SCHEJULES OF TIME

O. T. CO. S STEAMERS.

LTONA AND RAMONA,

BETWEEN POILAND, SALEN AND INDEPENDENCE Leave Portleil. Taylor street dock at 6:45 A. M. e k : S Sunda: 200 A. M. and leaves O.g n Cy f : salem \$ 30 A. M. week days and 1 : 30 and day.

Re-unition ive Oregon City or Portland at 2:15 -e dispound 2:0 P. M. Sunday. Fast time, sed accommodations and low rates. No wayfreight handled. Special rates on throughfeight.

SOUTERN PACIFIC BAILWAY.

California koreca (through) Koneburg Ical (way stations) Salem P. S.oger	2.0		7:18 a. m - 8:50 p. m - 9:27 a. m
SOUTH SOUND. Roseburg hes! (way stations) Californial apress (through) Back m P sweet		×	9:27 A. H 9:4 - p. m 4:50 p. to.

POSTAL SCHEDULE.

BY OUTHERN PACIFIC SAILBOAD. Mail closs good g North, \$120 p. m. and 7 p. m. Mail closs comp Scath, \$27 a. m. and 7 p. m. Mail of closted from Nor 6 8 a. m., 10 15 a. m. Mail dist bule: from couth, \$ = m., 4 p. m. IF BAST SIDE, SLECTRIC LINE.

Mal. c see for Fortland and distributing pol ts, 17 own, and 4 to p. m. M. I cl. es for Milwettee only, 8 45 a. m. SIDE ROUTED.

Oregon City to Ely, Carne, Mulino, Liberal and totalla caves at 12 m. and arrives at 12 m. Modella caves at 12 m. and arrives at 12 m. daily.

(regor City to Beaver Creek, Mink, Clark, MeadowBrook, Union Mills, and Colton, leaves at a s. m. Munday, Wednesday and P. day, and reirns on following days at 4.25 p. m. Gregor City to Viota, Logan and Rediand leaves regon City Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.00 p. m., leaving Viola same days at 7.00 m.

Windth, efficient 150 a.m. and averaged in 150 a.m. da.y.

On middlinery window is open on sunday from 10to like in. All letters drapped into the box as see northe to roundily see to of Sunday, as mother days.

A Eastern mail that is delayed and fells to arrive c 250 a.m. s. r. train will come on 12 o'cl eksralib sectic car.

WILLAMETTE PALLS BY.

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SUBPRESION BRIDGE		WILLIAMETTE FALLS
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p m In affect on and for Japan vs 5, 1896, C. A. Mill.Est, -Ury.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1896.

THE READING ROOM .- One of the dethis city is the free reading room on Main street under the direction of Rev. under the wheels, and a few bruises and Henry Wall B. A., general superintend- scratches, aside from a badly trightened ent and librarian. These rooms were boy, were the only results of what otheropened four years ago the beginning of wise might have been a serious accident. the present month and have been eminently successful under the painstaking management of Mr. Wall. The rooms are supported by the voluntary subscripand business men. Some twelve cords of November 27, at 7 o'clock, to enable you cloth and set as if for supper. A tall wood have been purchased and placed to attend the evangeli-tic services after clock ticked in the corner under the in the wood room, sufficient for the wards if you desire. Important business stairs, but its rhythmic beats only seemwinter. Aside from a good nucleus for a library and the leading magazines of the tend. Levi Johnson, secretary, day, forty papers, daily and weekly, are received at the room. After the magagines have been read they are carefully Williams, A. S. Dresser and J. T. Merarranged into volumes by the libearian son appraisers of that portion of the esand laid away to be bound. There are tate of Dr. H. R. Holmes that is situated seven volumes of Review of Reviews, in Clackamas county. The property in eight of Public Opinion, four of Harper's Weekly, five of the Western Electrician. in blocks 11, 18 and 39 in Minthorn's three of Leslie's Popular Monthly, etc., addition to Portland. some 80 volumes in all that would make good reading if they were bound. Mr. fund for this pur, ose and contributions guarantee to take good care of the buildwould be acceptable. People sometimes ing and belongings. The house is new, ful librarian is getting up a game room of location. Apply at this office. which he hopes to have in operation next week, chessmen and checkers having already been supplied. If the game room could only have an electric light it would be complete. Some kind prescription in Electric Bitters, and I mechanic with a desire to senefit his can cheerfully recommend it for Constifellow man could render a much needed service by repairing a half dozen broken down chairs that are badly needed as searing capacity is sometimes overtaxed these rainy days. Contributions of either funds or books would be accept- which never left her and felt tired and able. During the winter season the weary, but six bottles of Electric Bitters number of men who frequent the room average from 50 to 60 per day. The strength. Prices 50 cents and \$1.00 average from 50 to 65 per day. The form 9:30 Get a bottle at Charman and Co's drug of steam, and a few minutes later he tapa. m te 9:30 p. m; and on Sunday from store. 1:30 p. m. to 9:30 p. m.

HONOR FOR A SCHOOL BOY,-It will be remembered by the readers of the room, books, slates, tablets, sponges, Excenence that this paper published ink, pens, pencils, etc. at Daniel Wilsome time since the prize essay of the liams, corner Seventh and Center streets, class in civil government in the Park- Full stock of nuts, candies, notions etc., place school, giving in detail how a fresh and of good quality. Sold at reaspresident of the United States is chosen, onable prices. The author of the article, Master C. H. Williams, doubtless little thought when he was reading his essay before the school, of the number of other persons who would be interested and instructed by the work of his pen. Following its Cure will restore your health, to a norappearance in the Extenses the article mal condition. 50 cents per bottle. was copied into a number of the papers For sale by C. G. Huntley, druggist. of this state and since then it has been recopied into other papers until all count. Thanksgiving dinner. Leave orders at has been lost as to the number of news- the Nevelty candy factory. Full measpapers in which it has been published, ure and solid oy-ters In some of the papers it was credited to the Executive and in others it was lifted bodily, while others gave it the credit of the paper from which they

OregonCity Enterprise. seissored it. But in all its wanderings the article has remained as written by this bright school boy and it has probably been the means of giving many a voter his first clear understanding as to how he assisted in the selection of a president for the United States.

> New HATCHERY -- Charman & Co., the druggists, baye in their show window a novel attraction in the way of a salmon hatchery. The young fish were hatched on the 16th inst., just 45 days from the time the eggs were placed in the water. The time of incubation varies from 40 to 60 days, being shorter in the summer than in the winter season. The young fish are not unlike an insect with a red body and huge wings. The egg or food eack remains with the fish for ten or twelve days after which time they must either be fed or liberated. They are very lively and are constantly darting hither and thither through the water in their sportive glee. This particular hatchery is fitted up with electric lights, glass siphons, etc., and is not only an attraction but a subject of conversation as well, Mr. Charman having been plied with questions galore concerning it.

> OFFICERS ELECTED.-At a regular meeting of Willamette Falls Camp No. 148, Woodmen of the World, held Tuesday evening, the following officers were elected for the first half of the year 1897; Consul, E. E. Martin; advisor, W. S. Maple; clerk, J. K. Morris; banker, B. S. Bellomy; escort, Geo. W. Swope; watchman, S. S. Walker; sentry, J Shadle; manager, for 18 months, I. D. Taylor. The officers will be installed the first regular meeting of the organization in January Meade Post, G. A. R. will hold their election of officers next Wednesday evening, December 2, and the Woman's Rollef Corps the following evening.

Is the Justice Court.-In Justice Schnebel's court Monday Louis Him- which peered a pair of black, bright eyes. mier, of Paraplace pleaded guilty to a Their owner took off the cap and mopcharge of assault and battery on Mr. ped his brow. He was a rugged country Eby of that place and was fined \$15, in default of which he was sent to jail for seven days. Mr. Eby has but one arm and is nearly 70 years of age, while Himmler is a young man, strong and robust. The case of Peter Roberts, of Clackamas, charged with assault with intent to do bodily harm, was settled of what had once been home. and dismissed by mutual consent.

Main and Eleventh streets last Friday evening ran into one of the East Side Railway Co.'s electric cars and came near losing his life. Fortunately for him car and was thrown back without getting

Business Mearing .- The regular monthly business meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association will be held makes it necessary that all members at-

APPOINTED APPRAISERS -Judge Terrell of Marion county has appointed C. O. T. question comprises lots 1 to 29 inclusive

A FURNISHED HOUSE,-Will be rented Wall is endeavoring to create a special very reasonably to a family that will weary of reading and the ever thought- plastered, of seven rooms and convenient

A Valuable Prescription.

Editor Morrison of Worthington, Ind., "Sun", writes: "You have a valuable pation and Sick Headache, and as a general system tonic it has no equal." Mrs. Annie Stehle, 2625 Cottage Grove Ave , Chicago, was all run down, could not eat nor digest food, had a backache restored her health and renewed her

Books Cheap.

Everything required in the school

Indigestion Cored.

Depressing times depress the mind; the digestion is disturbed. Two or three doses of the S. B. Headache and Liver

Fresh Olympia cysters for your

The U. S. Gov't Reports show Royal Baking Powder superior to ull others.

JEM HASTINGS' LUCK.

The Widow Wilson's farm had seen better and more prosperous days and now was traveling backward. It began at the top of Erindle hill, where it was bounded by the county road, and straggled down to the lake shore, its hundred acres or so wandering over hills and dipping into bollows until they terminated at the bay, with its rim of white and glistening sand,

One of the most picturesque spots of earth, and right in the center of it, erowning a rounded knoll, surrounded with stalwart oaks and butternuts, squatted the house of its owner.

It was always a difficult spot to reach in winter, when the drifting snows piled high their white billows against the low eaved structure and hid the windows from the outer world. But in summer it was a delight, this moss brown dwelling beneath the cake, and at one time had been a home around whose hearthstone had gathered sons and daughters.

Now it was desolate. The passing stranger would have but added it to the category of deserted farms. No sign of life was visible this bright Thanksgiving morning. From its wide, paneled chimney no curl of smoke invaded the crisp and frosty air. The light fall of snow that had covered the ground the night before showed no trace of footsteps leading from the weather beaten door. And yet there was a stir of life in the farmyard, in the hollow among the trees, where the old barn tottered, ready for its fall. There a flock of fowl and turkeys wandered disconsolately about. In the adjacent stall an old horse stamped impatiently for his breakfast and a foriorn cow chafed restlessly at her stanchions. Except for these the old farm was as silent as when its first owner carved it from the virgin wilderness. A rustling of the shrubbery that fringed the tall, stiff ranked pines on the hill beyond the barn told that a visitor was coming to Lonely farm. A human head appeared in sight. It was crowned by a woolen cap, from beneath lad of 18, well knit and stordy, with a pair of ruddy cheeks, white teeth and

lips rosy, but with a droop of sadness. New England, always hard to her children, had taken from this boy the home and mother that make Thanksgiving, even as it had taken from the widow all but the wretched framework

'House looks like mother's used to after she got so she couldn't get about," COASTING ACCIDENT -Freddy Char- soliloquized the boy, staring at the man, while coasting down an incline at smokeless chimney. "I'll bet there ain't been nobody near the widder in a week, and I'll bet, while I'm a-bettin, that she needs somebody. Guess I'll find out what's the matter."

He strode down to the house and serving and justly popular institutions of his sled struck the front trucks of the knocked. There was no response. Only the crow in the oak tree was disturbed by the unwepted noise and flew away, with a caw of alarm. A second knock startled the fowl in the barnyard which greeted him with a suppressed chuckle, but there was no answer from within "Guess I might's well go in." He pushed open the the crazy door and entered the room which served as kitchen and sitting room all in one. A table stood 'n 'he gymnasium on Friday evening, in the center of it, covered with a snowy seems kinder creepy, that's a fact. Hope there am't nothin happened to her. Wonder where she is? P'rhaps she's

He rapped loudly, and then put his ear down to the keyhole, listening intently At first there was no response. Then he thought he heard a faint, quavering voice.

"It's me-Jem Hastings. I've come

to see if you need anybody."
"Come in." The feeble voice struggled with a cough. Then: "Yes, I'm so glad you've come. I was taken faint yesterday and had just strength enough

to crawl to bed. Perhaps" What, an you ain't had nothin to

No," with a feeble smile, "Well, if you'll let me try, I'll make

a cup of tea. Jem closed the door, set his gun in a corner and looked around for the place in which the widow kept her stores. The dressers ranged against the wall were bright with old fashioned pewter platters and china. Here he found a caddy of tea and then set about making a fire. A huge fireplace yawned at one side of the room, hung with a black iron crane from which was suspended a teakettle. The woodpile was outside, near the back door, and brushing off the snow Jem soon had some dry wood, with which he made a roaring blaze. It was not long before he had the satisfaction of seeing the kettle send forth a volume ped again at the bedroom door with a tray, on it a tempting cup of tea and

two well buttered slices of bread. Wrapped in a shawl of Canton silk, the heirloom of a grandmother whose father once sailed from Salem to the Indies, the widow sank back into her comfortable armchair with a deep sigh of content. She closed her eyes from sheer weakness, while Jem tiptoed about the room, "setting things to rights" and preparing the table for a prospective meal. To be sure there was very little in sight, but he had faith that there might be something in the cellar and in the cupboards, for the widow was known in the township to have been a "good pervider" in her days of affinence,

"You've made me very happy, Jemvery thankful." 'Well, ma'am, I'm glad of it. It's

Thanksgivin." "What! Really Thanksgiving day? It s the first time I've forgotten itever. I must be growing old."

Jem grew bolder. yard. He ain't very fat, but if you say given that a thought; so happy and that you can save money by buying of me.

so I'll help you fix a turkey oromer,"

both fascinated at the prospect of a his consciousness. Only one thing trou-Thanksgiving dinner, with themselves bled his thoughts of late. He was deepas host and hostess, the boy trudged out to the barn.

Some sticks of hard wood were soon piled on the fire, and by the time Sir done, with friends for board and keep-Turkey was ready for the oven the widow had peeled the vegetables and dropped them into the mysterious depths of the steaming kettles, Jem looking on with glowing but bashful appreciation.

A snowy cloth over a round table, with two seats opposite each other, is always an inspiriting sight, and when topped by a steaming brown turkey, with all the "fixings" of a turkey dinner, the feast is one to melt hearts harder than that of the lonely widow and the homesick New England lad.

"It is the happiest Thanksgiving dinner I have had in many a year, my boy," she said to him as he cleared away the dishes and brought out the dessert of fragrant quince preserves.

how the dreadful, gloomy morning has take time to travel to Susie's home, far been tunrned to such bright sunshine

by your coming!" Jem turned to the window to hide ing themselves out of his eyes. "I wish she wouldn't be so sentimental," said he to himself quite wrathfully. But to the widow he said: "Why, ma'am, I ain't done nothin great—no more'n you'd have done for me, I'll bet. I sin't

all the time," A new light came into the woman's country wedding supper. faded gray eyes born of a thought that an hour or more. "And why can't you stay, Jem?"

"I could, ma'am, if I could come as -as partners."

for something as his own and the chance he saw upon the widow's farm. "I could fix things up," he went on eagerly, "and make the chickens lay eggs and the cow give milk and-and"-

Jem stopped, but the widow's respect-

ful attention led him on. "I could earn my board in saving things that's goin to waste. When I come through your wood lot this mornin. I noticed cords an cords of dead trees that ought to be cut an made firewood of. An as for timber, there's more'n \$100 with there that'll be spiled if it ain't cut an sold pretty soen.

The boy hesitated, amazed at his auducity, but the widow nodded her head apart. and smiled approval. "That's true, Jem. The farm is running down for the lack of some one to oversee out of doors. So, then, it is a bargain."

gan. The first winter Jem spent in by you, the widder did, and '-looking thinning out the superfluous wood in around approvingly over the snow covthe neglected lots, stacking up behind the house enough fuel to satisfy even the cravings of that yawning fireplace of her life, and she's left her peace for years to come and selling to the sawmill on the pond timber for shipment that came to quite \$500.

As the spring opened he was soon afield, continuing the good work of improvement, and "planting time" found the farm with more and earlier labor performed than it had ever before experienced. In front of the western door he threw out a platform, protected by a lattice work covering, and here the widow passed all the spare time she could snatch from her indoor duties. It had never occurred to any one before that farm work might be made attractive. The widow had only looked upon the beauties of her farm around her through the kitchen window or during a hasty trip to the well or farmyard. The latticed porch was a revelation to her, and a haven of rest where she sat and mused during the long twilight of

"I never thought I should take such comfort here," she said. "Before you came I was more than willing to give up the farm and go away. But now, Jem. I want to live here the rest of my life. I would not leave it for the world.

'That's so, ma'am. It would have been a great mistake to leave the old place. Why, there ain't a prettier view in all the world than this from your front door. If there is, then it is right there, down in the woods, where the great trees meet overhead, the brook sings a soft song of rest and the fern covered banks stretch down to the pond. I never traveled any yet, but I don't want to. This suits me." And he returned to his work with a cheery whistle that sent a thrill of satisfaction

through the widew's heart. A wonderful change had been effected by the time another year had rolled another Thanksgiving into the calendar. The roof of the old house no longer leaked. The barn had been raised from its attitude of deep dejection, and its mows were crowded to bursting with hay and grain. The old horse spent his days chiefly in the pasture, while a younger and more vigorous animal did the work, assisted by a voke of big and handsome oxen. The solitary cow now had plenty of company, and frisky calves gamboled about her in the summer time. There was no longer any doubt as to the availability of any of the fat gobblers for a Thanksgiving dinner.

Thus the seasons succeeded one another with their measure of content. Each found the widow more and more Best and Cheapest Place dependent upon her stalwart helper. She clung to him as she might have in Oregon City to get clung to the son of whom she had been deprived in the springtime of her wifehood. As her tottering footsteps were supported down the aisle of the village church on a Sunday few of the congre gation knew that the handsome young man who watched over her so assidu ously was not in fact her own son. Those who were cognizant of the relations between the two shook their heads knowingly, saying to themselves and to each other: "Lucky boy that! Stepped right into the farm just as the old lady was about to leave it. He knows the side of his bread that has the butter on it."

But it is doubtful if Jem bad ever

content was he that the merely materia The widow urged no objection, and conditions of his life had never troubled ly stirred by the soft, brown eyes of pretty Susie Jones, a cherister in the Liver, Stomach church-Susie, who lived, as he had

> another of New England's orphans. He never mentioned this daring speculation, not even to the widow. But her eyes, though growing dim, were acute enough to penetrate his honest soul His whole life lay centered in the farm. which had become as essential to it almost as the air he breathed. But now there must be young life there. A pair of brown eyes persisted in dancing before his face, in wood pile, in field, in

garden. And so it came to pass that there was a wedding next Thanksgiving in the little cottage, now pretty with vines and cheery within. Susie was glad of so pleasant a place for the troth which she was to plight with Jem, while he, "May God bless you! And to think lucky fellow though he was, could not away over the rough, hilly roads. wife's a good thing," he remarked to the widow the evening before his marsome tears that would persist in squeez- riage, "but there's cows to be looked after and hens to be fed-more'n you could 'tend to alone.'

"That's so, Jem," said the widow, smiling brightly, "and thanks to you

for it all." Under branches of autumn leaves enjoyed a dinner so myself sence I can from the last reddening trees Jem and remember. I wish I could jest stay here Susie promised all the things of the simple marriage service. Then came the

When the last guest had gone, driven had been struggling for expression for away in the farm wagons that had clustered around the door all afternoon, the widow turned to Jem and Susie, sitting bashfully in the firelight.

"You're my children, now, both of It was out at last, the boy's yearning you," she said. "Call me mother just

once, Jem and Susie." "Mother!" cried Jcm, taking the

feeble hands together and kissing them tenderly. "My darling mother, dearest friend I ever had!" She returned his loving glarge linger-

ingly, gratefully, as they led her to the door of her room. Next morning Jem knocked again at

the Widow Wilson's door just as he had done on that lonely Thanksgiving day four years ago. This time not even a feeble voice answered his repeated calls. Three days later, as the neighbors

struggled back from the little cemetery

on the hill, Squire Lothrop drew Jem "I s'pose you know the widder's left the farm to you? No? Sho! It's mighty strange she didn't tell you. She made her will more'n a year ago, and you're And so this strange partnership be- her only heir. She seemed to set a lot ered fields-"I d'no's I blame her. The last four years hev been the peacefulest

PURELY VEGETABLE.

SIMMONS

BAD BREATR!

Nothing is so unpleasant, nothing so common, as had breath; and in nearly every mase it comes from the soomach, and can be so easily corrected if you will take historical layer Resolution. Do not oughest or sure a remedy for this repulsive disorder. It will also improve your apperite, complexion and general health.

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CONSTIPATION

SHOULD not be regarded as a trifling ailment—in fact, nature demands the utmost regularity of the bowels, and any deviation from this demand paves the way often to serious danger. It is quite as necessary to remove impure accumulations from the bowels as it is to eat or sleep, and no health can be expected where a cossive habit of body prevails.

This distressing affliction occurs most frequently. The disturbance of the stomach, arising from the inperfectly digested contents, causes a seven pain in the head, accompanied with disagreeable names, and his constitutes what is popularly known as fick this constitutes what is popularly known as Sick Headache, for the relief of which TARE STRINGING LIVER RESCLAYOR OR MEDICINE.

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