

1892

## FALL AND WINTER SEASON.

1892

I. SELLING,

OREGON CITY, OREGON.

We are showing in large variety choice new styles and late novelties. Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Furnishing Goods, Notions, Hats, Caps, Groceries, Etc.

It gives us pleasure to call attention to our new stock. In the matter of prices we shall continue to deserve our reputation as close buyers and sellers. Call and get quotations on any line of goods you may incline to purchase.

We carry full and complete assortments, sell only straight goods and guarantee our prices to be the lowest for the same class of goods. A careful examination of the prices quoted will insure us your trial order if you have never dealt with us before, and once our customer you will always be our customer.

We extend our thanks to our patrons for past favors and shall not fail to use every effort to merit a continuance of their good will in the future.

Yours Truly,

I. SELLING.

Unbleached Muslins.

Best Cabot W, 36 in. wide, 16 yds. for.....\$1 00  
Atlantic L. L. 36 in. wide, 18 yds. for.....1 0

Aurora C, 36 in. wide, 20 yds. for.....1 00

Bleached Muslins.

Lonsdale, 36 in. wide, 12 yds. 1 00

First Call, 36 in. wide, 14 yds. 1 00

Fruit, 36 in. wide, 11 yds. 1 00

Butter Cloth, 45 in. wide 14 yds. 1 00

Calicoes.

Our Best Prints, 20 yds. 1 00

Shirting, best quality 20 yds. 1 00

Indigo Blue, figured, fast colors, 16 yds. 1 00

Ginghams.

Good Quality Dress Ginghams 12 yds. 1 00

Nice Small check Apron Ginghams, 12 yds. 1 00

Shirtings.

Excelsior Checks, 10 yds. 1 00

Canton Flannel shirting, 8 yds. 1 00

English Cheviot, 8 yds. 1 00

Cotton Flannels.

Medium Quality, 14 yds. 1 00

Heavier Quality, 12 yds. 1 00

Extra Quality, 8 yds. 1 00

Flannels, Cassimeres, Etc.

Heavy Striped Cheviot.....35

54-in. Water Proof.....50

Light Weight Cassimere.....50

Good Quality Cassimere.....75

Extra Quality Cassimere.....1 00

Red Flannel Twilled.....25

Gray Flannel.....20

Brown Flannel.....20

Cotton Batting.....15

Best Quality, per pound.....15

Carpet Warp.....1 25

All Shades, 5 pound bunches.....1 25

Notions.....05

Pins, 2 papers.....05

Needles, 2 papers.....05

Knitting Cotton, 4 balls.....25

Garment Elastic, per yd.....05

Skirt Braid, roll.....05

Hosiery.....10

Ladies' Black Cotton Hose.....25

Ladies' All Wool Black, ribbed.....25

Misses' Brown Mixed Hose, 3 pairs.....25

Infants' All Wool Black, ribbed, 2 pairs.....25

Ladies' Black Cashmere.....25

Misses' Black Ribbed Cotton, 2 pairs.....25

Misses' All Wool Cashmere.....25

Hose.....25

Dress Goods.....1 00

Double Folded Cashmere, 8 yards.....1 00

Henrietta, 36 in. wide.....25

Plaid Serge, 36 in. wide.....15

All Wool Ladies' Cloth 52 in. wide, black and colors.....50

House Furnishing Goods.....20

White or Colored Marbled Oil Cloth, per yd.....20

Turkey Red Damask, 50-in. per yd.....25

Scrim, for curtains, 15 yd.....1 00

White Crochet Quilts.....75

Unbleached Linen Crash, 12 yards.....1 00

Turkish Towels, large size.....124

Furniture Cretones, 10 yds.....1 00

Men's Furnishing Goods.....1 00

Men's Blue Flannel Shirts.....1 00

Men's Knit Shirts, lace front.....1 00

Men's Suspenders, heavy.....25

Men's All Wool Seamless Socks.....25

Men's Outing Flannel Shirts.....35

Men's Turkey Red Handkerchiefs, large size, 3 for.....25

Men's Knit Undershirts and Drawers, per suit.....75

Men's Heavy Seamless Socks 6 pairs.....50

Men's Celluloid Collars.....15

Overalls.....50

Men's Extra Heavy Blue Denim patent buttons, patent reinforced stays.....50

Hats.....25

Children's Wool Hats.....25

Men's Good Wool Hats.....50

Men's Good Quality Stiff Hat.....1 50

Boots and Shoes.....2 50

Men's Calf Boots.....2 50

Men's Buckle Oil Grain.....1 50

Men's B. Calf, lace or congress.....1 75

Ladies' Bright Dongola patent tipped.....1 50

Ladies' Whole Stock Unlined Button.....1 50

Ladies Oil Grain Button, riveted.....1 50

Ladies' Whole Stock Unlined Laced shoes.....1 50

Misses' Whole Stock Unlined Laced Shoes.....1 25

Child's Whole Stock Unlined

Lace Shoes.....1 00

Clothing.....6 00

Men's Satinet Suits, best workmanship.....10 00

An Extra Good Quality Cassimere Suits.....10 00

Men's Fancy Worsted Suits, finely made and trimmed.....10 00

Ladies' Cloakes &amp; Jackets.....We have a nice line which we offer at exceedingly low prices.....

Blankets.....1 50

Gray Blanket, coarse quality.....3 00

Gray Blanket, wool, 5lb.....5 00

Gray Blanket, wool 7 lb, 11-4.....5 00

We have a full line of Oregon City blankets and will sell them at exactly factory prices, which will be about 15 to 20 per cent. lower than any other house will or can offer.

We respectfully invite you to inspect our stock and prices. I. SELLING.



[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.



A solitary and well nigh exhausted trooper.

"Since you ask me, sir, I most distinctly oppose its being referred to Major Berrien. He is doing well, but the excitement might bring on fever—and disaster."

It was Dr. Holden who spoke—and very firmly spoke—to Colonel Farquhar four days after the little fight beyond the Porcupine. The colonel sat with bowed head, grave and thoughtful. Before him stood his surgeon, respectful but most earnest in manner. Beside him on the narrow field bed sat Rolfe, with face of gloom—three or four letters and a telegram in his gantleted hand. Already the wintry twilight was settling down; the wind, that had been moaning through the flimsy shelter for the last hour, was now whistling in gathering wrath and flapping every loose rag of canvas about the crowded cantonment. Mules and horses at the picket lines with one accord were turning tail to the black northwest and pawing the hard and frozen ground in nervous disquiet. The orderly suddenly stepped within the tent was followed by a few whirling flakes of snow, and the first major he struck in the effort to light the colonel's field lamp was puffed out in a twinkling.

"Give my compliments to Mr. Brewster and ask him to step here," said the colonel after a moment's silence, and the orderly vanished.

In the camp of the Twelfth, where Berrien was universally beloved, three names had been on every lip since the battalion's return—those of the gallant major himself, of Lieutenant Brewster and of Sergeant Ellis. Painfully shot and stunned and bruised though he was, Berrien's wits had never left him. He was positive that the rush of war parties toward the old road portended mischief, and despite the lateness of the hour he ordered the battalion to saddle at once and march to the Porcupine. From the abandoned lodge poles found along the banks experienced hands had quickly lashed together a comfortable litter. Between these improvised shafts two of the most sedate of the elderly pack mules were harnessed fore and aft. A bed of robes and blankets was hung midway, and while Rolfe and Hazlett pushed ahead, scouting every ridge and ravine with their keen eyed skirmishers, Gorham and Thorpe followed, escorting their beloved chief.

Just as was anticipated, at nightfall the distant flash and report of rifles proved that the hostiles were busily at

work in some deviltry or other and, launching forward at the gallop, Rolfe's long line swooped down into the valley in time to send the yelling circle of mounted warriors whirling away into the ravines beyond the stream, and to rescue a little squad of scouts and troopers, a mere handful, who had ventured forth with dispatches for Berrien's command and were fighting for life behind their slaughtered horses. Two were already sorely wounded and all would doubtless have lost their scalps but for the veteran major's clear judgment and the sense of duty that triumphed over physical pain.

"The old man's clear grit all through," said his invariable eulogists, the troopers. But there would have been no dear old man left to them, as Ellis and Scott had borne testimony, had it not been for Brewster's daring charge into the midst of the red warriors. It was his bullet that laid low the savage brandisher of the knife just as he would have gashed the brave old major's throat; but "White Wolf" had counted his last coup and, stripped of his fiery, last stiffening on the prairie a painted corpse, awaiting funeral honors at the hands of his howling comrades.

Every soldier's heart rejoiced that it was Brewster who saved the major's life, for Brewster, of all the subalterns, was first favorite among the rank and file. And as for Ellis, though he was too exclusive—"too much like as though he wanted to be an officer"—to be generally popular among the men, he had always commanded their respect, and his unexpected prowess on this occasion won their genuine admiration. What nerve the fellow had, to be sure, to lie there "playing possum" just as though he were stone dead and ripe for scalping, and so tempt his assailants out from the cover of the ravine, and then never stir until they were so close he simply couldn't miss, and so "got in his deadly work." Brewster and Ellis were the major's avengers, the two troopers who had dealt out death to the foe, and who were therefore, from the soldier point of view, the men most entitled to the honors of the day.

And yet, at the very moment when every other man in the regiment was lauding their names and congratulating them upon their deserved laurels, one captain, Rolfe, was practically demanding at the hands of his colonel that they should be stripped of their high estate and sent to the rear in arrest.

As Dr. Holden stood there listening to the accusations and arguments brought forward by Captain Rolfe, he could not but recall the remarks that in one form or other had occasionally been brought to his ears at Rolfe's expense. Even so conservative and loyal a fellow as Warren, the adjutant, had once summarized his character in forcible terms. "I respect his ability," said he, "but damn his egotism. Rolfe in this regiment is just like the one juror who said that they could long ago have agreed on conviction but for the eleven blooming idiots who held out for acquittal." Rolfe was a man of such intensity of opinion and purpose that once having made up his own mind as to what somebody else ought to do, he deemed it not only a right but a duty to instruct the other party, no matter what that party's rank or station might be; and this was practically what Rolfe had been doing to his colonel ever since Holden appeared upon the scene. Personally Holden had never met Rolfe before the arrival of the regiment at Pawnee, but except a certain dogmatism of manner in discussions over points in tactics, politics, law or what, he had decidedly liked everything about him, and told the youngsters as much when he found that they did not.

"Any man with half an eye can see that Rolfe wants to make the very best kind of an impression on Dr. and Mrs. Holden," said Randolph. "They are Miss Guthrie's nearest friends and relatives—at least the nearest whom he knows." But Holden also liked Brewster, liked him well, and could not believe all that Rolfe was so strenuously urging upon the colonel, first, that Ellis was a thief and an outcast, and second,

that Brewster had known it all along and concealed it. The more positively and unflinchingly Rolfe asserted himself the more did Holden resent it.

Finally Rolfe had burst out with: "Well, Colonel Farquhar, I'm acting in this manner for the honor of the regiment to which I've been attached through thick and thin for nearly a quarter of a century. I heard you were just sending forward a report highly commending these two men, and I believed it my duty to inform you of their character. As you seem reluctant to accept my statements, I request as a matter of justice to me that you refer my report to Major Berrien at once, and he will corroborate my opinion."

Then and not till then did Farquhar firmly and almost sternly call his subordinate to order, and when Rolfe had been reduced to enforced silence the colonel turned to Holden, and Holden had given prompt voice to his utter objection to their disturbing the wounded major with any such matter. "But I will send for Mr. Brewster, Captain Rolfe, and question him in your presence," said Farquhar. And Brewster, who had just been enjoying a hearty handshake and pleasant words with several officers of the Eleventh who, despite the rising gale, had ridden over to congratulate him, went blithely and briskly to answer the colonel's summons. Warren had given him "the tip" as to the letter being prepared for Farquhar's signature. It was a joy to know that his name was to be sent forward with the praise of his soldierly and honored chief. It was almost rapture to conjecture what Winifred Berrien would think of him when she heard that his vigilance and dash had saved her father's life.

He looked therefore the very picture of stalwart, soldierly, brave eyed manhood as he stepped quickly into the colonel's tent and stood erect before the silent trio there assembled. He came with a heart beating high with anticipation; but one glance at Rolfe's somber and half averted face, the first words in Farquhar's grave, though courteous tones, banished all pleasurable thought and put him on his guard.

"Mr. Brewster, if I remember aright, it was you who presented Sergeant Ellis for enlistment when we were in the Hills. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir."

"You knew him before his joining us, did you not?"

"A short time, sir; yes."

"Where had you known him and how long?"

"At Deadwood, sir; I met him there on two occasions before he decided to enlist."

"Two occasions? And how long before he came to us?"

"Perhaps a week, sir."

"And you had never known him or of him before?"

"I had seen him, but I cannot say that I had ever known him."

"Mr. Brewster," burst in Captain Rolfe at this juncture, before he could be checked, "do you mean to tell me you were not well acquainted with this so called Ellis long before you met him in the Hills?"

"Captain Rolfe," was the instant answer, and the flush leaped to Brewster's cheeks, an angry light to his eyes, "I mean to tell you nothing whatever. I am answering Colonel Farquhar."

"Permit me to conduct this matter, Captain Rolfe," said Farquhar, stretching forth a restraining hand and checking the captain as he rose with another question on his lips. Rolfe with almost any other man might possibly have persisted. He knew Farquhar, however, and knew that however gentle and courteous might be his manner he could come down hard upon those who crossed him. So, with evident effort, he held his tongue, but remained standing. "Be good enough to resume your seat, captain," continued the colonel, all grave politeness; and Rolfe slowly and reluctantly subsided.

"You went to Helena once some five years ago as witness before a court, and the train was held up by road agents, Mr. Brewster. Did you not meet this

man about that time?"

"Yes, colonel, I saw him, but I did not know him from Adam."

"You conversed with him, did you not, and were at the same hotel at Helena with him?"

"I did; yes, sir; and I was at the same hotel for thirty-six hours. But he was a total stranger to me. His dress was that of a gentleman, so was his manner, and almost everybody in our car got to talking with him. He was the only one who really saw the train robbers—it was all done so quickly, while we were in our berth; but he had got aboard at some station just before the thing occurred."

"Did you not know when he enlisted that he gave an assumed name?"

"No, colonel, I did not. For all I know Ellis is his own name."

"Yet you knew him as Ralph Errol at Helena," burst in Rolfe again.

"Captain Rolfe," said the colonel, with marked emphasis, "I will ask you to withdraw, but, except by Dr. Holden's permission, you will not speak of this matter to Major Berrien. I desire to see Mr. Brewster for myself. No, Holden, you remain."

There was no help for it now, Rolfe had to go; and go he did, without a word. Then Farquhar, in his courteous tones, repeated his question and received prompt reply:

"He certainly gave his name as Errol in Helena and as Ellis when he enlisted, colonel, but which is right or that either is right I have no means of knowing."

"Well, I am told that he gave you much of his history and that you lent him money in Deadwood."

"I did lend him, though at the time I thought I was giving him twenty dollars to pay pressing debts which he had to settle before he could leave there and come to us. He was destitute and starving. He did tell me something of his past, but whether it was true or not I cannot say. The more I see of him the more I believe it; believe he was a gentleman born and bred, and that he had had hard luck, lost home and friends and fortune; that he took to the west and mining; that he made and lost alternately; that now he is reaping some reward for his labor. What I know is that he is a tip-top soldier, of whom the whole regiment has reason to be proud, even though I don't know what may be his own name."

Holden was listening eagerly to every word.

"May I ask a question, colonel?"

"Certainly, doctor."

"Brewster, did he ever tell you where his home was—where his relatives now live?"

"Yes—Louisville; and I have a packet which, should be killed or mortally wounded, I have promised to unwrap and express to the address written within. I do not now even know what it is."

"Well, did he never speak of having lived in St. Louis—having had friends there?"

"Never so much as mentioned the place, doctor."

For a moment there was silence, broken only by the dismal moan of the rising gale, the flap of canvas, and the creak of straining gyropoles. Farquhar was still thinking deeply. At last he looked up.

"Captain Rolfe has lodged with me very serious charges against Ellis, and bases them on the report of professional detectives. As you know, I gave Ellis permission to ride over to the railway on Gorham's report that he had some important personal matters to look after. Has he returned yet?"

"He had not up to stables, sir, but his pass does not expire until tattoo, and I almost hope he has not started in face of this wind. It looks like a blizzard coming."

"When did Rolfe get these reports, if I may ask?" queried Holden. "I sent a telegram day before yesterday to Mrs. Holden that ought to have reached her that very evening—it was to forestall any sensational newspaper story about the major's wound—and I certainly looked for a reply of some sort yesterday."

"The wires are down both east and west, I'm told—cut by 'friendlies' at the reservation, very probably. No dispatch has passed either way since yesterday," answered the colonel. "Rolfe's must have come before that. Possibly we will have later news when the sergeant rides back tonight. I gave him an order to get any telegrams that might have arrived for the regiment. What time does the train get in from the east—do you know, doctor?"

"Somewhere about three, sir, but I fear there will be no mail for us for a day or two. Old hands here say it is madness to face a Dakota blizzard on the open prairie, and some of the officers think we are in for a gale, to say the least."

"Well, Brewster," said the colonel kindly, "your statement is all that was needed to put an end to any idea that you knew all about Ellis before his enlistment. Of course I shall have to look into Captain Rolfe's charges against him; but say nothing about the matter for the present."

The cavalry trumpet, weird and fitful on the wings of the gale, was sounding first call for retreat as Brewster left the colonel's tent and started down the gentle slope to join his troop. Already the snow flakes were driving almost horizontally with the biting wind, and in the rapidly gathering gloom the men came huddling from their rude shelters, and bundled to the ears in their great coats stood stamping and swinging their arms, impatient to have roll call over and done with. The colonel came forth a moment later, and together he and Holden tramped over to the turf walled structure in which their wounded comrade lay. The air was now so thick with snow that objects a hundred yards distant were blurred and those beyond entirely obscured. Holden softly unstrapped and raised the canvas flap and poked his fur capped head within the aperture.

"Sleeping?" he queried of the hospital attendant.

"Sleeping like a baby, sir," whispered the soldier, as he tiptoed to the entrance.

"Captain Hazlett was reading to him over an hour, and then he just dropped away, and the captain left at first call."

"That's capital," said Holden, turning to the chief. "He has worried so over the effect the news might have on his wife that I couldn't get him to sleep. Now, if we can only tide him over until morning and if this beastly gale will only subside, we'll have good news for him."

"Well, don't let Rolfe get near him," said Farquhar with a quiet smile. "There isn't a better duty officer in all the Twelfth, but somebody has to suppress him once in awhile."

"He ought to be married," laughed Holden in reply.

That night when the trumpets pealed tattoo the musicians braced their backs against the blustering northwest and blew as best they could, though Boreas strove to silence their lustiest effort, and no trooper on the windward side could hear a note. Over the whistle and howl of the gale, far out on the desolate prairie, far to the southeast, however, the string, welcoming, hope-reviving strain was borne to the frozen ears of a solitary and well nigh exhausted trooper, bidding him pluck up courage, rouse himself to renewed effort, and once more plunge forward into the blackness of the night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Flower and Fruit Notes.

Delay mulching until the ground freezes.

Camphor placed among vegetables and flower seeds stored away will keep out the mice.

In pruning fruit trees, cut out all weak, crowded, worthless branches.

Bouvardias under glass require a temperature of 50 degs.

Azaleas need perfect drainage.

Hydrangeas may be kept over in a cool, dry cellar.

Store your tuberous bulbs in a dry place with an average temperature above 50 degs.

SUMMONS  
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Clatsop.

Emma Bergman, plaintiff,  
vs.  
Joseph Bergman, defendant.

To Joseph Bergman, the above named defendant:  
In the name of the State of Oregon you are required to appear and answer the complaint of the plaintiff herein on Monday, the 17th day of April, 1902, and if you fail so to answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint, to wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between you and the plaintiff, and that she have the care, custody and control of her minor children, to wit: Viranville J. Bergman, Myrtle Bergman, and Ardie Bergman; and for such other and further relief as the court may seem equitable, and for her costs and disbursements in this suit.

This summons is published by order of Hon. T. A. McElride, judge of the above entitled court, made on the 23rd day of September, 1902.  
BROWNELL & DRESSER,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

10-24-11-13

SUMMONS  
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Clatsop.

Roseetta Eikebrenner, plaintiff,  
vs.  
Joseph Eikebrenner, defendant.

To Joseph Eikebrenner, the above named defendant:  
In the name of the State of Oregon you are required to appear and answer the complaint of the plaintiff herein on Monday, the 17th day of April, 1902, and if you fail so to answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint, to wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between you and the plaintiff, and that she have the care, custody and control of her minor child, Hattie E. Eikebrenner; that she assume her maiden name, of Roseetta Eikebrenner, and for such