has washed the dishes. She's makin' a tea cake now. Would you like a dropped egg on toast, Marthy?"

"I've had my lunch," said Mrs. Whitcomb, waving away the suggestion. "Brought it along with me from home. Cold chicken and sandwidges and pickles and cheese. Don't you bother your head about me, Vinie."

Miss Mayhew heaved a sigh of relief. "You can go right up chamber, Marthy. You know the spare room, of course, and it's all ready except airin and fresh water."

Mrs. Whitcomb took her bag, a shawl and umbrella, stepped out of the room and closed the door behind her. Miss Mayhew was quivering from this rude contact of her delicate being with force, in the form of her sister-in-law. Every nerve in her body, as she expressed it, "was off the hooks, each jumping its

own way." But her sense of hearing was more acute than ever. Since she had been tied to her easy chair in her pleasant, old-fashioned sitting room, she had lived mainly through the ears. There was a red spot on either thin cheek now, as she listened to sister Martha's heavy step and the receding creak of her boots.

Mrs. Whitcomb did not go up the stairs to the front chamber, but without ceremony walked into Ann Baskett's kitchen "to talk to me," thought Miss Mayhew, and she was angry and tremulous, for her sister-in-law had not alluded to the state of her health nor asked a question as to how she found herself. She knew Sister Martha had no faith in nervous diseases—laughed the whole pack of them to scorn. No intangible form of illness took any hold on Sister Martha's sympathies, and Miss Mayhew could have sobbed as she sat there feeling like an unmasked impostor under the lash of her sister-in-law's harsh judgment. All the lectures Martha would deliver about exerting herself and taking exercise and living in the open air and going to see the neighbors came up before her, and she shuddered in anticipation.

Mrs. Whitcomb stepped on to Ann's kitchen now, and opened the door with more gentleness and consideration than she had shown to her sister-in-law. Ann was a person to be conciliated, while Vinie Mayhew was of but secondary importance in the household. Ann was standing before her kitchen table scoured to the whiteness of chalk. She was of middle height, a spare, bony, angular person, with prominent shoulder blades, sharp elbows, lean brown arms and large knotted wrists and hands. Her hair was iron gray, smoothly brushed back from a narrow forehead, etched with hard straight lines as if done with the point of an iron instrument. Her blue print dress and white apron were spotlessly clean, and the thick white cotton stockings showed above her low shoes. Ann Baskett had little eyes, like gray pebbles, wide apart, and her thin lips were generally puckered close as if unwilling to let out the board of important secrets that lay just behind them.

Ann claimed the supreme merit of minding her own business and of ruling her own domain with a rod of iron that brooked no power behind the throne—the summer kitchen, the winter kitchen, the cellar, woodshed, garden and orchard. Over the remainder of the house she claimed only to exercise the rights of suzerainty and partial control. It was barbarian territory to be tidied daily and swept every week, but still outside her absolute sway.

In one respect it was an advantage to Ann that she served an invalid mistress; there was no "snooping" around in her kitchen and asking of vain and irrelevant questions. Ann was making cup cake, studded with large raisins, and to be baked in little tin party pans. There was a clear fire in the stove, and the butter and sugar, flour and eggs were all ranged on the spotless table. From a side window in her palace Queen Ann had seen Mrs. Martha Whitcomb arrive; had seen Jo Spaulding, the hackman, bring in Mrs. Whitcomb's trunk and deposit it in the hall. Ann had not taken her hands away from the cake, for she was a person to be sought, not to seek; besides, she was not in the best of humor.

Ann divided all Miss Mayhew's visitors into "satchel folks" and "trunk folks." The satchel folks she did not mind so much. They only staid one night, or at longest two, and when they were well out of the house Ann could easily slip the company sheets and pillow cases off the bed and press them over with a hot iron, and nobody would be the wiser. But trunk folks meant an extra bout of washing and cooking and cleaning, and Ann, who was a methodical soul, objected to them as a painful element of dislocation in her daily life. Mrs. Martha was notoriously trunk folks. She never staid under a week, and Ann had reason to dread her presence in the house as a person who was masterful enough to dispute away with her, even on her own domain.

Ann's back therefore was aggressive when Sister Martha entered the sunny kitchen. But Mrs. Martha was much more conciliatory toward the maid than she ever was toward the mistress, and at times even condescended to flattery.

"Well, Ann," said she, bustling in, "I never did see anything stand wear like this yellow paint on your floor. It looks clean enough to eat off. And that stove! why, you can just see your face in it. What kind of polish do you use? I should just like to get some of that kind."

"Elbows," said Ann grimly, who knew soft sander as well as the next one. She had not as yet condescended to turn around, and was just now spooning out the rich yellow paste into the party pans, measuring the quantity accurately with her eye.

"Elbows, indeed!" laughed Mrs. Martha. "Yes, that's the best kind, as I keep a-tellin' Jane Steel, trying to ding it into her head. I should just like to have Jane see that stove and them tins, so bright you can see your face in them. I guess it would put a notion or two into her head of how work ought to be done."

Ann's bony back quivered a sign to Mrs. Martha's sharp eyes that the ice had begun to thaw. "You've been gettin' in your years, I see, Ann," she went on, turning to a big basket of fruit standing on a kitchen chair. "They're Duchess Danglemens, ain't they? Meller enough to melt in your mouth."

She took one and proceeded deliberately to put her teeth into the soft, juicy pulp.

"My tree bore uncommon well this year," said Ann, after depositing the party pans in the oven. "Made jelly last week," and she opened a cupboard door and displayed a neat row of jelly glasses pasted up carefully and marked in Ann's peculiar handwriting. Mrs. Martha looked at them for a moment in mute admiration, still munching away at the pear.

"Well, I never saw such jelly as that, Ann; clear as window glass—and stiff as

steel yards. It's just beautiful to look at. Does she eat such things, Ann?"

"Sometimes she does and sometimes she doesn't. Her appetite is kinder skittish. You can't tell how it will be with her from one day to another. When she feels like it she'll take hold real smart. But it don't seem to make no difference what she eats, she allus looks the same. I've seen all kinds of folks—big eaters and little eaters. I've seen fleshy folks that eat like birds and lean folks that seemed to be hollow all the way down."

"Yes," said Mrs. Martha briskly, and contemplating the closet shelves; "it does seem to me you've got a sight of fruit put up for your family. There's quinces and peaches and blackberries and grapes."

"She wants it," said Ann, nodding toward the sitting room. "It's handy you know, to send round to sick folks, especially them poor kind that hasn't a good crab tree like mine, or quince bushes that bear regular. Then a taste of jelly or preserve comes in as a rarity. Last spring she had me send a dozen glasses to the church fair, and they sold five cents the glass higher than some other folk's."

"Of course they did, Ann. There's no other jelly or preserves like yours made in this village. But tell me, does she sleep well nights?"

"I guess she sleeps a good deal more'n she thinks she does. Sometimes she'll say she hasn't shut an eye all night; but I've my own opinion about that. There's some that can nap considerable when they think their eyelids are pinned apart. But I must say I never knew such hearin' as hers. After dark a cat can't jump anywhere in the street but she knows it."

"Don't you think, Ann, she could exert herself more if she tried?"

Ann closed her lips like a steel spring and opened them with a show of reluctance. She was flattered by Mrs. Martha's attentions, but still in her breast there was a staunch, grim kind of loyalty to her mistress. She had taken her broom now to brush up some invisible dust upon the floor, and she leaned on the handle and looked at her visitor with her pebble gray eyes.

"Sometimes I think she could, Miss Whitcomb, and sometimes I think she couldn't. When the neighbors coax her up to take a ride with soapstones and hot water bottles and something strengthin' to take on the way, she is generally in bed a day or two afterward; the bones of her legs seem to be soft—all gristle, or whatsomever you call it. When she tries to walk she sinks right down like empty bags. Only once a year she comes into the garden. When I see the dandelions spottin' the grass and the plumbloves white up agin the sky I know she'll come out, and mebbe totter twice around to look up under the old trees and notice the laylocks in bloom. There's a pair of blue birds that's come a good many years runnin' to build in the crutch of the bough apple tree. She wouldn't have them disturbed for the world and she stops and looks at the nest a long time, and at the old ones bringing bits of grass and straw to build with. I hev to bring her in mostly in my arms and put her down on the couch and kiver her up warm, and revive her with the smellin' salts."

"Well, it beats all," said Mrs. Martha. "The Mayhews, all I ever knew, were strong folks—never had hip or megrims or no kind of nerves. Good, sensible solid people. I can't make it out. What does she do, Ann, there all day long by the settin' room window?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Claim Settled After Thirty Years.

One of the oddest claims against the government was presented not long ago by the sole survivor of a massacre on the plains. Thirty years ago a family of emigrants was traveling through Idaho on its way to Oregon, when it was set upon by Indians. The father and mother, four sons and three daughters were killed, but the youngest member of the expedition, a male infant, was carried into captivity. Having grown to manhood he demanded from Uncle Sam the value of the wagon in which the emigrant party was traveling when attacked by the savages, the vehicle having been subsequently found by a quartermaster in the army, who had applied it to his own uses. The amount, \$180, was paid by the treasury and charged against the quartermaster.—Washington Letter.

Origin of the Slang "Brick."

The "brick" is a merry citizen, rarely one of the "upper ten," and usually a grade or two below the "upper crust" in social standing, but he bears his mediocrity lightly, and laughs his cheery way through the world, often enjoying more than his stiff starched superiors. He is a jolly good fellow and never lacks friends. W. M. Thackeray first used the word in the sentence, "He's a dear little brick."—Kansas City Star.

When The Face

Is constantly covered with eruptions, the need of a blood-purifier is plainly indicated. Washes and external applications are of no avail. The poison must be thoroughly eliminated from the system by stimulating the action of the liver and kidneys, which organs have become sluggish and inactive, thereby throwing upon the skin the unnatural work of cleansing the system of its impurities. What is needed is Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of blood medicines.

"My face for years was covered with pimples and humors, for which I could find no remedy till I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Three bottles of this medicine effected a thorough cure. I can confidently recommend it to all suffering from similar troubles."—Madison Parker, Concord, Vt.

"I had been troubled for some time with an eruption of the skin which, till I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, defied all efforts to cure. After taking two bottles of this medicine, the eruption began to disappear, and with the third bottle it left me entirely."—Louis Depehndt, 125 Sumner Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Traveler for G. H. Buck & Co., Lithographers, 146 Centre St., New York.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Worth 50¢ a bottle.



WILLAMETTE LAND CO.
PORTLAND AND OREGON CITY, OR.

Each acre of prime trees, if set on prime land, will net several hundred dollars per year when large enough to bear.

> THE <
Willamette Land Co.
OFFERS INDUCEMENTS TO
HOME SEEKERS
AND
INVESTORS.

We have lots 50x200 feet, 100x200 feet, all favorably located. These lots twice the ordinary size are but half the usual price of other lots similarly located. We have one-acre, two-acre, five and ten-acre tracts, suitable for suburban homes, convenient to town, schools, churches, etc., and of very productive soil. A large, growing "Prune Orchard," of which we will sell part in small tracts to suit purchasers, and on easy terms.

Call & See Us & Get Prices
AT OREGON CITY OFFICE, OR ON
ROBERT L. TAFT, at Portland Office,
No. 59 Stark St., PORTLAND.

SCHOOL TAX NOTICE

To the taxpayers of school district No. 62, of Clackamas county, Oregon:
The school tax of the above named district for the year 1922 is now due, and must be paid to the undersigned at his office in Oregon City within sixty days from date of this notice, or the same will be returned as delinquent.
THOS. F. KYLE,
Clerk School District No. 62.
Dated this 19th day of April, 1922. [3-22-17]

School Tax Notice.

To the Taxpayers of Park Place School District No. 48, Clackamas County, Oregon:
The school tax of the above named district for the year 1922 is now due, and must be paid to the undersigned at his office in Park Place, within sixty days from date of this notice, or the same will be returned as delinquent.
GEO. A. HAMILTON,
Clerk of School District No. 48.
Dated this 7th day of May, 1922.

SCHOOL TAX NOTICE.

To the taxpayers of Falls View school district No. 96, of Clackamas county, Oregon:
The school tax of the above named district for the year 1922 is now due, and must be paid to the undersigned at his office in Falls View within sixty days from the date of this notice, or the same will be returned as delinquent.
J. LONGMICK,
Clerk School District No. 96.
Dated this 27th day of April, 1922. 4-29-62

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, June 1, 1922.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver of the United States land office at Oregon City, Oregon, on July 6, 1922, viz: WILLIAM R. SMITH, Pre. D. S. No. 5088, for the N. 1/2 of S. W. 1/4, S. E. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4, and lot 1 of sec. 20, T. 7 S., R. 1 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: J. H. Hadley, John Caster, J. H. Cannon and W. J. Plank, all of Silverton P. O., Marion county, Oregon. 5-20-6 [7] J. T. APPERSON, Register.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, have filed my final report in the matter of the estate of John D. Charters, deceased, in the county court of Clackamas county, Oregon, and the court has appointed July 30, 1922, at the hour of 10 a. m. as a day and time for hearing of said report and for the settlement of said estate. Parties having objections may present them at that time. MARGARET A. CHARTERS, Adm'x of the estate of John D. Charters, dec'd. H. K. Cross, Att'y for estate. [5-18-6-10]

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

In the matter of the estate of Andrew Dolishag, deceased:
I hereby give notice that pursuant to an order of the honorable county court of Clackamas county, Oregon, I will, on Thursday, July 20, 1922, at 1 o'clock p. m. at the court house, do an auction of real estate situated in Clackamas county, Oregon, to wit: Commencing at the half mile post between sections 4 and 9 in T. 5 S., R. 1 E. of the Willamette meridian, and running thence north 150 rods; thence east 100 rods; thence north 120 rods; thence west 56 1/2 rods thence north 40 rods; thence west 50 rods to the place of beginning, containing 92 1/2 acres, more or less. Sale subject to conveyance of said court. ANNIE KING, Administratrix. Dated May 27, 1922. 5-27-7-15 W. C. JOHNSON, Att'y.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT OREGON CITY, OREGON, June 1, 1922.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver of the United States land office at Oregon City, Or., on July 13, 1922, viz: Hiram Overton, Homestead entry No. 5228 for the N. E. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 of N. E. 1/4, and S. E. 1/4 of N. E. 1/4 of Sec. 20, T. 4 S., R. 6 E.
He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land under section 2301, R. S.: J. W. Palmer and W. Boyer, Curvillville, Clackamas county, Oregon; L. C. Hatch and W. A. Pater, Portland, Multnomah county, Oregon.
Warren C. Norman, who made Pre. D. S. No. 7624 for the N. E. 1/4 of Sec. 20, T. 4 S., R. 6 E., is hereby specially notified to appear and show cause why Hiram Overton's entry of part of said tract should not be allowed.
J. T. APPERSON, Register, 6-8-7-5

FRANK NELSON, GUNSMITH AND LOCKSMITH

Oregon City, Oregon.
Full Stock of Guns & Ammunition.
Repairs on all kinds of small machines promptly made. Duplicate keys to any lock manufactured. Shop on Main Street, near Sixth.

NOBLITT.

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable
OREGON CITY.
LOCATED BETWEEN THE BRIDGE AND DEPOT
Double and Single Rigs, and saddle horses always on hand at the lowest prices. A corral connected with the barn for loose stock. Information regarding any kind of stock promptly attended to by person of letter.
Horses Bought and Sold.

F. H. RAY, Practical Horseshoer,

Shop on Main St., opp. Woolen Mills.
Special Attention Given to Contracted or Bad Feet.
SHOEING SPEED HORSES A SPECIALTY.
Ten years experience in eastern cities.

WOOD TURNING AND SCROLL SAWING

BOXES OF ANY SIZES MANUFACTURED
Parties desiring Wood Turning, Patterns, Brackets, or
Shop Carpenter's Work
Will be Satisfied by Calling on Me.
Doors, Windows and Blinds TO ORDER.
G. H. BESTOW,
Opp. the Congregational Church

CLIFF HOUSE,

J. BITTNER, Propr.
The Oldest First Class Hotel in Oregon City.
Clean rooms with comfortable beds. Tables supplied with the best the market affords.
G. H. BESTOW,
Opp. the Congregational Church

RAMSBY'S STABLES,

BARLOW, OR.
Livery, Sale and Feed Stable.
Horses fed and cared for by the day or month at reasonable rates.

Sunday Services.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—REV. O. W. LUCAS, Pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school after morning service. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting of Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor every Sunday evening at 6:30 o'clock.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—REV. GILMAN PARKER, Pastor. Morning service at 11 o'clock Sunday school at 12:30. Evening service at 7:30. Regular prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Christian Endeavor meeting every Wednesday evening preceding the first Sunday in the month. A cordial invitation to all.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, CATHOLIC—REV. A. HILLMAN, Pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Every second and fourth Sunday (German) sermon after the 8 o'clock mass. At all other masses English sermons. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Vespers, dogmatological subjects and Benediction at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—REV. ED. GIBBS, Pastor. Morning service at 11 o'clock Sunday school at 12:30. Evening service at 7:30. Epworth League meeting Sunday evening at 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 6:30. Strangers cordially invited.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—REV. G. W. GIBSON, Pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 a. m. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor meets every Sunday evening at 6:30. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7:30. Seats free.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH—GERMAN—AUG. KESSE, Pastor. Preaching services every alternate Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school every Sunday at 10 a. m. (John Harrisberger, Supr.) Weekly Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening.

UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH—REV. R. MILLER, pastor. Services first and third Sunday in each month at Oregon City, at 11 a. m. 7 p. m. fourth Sunday at Harmony school house at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting, Oregon City, Wednesday evening. Sunday school, 10 a. m.

Society Directory.

OREGON CITY BOARD OF TRADE.
Meets at Court House on Second Monday in each month. Visitors welcome.
F. E. DONALDSON, HARRY E. CROSS, Secretary, President.

CANBY BOARD OF TRADE.
Meets at Knight's Hall, Canby, on first and third Friday of each month. Visitors welcome.
S. J. GARDNER, Sec. Wm. KNIGHT, Pres.

MULTNOMAH LODGE, No. 1, I. O. F. & A. M.
Holds its regular communications on first and third Saturdays of each month at 7:30 p. m. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend.
J. T. APPERSON, W. M. T. F. RYAN, Secretary.

OREGON LODGE, No. 2, I. O. F.
Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. m. in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main street. Members of the Order are invited to attend.
By Order of W. A. MILLER, N. G. Thos. Ryan, Secretary.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT, No. 4, I. O. F.
Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month, at Odd Fellows' hall. Members and visiting patriots, cordially invited to attend.
L. R. JANKY, W. M. J. W. COOK, Sec'y. Chief Patriarch.

OSWEGO LODGE, No. 38, I. O. F.
Meets at Odd Fellows' hall, Oswego, every Saturday evening. Visiting brethren warmly welcome.
J. F. RISSLEY, Sec. G. W. PROSSER, N. G.

MEADE POST, No. 2, G. A. R., DEPARTMENT OF OREGON.
Meets first Monday of each month, at K. of P. Hall, Oregon City. Visiting comrades made welcome.
GILMAN PARKER, Commander.

GEN. CROOK POST, No. 2, G. A. R., Department of Oregon.
Meets in school house at Needy on first Saturday in each month at 2 o'clock p. m. All comrades made welcome.
O. H. BYLAND, Wm. THOMPSON, Adjt. Commander.

ANDRES ROVER LODGE, No. 6, SONS OF HERMANN.
Meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m. at Treulath's Hall.
ALBERT GARDNER, Pres. FRED SHILLING, Sec'y.

TUALATIN GRANGE, No. 111, P. of H.
Meets last Saturday of each month at their hall in Wilsonville.
R. H. HENRY, Master. Mrs. BESS SHANK, Sec'y.

WARNER GRANGE, No. 117, P. of H.
Meets fourth Saturday of each month, at their hall in New Era.
C. S. MADDOCK, Sec'y.

BUTTE CREEK GRANGE, No. 81, P. of H.
Meets at their hall in Marquam, second Saturday in each month at 10 a. m. Visiting members always welcome.
J. E. JACK, Secretary. J. B. WHITE, Master.

MOLALLA GRANGE, No. 40, P. of H.
Meets at their hall at Wright's Bridge on the second Saturday of each month at 10 a. m. Fellow members made welcome.
RUBEN WRIGHT, Master. N. H. DANIEL, Sec.

GAVEL LODGE, No. 35, A. O. U. W.
Meets every Thursday evening at Knight's hall, Canby. Visiting brethren made welcome.
W. M. SHANK, W. M. W. S. GIBBLE, Recorder.

CLACKAMAS LODGE, No. 57, A. O. U. W.
Meets first and third Monday in each month, at Straight's Hall. Visiting brethren welcome.
H. S. GIBSON, L. D. JOHNSON, W. M. W. Rec.

FALLS CITY LODGE OF A. O. U. W.
Meets every second and fourth Friday evening of each month in Odd Fellows' hall, at 7:30. All sojourning brethren cordially invited to attend.
F. T. BARKLOW, W. M. W.

ACHILLES LODGE, No. 38, K. O. P.
Meets every Friday night at the K. of P. hall. Visiting Knights invited.
J. E. ACKERMAN, C. C. J. E. RHODES, K. of R. and S.

ST. JOHN'S BRANCH, No. 647, C. K. of A.
Meets every Tuesday evening at their hall corner Main and Tenth streets, Oregon City.
MATT. JUSTIN, Sec'y. T. W. SULLIVAN, Pres.

NEW ERA W. C. T. U.
Meets first Saturday in each month at their hall in New Era. Friends of the cause are invited to be present. Mrs. CAREY JOHNSON, Mrs. EASTMAN, President.

CANDY LODGE, No. 564, I. O. O. T.
Meets every Saturday evening at Knight's hall Canby. Visiting members always made welcome.
D. J. COX, Sec. WELDON SHANK, W. C. T.

MEADE RELIEF CORPS, No. 18, DEPARTMENT OF OREGON.
Mrs. M. M. Chapman, President Mrs. F. L. Cochran, Treasurer Mrs. J. B. Harding, Secretary
Meets on first and third Fridays of each month in K. of P. Hall. Members of corps from abroad, cordially welcomed.

COLUMBIA HOOK AND LADDER CO.
Meets first Friday of each month at Fountain engine house. CHAS. ATHEY, Pres. C. B. PILLON, Sec'y. CHAS. BITZER, F'm

FOUNTAIN HOSE CO., No. 1
Regular meeting, second Wednesday in each month at engine house, east side Main street, between Seventh and Eighth.
I. ACKERMAN, Sec'y. LANCE GARDNER, Pres. ED. NEWTON, Foreman.

CATARAUT HOSE CO., No. 2
Meets second Tuesday of each month at Cataraut engine house. W. H. HOWELL, Pres. G. H. BESTOW, Sec'y. J. W. O'CONNELL, F'm

SONS OF VETERANS.
E. D. Baker Camp, No. 14, meets every first and third Thursday evening of each month at G. A. HERMANN, Jr., Capt. W. A. B. LA WOOD, 1st Lieut. C. F. BUCKLER, 2d Lieut.

F COMPANY, FIRST REGIMENT, U. S. G. Army, Third and Main. Regular drill night, Monday. Regular business meeting, first Monday of each month.
OFFICERS: J. W. Ganong, Captain F. S. Kelley, 1st Lieutenant L. L. Pickens, 2d Lieutenant

Lounges, chairs, etc., upholstered at Holman & Warner's. All work guaranteed. Repair all your old lounges for little money and they will be good as new.