PATENT REMINDERS.

DME FUNNY THINGS WHICH IN-VENTORS HAVE MADE.

Bracelet to Make Her Think of Engugements-Many Devices for the Convenience of Sleepy Heads One to Thwart the Grave Robber.

Psychologists assert that civilized human beings are growing more absentminded. The average man of intellirence today is not alert, not so concious of his immediate environments. he was a century ago. He does more hinking than he did then, and a greatpart of his business in life is left to he purely mechanical brain functions.

The inventors, always a step ahead of the requirements of the times, are alleady at work devising contrivances to mmon absent attention. One of the stest of these is a bracelet that has an darm watch attached to it. The wearer, Saving an engagement at a certain hour, ets the watch, and when the time arrives a little needle point pricks her am and reminds ber of the duty.

At the patent office a large class of feventions is comprised under the head "alarms"-these being machines by hich persons who otherwise would not aink are made to think. The average ndividual is obliged, however nawillfigly, to get up at a certain time in the morning. To provide for this requirepent many ingenious persons have apentrivances for awakening people and impelling them to arise. There is a ind of bedstead, for example, which olds its mattress in a frame that is resained in the normal position by a catch. At the proper hour the catch, operated by a clockwork mechanism, loses its grip, and the mattress frame becomes ertical instead of horizontal, throwing eepy head out upon the floor.

There is another sort of bed which ets the head of the sleepy person drop then getting up time arrives, one end the mattress frame collapsing. But to of the queerest of the patented pethods of waking people up involves the employment of a tin pan and a weight hung by a cord. When the ands of a clock reach a certain point, the weight is released and falls upon the pan, making a direful racket. Anther oddity is a frame from which are espended a number of corks. During limb. the night it is lowered gradually by a dockwork mechanism until at the groper hour and minute the daugling orks begin to bob against the nose and face of the sleeper. Of course he wakes p. The most obvious advantage of these sleep alarms is that they render mxiety on the part of the sleeper unsecessary, so far as rising is concerned. He can snooze undisturbed by the neces-

ty of watching himself. Hayseed visitors in the city will inest on blowing out the gas notwithstanding all the newspaper jokes on the mbject. To provide against such accidents, a citizen of Ashland, Wis., has ever come? Invented a little apparatus that is indoses a circuit, giving an alarm in the chice. Another kind of alarm, patented by a Chicago man, notifies the householder of escaping gas. If you are afraid of pickpockets, you can obtain potection by wearing a small machine that makes a big disturbance in case shybody tries to put his hand into your

Pocket. service. If a grave robber comes that purpose will blow him to smither-ens. Supposing that the disturbance wakes you to life again, a clockwork mechanism will start a bell to ringing, while a red flag runs up to the top of prompt resurrection is desired. Speakng of waking up suggests mention of mme odd contrivances for doing necesthe morning. One of these, patented by then turn over for a supplementary mooze. This, however, is a primitive contrivance compared with the inven-Son of a resident of Providence which provides for the feeding of a whole sta-leful of live stock at daybreak. Mr. Sleepy Head simply turns on his pillow and jerks a cord, which opens a valve in the stable and lets down the requisite chantity of feed into a trough.

There are quite a number of inven-Mons for lighting the fire in the morning without getting out of bed. They are all operated by clockwork. The best of them is credited to an Illinois genius. A clock is set for a certain time, and when the proper minute is reached the mechanism "throws" a lever, which draws a match across a piece of sandpaper and ignites the kindling. One of the atest patents is for a street lamp which has a clockwork apparatus attached to At the correct moment for which the machine is set it closes an electric circuit, at the same time opening the gas pipe. Immediately the gas is ignitd, and it burns until shut off by the dockwork at daybreak in the morning. In this way the street lamps all over a city may be made to light themselves simultaneously without the intervention of human hands.

A citizen of Austin is the author of a mort of water clock that is wound by rain. On the roof of a house is a trough that catches the rainwater, which flows boto the tank. When the tank is filled to a certain point, it empties the water slowly and safely. He points out that Into a bucket which is connected by a cord with the winding drum of an ormary clock. The bucket falls and by its weight pulls up the clock weight, chimneys has only been .8." thus winding the clock. Finally the backet reaches the floor, when a valve in its bottom opens and the water runs sut. Then it ascends and resumes its ter do 'is hones' duty, dat when he does original position, so as to be ready to folks goes ter guessin an 'spicionin dat wind the clock up again after awhile, he's playin a mighty sly game.". -Washington Cor. Philadelphia Times. Washington Star.

EPISODE OF THE LATE WAR.

Last Night of a Southern Soldier on the Battleffeld.

"Don't leave me, captain! Oh, don't leave me!"were the words that came to me with an agonized shrick from a bleeding and dying Confederate soldier on the evening of the great battle of Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862. He, a mere youth of 17 years, lay in a heap, gasping for the breath which was fast leaving him, along with the rays of sunlight, on that sad and memorable day. I, for whom that piteons cry was meant, was a staff officer of the brigade to which the Louisiana regiment, the soldier boy's regiment, was attached.

Well mounted, I was galloping back across that bloody field to report the duty I had performed when suddenly arrested in my course by the voice of despair and woe, coming from my stricken comrade. The day was fast passing away into darkness, a darkness that seemed to enshroud this valley of death. The terrific cannonading on both sides that had lasted for hours from the surrounding hills (Malvern hill being the central point of attack by the Confederates) was supplemented by the booming of artillery and bursting of shells from the gunboats on the adja-

cent James river. Nature seemed to revolt at this scene of blood and carnage. Thunder and lightning and an avalanche of rain came in quick succession with such great force as to cause the stoutest heart to quake. This great battle was the seventh day's fight to capture the city of Richmond. It was not an ordinary battle, but a demons' fight and the final encounter between those two giants of war Robert E. Lee and George B. Mc-Clellan. It gave the laurels of victory to the southern chieftain, bedewed with the tears of broken hearts.

Without stopping to consider what I alone could do for the dying youth amid the chaos and increasing darkness of the night that prevailed, I turned back and dismounted to keep a lonely vigil with the dead. My horse, which, strange to say, had seemed frenzied with fear, became quiet and tractable as though he knew there was safety with his master. I called the boy, who had swooned away from loss of blood, and was glad to know he was not dead. Giving him the bridle of my horse to hold, I tore the sash from around my waist to bandage his torn and bleeding

The boy was praying and called down God's blessing on me. His petition to heaven seemed to be heard. The storm of wind and rain, although still high, was abating. Naught but the mournful wail of the wind through the surrounding forest could now be heard. The great armies that had so lately confronted each other in battle array had seem ingly vanished from the scene. I was alone on a battlefield with the dead. Wet and dripping, with the chill of night upon me, I waited for morning, and he, too, the brave soldier boy, was waiting for morning. Oh, God, will it

He clasped my hand with hope and tended to be attached to every gas fix- confidence and seemed to be happy and fure in a hotel. The breath of a person | without pain. I believed he had gone to who attempts to blow out the gas tilts sleep. Morning came, and he was still a delicately balanced electrode and asleep—asleep to wake no more. - Dawson A. Blanchard in Washington Post.

ANCIENT WARFARE.

How an Erglish Castle Was Attacked In the Fifteenth Century.

Sir John Fastolf had by his will de vised his castle, called Caister, to John Paston. As a fortification, it was an Even after death you may find alarms excellent defense against foreign invaders, and as a residence it was worthy of slong, a torpedo placed in the coffin for royalty itself. In fact, the Duke of Gloster, afterward Richard III, at one time contemplated making it his abode. While Paston was trying to establish his title in the courts the Duke of Norfolk purchased a pretended claim to it, the tombstone, giving notice that a and sought to gain possession by force. The Pastons did not propose to yield, though the duke was then probably the most powerful noble in England, and cary things before getting out of bed in John Paston was his liveried servant. Four professional soldiers were sent up a lazy Vermonter, enables one to turn from London to aid in the defense. on the draft of a stove or furnace and They are described as "provyd men, conning in werr and can wel schote both gonnes and crossbowes and devyse bolwerkys and keep wacche and warde. They be sadde and wel advysed, saving on of them, whyche is ballyd (bald) but yithe is no brawler. Ye shall fynd them gentylmanly comfortable fellowes, and

that they dare abyde by ther taklyng." Young John Paston, aided by these four and by a handful of personal friends and followers, held the castle for several weeks against a siege conducted by the duke's army of 3,000 men. By the terms of the final surrender the besieged were allowed their lives and goods, horses and harness, and a respite for 15 days, in which to go where they pleased. They reported that they were forced to surrender by "lak of vitayl, gonepowdyr, menys herts and surete of rescue." Edward IV had refrained from interfering in this extraordinary contest, because the troubles with Warwick were gathering thickly about him, and the Mowbrays were too necessary to be safely offended. - Sewance Review.

Smoke and Lightning.

"On the approach of a thunderstorm French peasants often make up a very smoky fire," says Industries and Iron, in the belief that safety from lightning is thus assured. By some this is deemed superstition, but Schaster shows that the custom is based on reason inasmuch as the smoke acts as a good conductor for carrying away the electricity in 1,000 cases of damage by lightning 6.3 churches and 8.5 mills have been struck, while the number of factory

"It's so seldom," said Uncle Eben, "dat a man jes' puhceeds along, tryin THE MOON AND I.

A golden meen that leans her gentle face On the bige darkness of the summer sky-We watched her steal aloft a little space, My love and I.

Parting the opal clouds, upward she rose To wander lonely mid the stars on high. We thought our world as bright as one of those My love and I.

Dear love, the moonlight smote your rippling And made you smile you knew not how nor My heart beat strangely as we lingered there, My love and L

I asked her, fooled by the bewildering light,
If she would try to love me by and by.
She rose and left me. I stood in the night,
The moon and I.
—A. Matheson in Good Words.

THE SPORTS OF LONG AGO.

They Were Substantially the Same a

Those of the Present Day. The boys and girls of the present day who become enthusiastic over some new sport and boast that their particular "club" has the very "newest thing out" would be surprised if they could discover how closely many of the old time pastimes resemble our own.

The Eskimos of the frozen north, the Tupinambras of the Brazilian pampas, the gamins of the Paris streets, the boys and girls of London, of Boston and of Philadelphia, have one kindred tie-the love of sport. There is nothing new der the sun, said the wise man, and especially is there nothing new in youth-

ful games. Archæologists have found dolls in Egyptian pyramids and on prehistoric tombs; the name of a popular ball club was found scrawled upon the outer walls of Pompeiian houses, and one of the most exciting matches on record was the one stubbornly fought between the rival nines of Montezuma, king of Mexico, and Nezahual-pilli, 'tzin of

The boys of ancient Greece and Rome played at whip top, and quoits, and baseball, and pitch penny, and blind-man's buff, and hide and seek, and jackstones, and follow my leader, just as do the boys of today. The girls were experts at seesaw, and swinging, and dancing, and grace hoops, and dice throwing, and ball play, and, in Sparta, even at running, wrestling and leaping. Tobogganing is as old as ice and snow, and when you play at cherry pits you are only doing what Nero and Commodus and young Themistocles did ages ago in Rome and in Athens.

So, whatever the age or whatever the clime, boys and girls of the world have always lived more for play than for anything else, and however harsh or hard their surroundings, however stern or strict their fathers and their mothers, they always found and always made the most of the time for play.

Said a critic recently on the subject of recreation, "The sports of the day are fast reducing themselves into so many sciences, overweighted with rules and restrictions that often take the real play element from them and make them as unyielding as a problem in algebra."

There is no fun in making our sport a matter of life and death. I know growing people who in these days of prize giving in all manner of games center the game, but on the prizes offered. They really seem as much disappointed if they do not carry off a trophy as if they had met with some serious loss. Let us take our fun with a jollity or not at all. Interest is one thing and irritability is quite another.

We have only to watch the intense excitement of some of the amateur players in popular games to realize that the critic was right about that algebra problem. The complaint of "unfairness" on one side and of disagreeable triumph on another seem to be the most noticeable features at the close of the sports of today, and we cannot belp wondering if this was a feature of the games of olden times or if in this respect the young people of the present really have "something new."-Philadelphia

Father Ryan.

No American poet has given clearer proof of the possession of poetic genius of a rare order than Father Ryan. Certainly no poet has achieved a more enduring fame and secured a warmer place in the hearts of the people of the south than the "poet priest." He is distinctively known as the poet of the "lost cause"-as the bard whose harp sings so sweetly and so pathetically the requiem of a brave and a proud people over the grave wherein their hopes and aspirations have been buried by the mysterious dispensation of an almighty and all wise Providence. This fact puts Father Ryan in a unique place, separated from any other American poet of his time. As to the high intrinsic literary value of the majority of his poems, of the genuineness of his poetic faculty and the excellence of his gift of song there can be no manner of doubt. -Al-

A Handsome Gown.

A handsome gown made in Berlin is thus described: "The skirt of a mouse gray reception toilet was of figured moire, decorated with an apronlike arrangement of openwork embroidery, the rosettes and flowers being made very plastic by means of a thick underlining, which permits the delicate shade of the satin lining to shimmer through. The waist was similarly arranged with a traverse empiecement of small satin bands, which fell over the jabot of yellow guipure lace. On the neck was a garland of wired points or tabs and white silk gauze ruches. The waist disappeared beneath a belt of gold and silver braid finished with silver rosettes. The leg o' mutton sleeves were in the form of a spiral above, the plaits narrowing in the lower part."

Personal.

Sawftleigh-I tell you what it is, there's some funny things happen in this world.

Keener-That's a fact. How long ago did you happen in?-Boston Courier.

BRITISH HISTORY WRONG.

A Misleading Account of the Battle of

In its series of supplements recounting "The Battle Honors of the Services" The British Navy and Army Illustrated once in awhile says something about the British forces in the Revolutionary war. When it does, it is pretty sure to

be inaccurate. The cover of one issue of the "Battle Honors' has a spirited picture of Bragg's grenadiers winning the battle of White Plains, where they won the name of the "Slashers," because they threw away their Cintlocks and carried an intrenchment with their short swords. The picture is entitled "The Slashers at the Battle of White Plains,

The battle of White Plains was fought, as a matter of fact, on Oct. 28, 1776. It is stated in the publication that Washington sent 8,000 men to occupy a hill above the ford of the "Brunx," and that this position was carried by the "Slashers" with their swords. It is also said that "soon after this turning movement General Washington, abandoning his stores, retired with his army toward Connecticut." As a matter of fact the position re-

ferred to was held by 1,400 Americans under General McDougal and was carried by a British force of 4,000. One would think from reading the British version of the fight that the "Slashers" whipped the entire American army. There were other British regiments engaged in the work of carrying Chatterton hill, and it is unfair to them to give all the credit to the "Slashers."

Of what took place after the position was carried the version given by The Navy and Army Illustrated is deliberately misleading. The facts are that when the hill was carried General Mc-Dougal retired to Washington's camp with a loss of 80 prisoners and 100 killed and wounded. The British lost 229 killed and wounded. Howe did not dare to attack Washington, but sent for reenforcements, and on Nov. 5 moved his augmented army to Dobbs Ferry. Washington, being confronted by superior numbers, retired, not toward Connecticut, but across the Hudson to New Jersey on Nov. 9.

When a nation starts out to write its military history and distorts it in some particulars, it makes one doubt the good to have as the traditional Christtruth of all. The truth about the battle of White Plains would redound just as much to the glory of the "Slashers" as does the perverted account published by the navy and army.-New York Press.

SHADOWING A FOOTBALLER.

The Scheme of a Team to Down a Suc cessful Rival.

Several years ago a young athlete named D-was conspicuous as a football player. He was a swift runner, a reliable drop kicker and an excellent all round player. He had proved such a tower of strength on his college eleven that rival teams feared him, and when rumors to the effect that he had received money for his services were circulated steps were eagerly taken by the football authorities of an opposing college to investigate his amateur status. If he had received money, as alleged, he was no longer an amateur and could be de-

barred from a place on the team. Accordingly an emissary was dispatched, with the usual oppressive college secrecy, to the village of Swhere the suspected player resided when at home. The father of D- was a well to do farmer, and the spy, passing as a book agent, experienced little difficulty in getting him to talk about his

"Famous?" he said, with no great show of enthusiasm. "Waal, I s'pose the boy is famous, but there isn't much in this football."

"But a fellow as famous as he is must get a good salary," the spy suggested, with a craftily assumed air of innocence. "Nope," said the ! "mer. "Football

"That's odd," catinued the spy. 'I heard he was ki-ag for cash." "Waal, that's right. He is," the fa-

ther slowly admitted. The spy was secretly overjoyed. He chuckled inwardly and fairly hugged himself with delight. In fancy the rival

team was already deprived of her strongest player. "So he's kicking for cash at college, is he?" he echoed.

"Yes," the farmer said wearily, 'yes, he's kickin for more cash 'most every letter I get."

And then the disgusted spy kicked himself, metaphorically speaking, all the way back to college. - Harper's Ba-

European Travel.

Children are taken abroad so young that before they have reached an age to appreciate what they see Europe has become a twice told tale to them. Ba true is this that a recipe for making your children good Americans is to bring them up abroad. Once they get back here, it is hard to entice them away again. With each improvement in the speed of our steamers vanishes something of the glamour of Europe, and the crowds that yearly rush across see less and appreciate less in a lifetime than our parents did in their one tour abroad.-Exchange.

Long Eared.

"You ought to have your ears boxed," said Miss Sharpleigh to a young freshman who had just stolen a kiss. "Well," he asked, "why don't you

"I would," she replied, "if I had a box large enough."-Chicago News.

With the exception of birds, men's legs are longer in proportion to their body than those of any other animal. The human foot is broader and stronger than the foot of any other animal, so that man alone can stand upon one foot.

Relatively to population no European country can vie with New England in respect of manufactures.

Why Birds' Eggs Are Colored.

The why and wherefore of the colors of birds' eggs have been a favorite theme for speculation, from the quaint surmisings of Sir Thomas Browne to the solemn guess work of Shufeldt, in his ten 'biological laws explanatory of the variation in color of the shells of the eggs in class aves." Hewitson piously concludes that the beauty of these elegant and often exquisitely attractive objects is intended for the delight of human eyes; hence, as he says, eggs simply white are put out of sight in holes. He also sees in the larger number of eggs laid by game birds a provision by a benevolent providence for the joy of the sportsman and the delectation of the epicure. Next comes a man who assures us that the colors of eggs are due to the influence of their respective surroundings on the imagination of the hen birds-the old story of Jacob's littie trick on Laban in the matter of young cattle. This school instances as an example the red blotches prevalent on the eggs of falcons, regarded by it as a record of the bloody experiences of the parents, but it does not explain why the equally rapacious owls produce pure white eggs or the bloodthirsty skuas and shrikes lay greenish ones.-Ernest Ingersoll in Harper's Magazine.

CUSTOMS OF CHRISTMAS.

Giftmaking One of the Most Gracious Fee tures of the Seas

"Giftmaking is one of the most gracious features of Christmas, and one that I pray may survive all other outgrown customs," writes Florence Hull Winterburn in The Woman's Home Companion. "When love and sympathy are close counselors, there is little fear that we shall make the mistake of leaving out of our little one's stocking the particular thing he has set his heart upon getting. And if his choice is beyond us to gratify, let us come as near to it as we can, and not convert this season into a sort of convenience for ourselves, thrusting upon his reluctant acceptance such prosaic articles as shoes, hats and other essentials of the toilet. Far prettier is the German custom of bestowing gaudy trifles that have no use in themselves, but are part of the glitter and fashion of the holiday. When it is possible, nothing is so mas tree. In after years memory hangs about it fondly, and we bless in our bearts the kind hands that took so much trouble to give us pleasure. "Then the stocking hung up on Christ-

mas eve has a romance all its own. The breakfast table dressed with holly berries and gifts piled under snowy napkins is a graceful custom and is far nicer than the blunt handing out of our gifts. Some trouble should be taken to create the welcome element of surprise. We all like it, but it is one of the greatest delights in a child's experience. He finds out before we would choose to have him that what is looked forward to most eagerly seldom turns out well. It is sad philosophy, yet true, that it is dangerous to set one's heart on anything in this world. But the love that hides its intention until the hour of fulfillment and then lets out its secret substitute that is ever offered for the special Providence-Santa Claus, and all other gracious myths.

"An example of generosity is seldom lost upon children if it is true, not artificial. They are very willing to live up to their little knowledge, if we allow them the chance, and part of our duty to the day is to encourage in our young people the same kindliness we cultivate in ourselves. It is so much easier to learn in youth to be genial, sympathetic and generous than it is after embittering experiences have hardened our hearts.'

SCOTT'S DEAREST WISH.

Frustrated by the Fatality Attending the Boys Who Bore His Name, It was Sir Walter Scott's dearest

wish to found a house which should carry on the traditions of his great ancestors, who were cadets of the Scotts of Harden, now represented by Baron Polwarth. Scott reared Abbotsford at enormous cost, but there his work began and ended. His eldest son, who succeeded to the barenetcy, survived him only 15 years and died in 1847, unmarried, at the Cape, and so the baronetcy became extinct. His second son died at faroff Teheran, also unmarried. So the name of Scott was left to his daughter Charlotte, who married Lockhart, the biographer of Sir Walter. Her son, Walter Scott Lockhart, adopted the name of Scott, but, with all the extraordinary fatality that had overcome his uncles, he, too, died unmarried at the age of 26, and so the estate passed to his sister Charlotte, who married J. R. Hope, Q. C., a member of the Hopetoun family, and he, of course, adopted the name Scott. They had three children, but their only son died in childhood, and once again a woman came to rule. This was Mary Monica.

In 1874 she married Hon. Joseph Constable-Maxwell, third son of Lord Herries, who, as a matter of course, adopted the name Scott. They have had six children, the eldest of whom, Walter Joseph Maxwell-Scott, born in 1875, is in the army. He has two brothers and two sisters living. Mary Josephine, who is married, was born in 1876. Thus it will be seen that the present genera tion of Scotts have been in turn Lock harts, Hopes and Maxwells. These are all excellent names, with honorable histories behind them, and yet, in strict genealogical sequence, the present generation is very far removed from the author of "Waverley."-London Sketch.

The Retort.

Here is a retort which a "dull student" once made: Professor-You seem to be very dull. When Alexander the Great was your age, he had already conquered the world. Student-Well, you see, he had Aristotle for a teacher .-Chambers' Journal.

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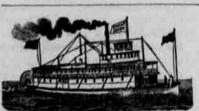
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