

DEATH OF A PIONEER WOMAN.

Mrs. Minerva L. Miller, Who Crossed the Plains in 1852.

The death of Mrs. Minerva L. Miller, who died Tuesday night at her home, 2132 Normandie street, carries away another of the sterling pioneers of the Northwest.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Transacted Every Week by the Clackamas Abstract & Trust Company.

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Letter List. The following is the list of letters remaining in the postoffice at Oregon City, Oregon, on November 9, 1899:

To Wash Brushes and Combs. To wash hair brushes and combs, dissolve a tablespoonful of Gold Dust Wash-Powder in boiling water; when it is nearly cold, dab the bristles up and down without allowing the backs of the brushes to become wet; when the brushes are clean, dip them in plain water, and dry them either by the open air or in the open air.

THE CHOOSING.

Laura will not be "silly" in her eyes and mind. And the great but vain to wonder, and their dreams of love reign.

THE PROFESSOR

A Love Affair of October and May.

There was a hint of autumn in the woodland tints, where the colors shaded from softest gray green through russet tones to deepest red and brown.

The professor stood at the outer edge of a circle of infant revelers, his spectacles pushed up on his broad forehead, his soft Hamburg hat tilted forward to shield his eyes from the sun.

Gray eyes they were, with a keenness in them that was reflective and that lent them a clearer vision for things that time had set at a distance than for present realities.

The iron gray hair was brushed back and outlined features that were not unhandsome, though their sternness gave him a semblance of severity until he smiled.

When the professor smiled children understood that the tall figure with its inclination to stoop was not likely to prove aggressive, and that the learning contained in that massive frame could be put aside with the spectacles; also that the professor might have been young once, before the weight of a laurel wreath had puckered his brows and powdered his hair with the frost that comes before winter.

He was smiling now and looking with appreciative interest at the game in progress.

"Do you hear what they are singing?" he asked the rector's wife.

Mrs. Errington detached herself from the tea urn to answer carelessly. "Nuts and May," isn't it?"

"The delightful irrelevance of childhood," pursued the professor, "the sublime faith in the impossible. Here we come gathering nuts and May—so early in the morning! Not content with demanding their autumn and their spring at the same time, they must have it early in the morning, too; all the world at their feet, with youth to make them enjoy it. They have faith enough to remove mountains, but I am afraid the days of miracles are past."

Mrs. Errington's glance lingered on him for a moment, and then he traveled to where a girl in a white dress stood under the trees that bordered the rectory garden.

"There is Evadne," she said; "how fresh and cool and sweet she looks. Don't you think so, professor?"

He adjusted his spectacles to give a conscientious answer.

"Miss Evadne is always pleasant to look at," he said, as he gazed with a painstaking air in her direction; "at this distance I do not see her so plainly as I could wish."

"And she is always pleasant to talk to," added Mrs. Errington; "go and ask her if she would like some tea, professor."

He went obediently, and the white figure moved to meet him, while the echo of the words "cool and fresh and sweet" floated still in his ears.

"I am sent to ask you if you will have some tea," he said.

"Is that meant for an excuse or an apology?" asked Evadne demurely.

"Does my errand need either?" he questioned in return, with his usual gravity.

"You seemed to consider so," said she, "in which, if you will not think me conceited, I will confess you are unusual. There are people," she continued, noting his puzzled air, "who come and talk to me without any errand at all—merely for the pleasure of the thing."

means insignificant. They are public property, professor, and we are very proud of them down here. I have even"—she looked away from him—"felt a little alarmed at the thought of them sometimes and wondered whether we all seemed very stupid and dull to so learned a person as you."

"Stupid and dull." He echoed the words involuntarily, while he was thinking what a dainty outline the contour of her cheek and chin made—like a pink seashell, and what a singularly sweet intonation she had!

"You agree that we are so," she said after an instant's offended silence. "You add candor to your other merits, professor. I see. Well, the school treat is over. I think I must be going homeward. Good evening."

She stretched out a small white hand. He took it and considered it for a moment.

"Do you go across the fields," he said, "or round by the road?"

"Across the fields—when I have some one with me."

"Should I count as some one, or am I too?"

"Too what—too candid?" "Too old," he said thoughtfully. She looked him up and down.

"I suppose that you are twice my age."

"More than that, I am sure."

"Has any one ever called you anything but professor?"

"My mother calls me John."

"Any one else?"

"No one, since I was a boy."

They were crossing the meadow now. In the distance Mrs. Errington waved a good-by to them. They had forgotten about her.

"Which would you rather be—yourself at your age and with your knowledge or an ignorant young person like me?"

She had taken off her hat and was dangling it by a ribbon from her arm. Her hair was all ruffled, and one little tress, with a glint of gold in it, kissed her cheek lovingly.

They had reached the stile, and he stopped to help her over it before he answered. Then he said:

"Miss Eva, do you think it is possible for any one to gather nuts and May at the same time?"

"Yes, if they get up early enough in the morning."

"What difference does that make?"

"The difference of not leaving things till they are too late."

He was still holding her hand. She gave it to him at the stile, and apparently he had not remembered to give it back. Her eyes were like stars, and there was a rose flush like day dawn on her cheeks.

"How is one to know whether it is too late or not?"

"I thought you knew everything, professor. And you called me stupid and dull just now, so my opinion can't be worth having."

"I called you stupid and dull? Do you know what I think you?"

"You think me a vain, frivolous girl?"

"I think you the most perfect thing on God's earth."

The Appetite of a Goat

Is envied by all poorly-dyspeptics whose Stomach and Liver are out of order. All such should know that Dr. King's New Life Pills, the wonderful Stomach and Liver Remedy, gives a splendid appetite, sound digestion and a regular bodily habit that insures perfect health and great energy. Only 25c at Geo. A. Harding's drug store.

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CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of Dr. J.C. Watson.

Lost. Between the Molalla and Highland roads, three miles south of Oregon City, three head of cattle, described as follows: 1 black steer with mottled face, 4 years old, crop off left ear, branded on left hip with figure "7."

One black and one red steer 4 and 5 years old, marked with crop and slit in right ear, and upper and under "alt" in left ear.

A liberal reward will be paid for any information that will lead to the recovery of the above described stock.

IRA DICKEY, Molalla, Or.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm Cures Others, Why Not you?

My wife has been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm, with good results, for a lame shoulder that has pained her continually for nine years. We have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit from any of them.

One day we saw an advertisement of this medicine and thought of trying it, which we did with the best satisfaction. She has used only one bottle and her shoulder is almost well. ADOLPH L. MILLETT, Manchester, N. H. For sale by G. A. Harding, druggist.

THE CLEANSING AND HEALING CURE FOR CATARRH. ELY'S CREAM BALM. ELY'S CREAM BALM FOR CATARRH. COLD IN HEAD.

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Down river, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Leaves Corvallis 6 a. m.; Albany 7 a. m.; Buena Vista 8 a. m.; Independence 9 a. m.; Salem 10 a. m.; Newberg 12:30 p. m.; arrive at Portland 4:30 p. m.

Up river, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Leaves Portland 6 a. m.; Newberg 10:30 a. m.; Salem 3:30 p. m.; Independence 5:00 p. m.; Buena Vista 7:30 p. m.; Albany 9:30 p. m.; arrive at Corvallis 11:00 p. m.

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J. TURNER, Agent, Albany, Oregon. EDWIN STONE, Manager, Albany, Or. C. G. COKER, Agent, Portland, Or., foot of Yamhill street.

SCHEDULES OF TIME SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY NORTH BOUND Oregon Express No. 12 Lv. 6:17 p. m. " " " " " 16 " 8:24 a. m.

SOUTH BOUND California Express No. 11 Lv. 9:22 a. m. " " " " " 15 " 7:52 p. m.

POSTAL SCHEDULE. BY SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD. Mail closes going North 5:30 p. m. and 7:45 a. m. Mail closes going South 5:32 a. m. and 7:22 p. m.

BY EAST SIDE ELECTRIC LINE. Mail closes for Portland and distributing points, 12 m.

Mail closes for Milwaukie and Sellwood 9 a. m. Mail arrives from Portland 1:30 p. m.

SIDE ROUTES Oregon City to Ely, Carus, Mulino, Liberal and Molalla leaves at 12 m, and arrives at 1:30 a. m. daily.

Oregon City to Beaver Creek, Shubel, Clark, Meadow Brook, Union Mills and Colton leaves at 8 a. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and returns on following days at 4:35 p. m.

Lagrippe, with its after effects, annually destroys thousands of people. It may be quickly cured by One Minute Cough Cure, the only remedy that produces immediate results in coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, pneumonia and throat and lung troubles. It will prevent consumption. GEO. A. HARDING.

C. & N. RAILROAD

Table with columns: DEPART FOR, TIME SCHEDULES FROM PORTLAND, ARRIVE FROM. Includes routes to Salt Lake, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, and East.

W. H. HURLBURT, Gen. Pass. Agent, Portland, Or. F. E. DONALDSON, Agent, Oregon City.

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Capt. C. G. Dennison is well known all over Africa as commander of the forces that captured the famous rebel Gallahe, Under date of Nov. 4, 1897, from Vryburg, Bechuanaland, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which I used myself when troubled with bowel complaint, and had given to my men, and in every case it proved most beneficial." For sale by G. A. Harding druggist.

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Information regarding any kind or stock promptly attended to by person of letter.

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