

A Minister's Mistake.

A city minister was recently handed a notice to be read from his pulpit. Accompanying it was a clipping from a newspaper bearing upon the matter. The clergyman started to read the extract and found that it began: "Take Kemp's Balsam, the best Cough Cure." This was hardly what he had expected and, after a moment's hesitation, he turned it over, and found on the other side the matter intended for the reading.

Drying preparations simply develop dry catarrh; they dry up the secretions, which adhere to the membrane and decompose, causing a far more serious trouble than the ordinary form of catarrh. Avoid all drying inhalants, fumes, smokes and snuffs and use that which cleanses, soothes and heals. Ely's Cream Balm is such a remedy and will cure catarrh or cold in the head easily and pleasantly. A trial size will be mailed for 10 cents. All druggists sell the 50c. size, Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., N. Y. The Balm cures without pain, does not irritate or cause sneezing. It spreads itself over an irritated and angry surface, relieving immediately the painful inflammation. With Ely's Cream Balm you are armed against Nasal Catarrh and Hay Fever.

Your Face

Shows the state of your feelings and the state of your health as well. Impure blood makes itself apparent in a pale and sallow complexion, pimples and skin eruptions. If you are feeling weak and worn out and do not have a healthy appearance you should try Acker's Blood Elixir. It cures all blood diseases where cheap sarsaparillas and so called purifiers fail; knowing this we sell every bottle on a positive guarantee. George A. Harding, agent.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature on every box. 25 cents.

Money to Loan at Lowest Rates DENICK & EASTMAN.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. Do. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

YOUNG MOTHERS.

Croup is the terror of thousands of young mothers because its outbreak is so agonizing and frequently fatal. Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure acts like magic in cases of Croup. It has never been known to fail. The worst cases relieved immediately. Price, 25 cts. 50 cts. and \$1.00. C. G. Huntley, the Druggist.

Summons.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT of the State of Oregon for the County of Clackamas.

Guaranty Savings and Loan Association, a corporation, plaintiff, vs. Robert E. Metcalf, Anna J. Foster and Newton Foster, her husband, Lillian McAllister and Garrison McAllister, her husband, Alice Lewis and Daniel Lewis, her husband, Mabel Shipman and George Shipman, her husband, William R. Metcalf, a minor, and William Sheahan, administrator of the estate with the will annexed of Julia Ann Metcalf, deceased, defendants.

To Robert E. Metcalf, Mabel Shipman and Daniel Lewis, three of the above named defendants: In the name of the State of Oregon, You, and each of you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled cause on or before the 8th day of December, 1899, which is the last day of the time prescribed in the order made by the County Judge of Clackamas County, State of Oregon, for the publication of this summons; and if you fail so to appear and answer, a decree will be taken against you and each of you for the relief prayed for in said complaint, which is for a decree adjudging and determining that there is due and owing to plaintiff on account of a certain mortgage bond executed by Julia Ann Metcalf, deceased, the sum \$272.50, with six per cent per annum interest and seven per cent per annum premium on the sum of \$300.00 from and ever since the 15th day of June, 1896, until paid, and the further sum of \$1.00 on account of fines imposed, and the further sum of \$60.00 attorney's fees in this suit and the costs and disbursements of this suit, the obligee in said bond being the plaintiff herein, and for the foreclosure of a certain mortgage given by said Julia Ann Metcalf, deceased, to plaintiff, to secure the payment of said bond, by which mortgage said Julia Ann Metcalf, deceased, conveyed to plaintiff all of the following described real property, to-wit: Lots 4 and 5 in block 35 in the town of Oregon City, in Clackamas County, State of Oregon, which mortgage was recorded at page 84 of book 37 of the public records of mortgages of said Clackamas County, State of Oregon; and foreclosing and barring you, and each of you, and each of the defendants to this suit, their equity of redemption or other interest, in, right to, or lien upon said real property and the whole thereof except the statutory right to redeem; and that said land be sold as by law provided, and the proceeds of such sale be applied to the payment of such decree, interest, premium, costs, disbursements and attorney's fees.

And you and each of you are hereby notified that on the 26th day of October, 1899, the Honorable Thos. F. Ryan, County Judge of Clackamas County, State of Oregon, made an order that service of summons in this suit be made upon you and each of you by publication of summons, and that the date of the first publication of this summons, is October 27, 1899, and the date of the last publication thereof is December 3, 1899.

GUY G. WILLIS, Attorney for plaintiff.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Concluded from page 2)

Logan

LOGAN, Nov. 20.—The hard rains have stopped the farmers from seeding and digging potatoes.

Mrs. Nancy McCobb is pretty sick.

Tom McCobb is out from the city paying his folks a visit.

Mrs. Barney Hallert is the boss gardener of Logan. She has a radish weighing 10 1/2 pounds and a mangold wurtzel weighing 14 pounds.

The grange entertainment was a grand success. Everything went off nicely.

There will be an entertainment at the Grange Hall on the 9th of December for the benefit of the old soldiers grave fund. Come and help out this noble effort for our old soldiers. There will be a basket selling at the close of the entertainment. Every lady is cordially invited to bring a basket.

Colton

COLTON, Nov. 17.—Mrs. Della Young and Miss Bessie Hubbard of Portland are home attending the sick bed of their father, C. O. Hubbard, who we regret to say is not improving as his many friends had hoped.

B. C. Palmer, of Carrolton, Wash., is spending a few days on his ranch at Colton.

School is progressing nicely under the management of Miss Chinesmith, of Clarks. We have not heard any complaint from any one, and that is saying a great deal for district No. 72.

Messrs. Burt Hubbard and Emory Gotberg made a visit to Portland the fore part of the week.

Miss Veva Robeson was visiting Miss Amy Hall of Meadowbrook last week.

Emy Gotberg has purchased a saddle horse.

Prof. Wilson, of Elwood, took a lively part in the literary here last week.

Miss Lucy Bouny has gone to stay at De Blaines of Clarks.

We are pleased to see a petition in circulation for funds to further the plank on the Highland road. We also think the Oregon City wood haulers should contribute liberally towards repairing the plank road near town which they have greatly damaged.

Smyrna

SMYRNA, Nov. 20.—Miss Mabel Schwart has gone to Portland for instructions on the piano from a prominent teacher there.

Mr. and Mrs. John Peck and Mrs. Dean of Clarks have been visiting Mrs. Peck's brother the past week.

Mr. J. K. Lantz, with his wife and little ones of Hutchinson, Minn., arrived in our neighborhood last Tuesday. They are hunting up old acquaintances and looking for a healthy location. They are well pleased with Clackamas county.

The young people have started a literary society at our school house, to meet twice a month. All are taking an interest in the meeting and we expect to see some good results.

John Watson and Fred Lantz have taken Col. Pope's hop yard to clean up and are wishing for better weather to go on with their work.

The spuds are all dug. The yield has been extraordinary, the quality fine and the price good, but the roads—well anyone that has been out with a team the past week knows all about them.

Milwaukie

MILWAUKIE, Nov. 22.—On Tuesday evening shortly after 7 o'clock some one attempted to rob Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Fish of all their winter canned fruit which was stored in a secluded cellar about 100 feet away from the house. The attempt would have been successful had not Mr. Henneman and his son, Henry, made an unusual trip to their barn, thus causing the robber to drop 12 of the filled jars, breaking 4 of them. Mr. and Mrs. Fish were at Mrs. Selmer's for supper during the early part of the evening and when they came home they were at once notified and investigated the larder, where the above had been extracted from about 100 jars.

There is a scarcity of fruit except when a culprit can raid some one's cellar and the coroner need not be surprised if he should be called as there are some boys here that are handy with a gun and will use it when necessary. We are sorry to say that there are several questionable characters in the neighborhood.

Grains

More wetfoot weather. It appears like winter is advancing.

A good many potatoes are still in the ground and some of them are likely to remain there.

Henry Wiley, the Wilsonville merchant, was attending court in Oregon City last week.

School in district No. 82 is progressing finely under the direction of Mr. Chas. Hanson.

Baker Bros. sold their hops last week for 10 cts. per pound.

The literary society organized at the Hood View school house, is a success. The society meets every other Saturday evening in the school house.

Mr. J. W. Graham who has been

seriously ill for so long is not much improved at this writing.

Miss Elsie Roberts, who has been confined to the hospital in Portland, returned home last week much improved.

Mr. Treddie and Lester Moore were taken very ill last week. Dr. Rickard, of Sherwood, pronounced their case as a serious form of pneumonia.

C. L. Baker has been on the sick list. Dan Stahlacker made a trip to Portland Thursday.

INK MARKS ON PAPER.

To remove ink from paper pour enough water over a teaspoonful of chlorinated lime to cover the stained portion. Moisten a clean piece of linen and rub it lightly with the mixture. If the stain is not of too long standing, it will disappear. If more than one application is required, let the paper dry before wetting the second or third time. If the spot is rubbed, the texture of the paper will be spoiled. Dry it gently with a piece of dry linen.

ALMOST A BURGLARY

An Old Lady Has Her Way and Her Niece Has a Wedding Present.

Mrs. Driscoll had a mind of her own. Some uncharitable people went so far as to say that if she had not had so much mind her husband might have been living today. Be that as it may, he died and left her sole mistress of a handsome property, with no one to oppose her will. She adopted one of his nieces and loved her as well as she could love any one but herself. The niece grew up a winsome lassie and had lovers, as maidens will. Luckily her choice was her aunt's as well, and the day was set for her marriage with Harry Winship without opposition, the only condition being that they should return to Mrs. Driscoll's home after a brief wedding tour. "Well, Kate," said the stately lady the day before the wedding, "everything is ready, and I must say that I never saw preparations more complete—not even for your uncle's funeral, poor man! I always meant to give you a handsome marriage portion. So get your hat. We'll go to the bank."

What girl would delay under similar circumstances? The carriage was speedily ordered, and soon stopped before the bank. Except the bank officials, there was in the building only George Travis, one of Kate's discarded suitors, who was getting an insignificant check cashed.

Mrs. Driscoll was not slow to see an opportunity to flatter her sails, as her worthy husband had been accustomed to say.

Drawing her checkbook, she smilingly wrote a check for £2,000 and presented it to the cashier.

"Payable to Miss Kate—a marriage portion, I presume. Ah, very generous of you! Miss Kate, I congratulate you," said the cashier. "Shall I make the new book in your own name?"

"She wants no book—at least not yet," retorted Mrs. Driscoll sharply. "When I give a thing, I give it. I want good, solid money for that check—bright, yellow gold."

"But—why—you live fully a mile from a neighbor. Have you—do you think of the temptation?" he said hesitatingly.

"Did I ask your advice?" snapped Mrs. Driscoll. "I am able to take care of my own property, and if it will not break the bank I want it in gold."

"Certainly, madam. My conscience is clear if you wake up to find yourself murdered tomorrow morning. This bank can pay ten times that sum at sight, madam," was the dignified reply to which Mrs. Driscoll listened in curt silence.

The cashier went into the vault, closing the door behind him.

George Travis, having counted the money received on his check, went out without a glance at the two ladies.

"There! Now I reckon Travis begins to realize what he has lost," nodded Mrs. Driscoll.

Kate blushed slightly.

"But, aunt," she said unasily. "wouldn't it be better for me to take a book with the money left to my credit? Harry will not be here until tomorrow, and—think of the risk! It is unsafe."

"How long is it since I came to be told my duty by a miss of 18?" breathed Mrs. Driscoll scornfully. "What a coward you are! If you don't want the money, say so, and I'll let it remain where it is. If you do want it, hold your tongue and help me take care of it until I can give you both into Harry Winship's keeping."

Further conversation was prevented by the cashier's return.

He carried a strong iron box. "Count it!" commanded Mrs. Driscoll.

One by one the golden coins were counted under her admiring eyes.

"There, that is money! That is like a wedding gift!" she ejaculated in a satisfied tone.

"Better let me give you a receipt for it and put it into the safe tonight," suggested the cashier.

"Put it into my carriage!" was the sharp order to the bank porter.

The man obeyed and watched with a puzzled face the carriage out of sight.

"She beats all I ever saw," he said. "I don't wonder her husband died."

Meanwhile Mrs. Driscoll returned home well satisfied with the world and herself in particular.

She had had her own way. "I shall not put this under my pillow as I generally do," she said to Kate. "This box is harder than feathers. I shall put it under the corner of your bed."

"Thanks, aunt! Iron is as soft as feathers for me to lie on," laughed Kate.

"You needn't lie upon that side of the bed at all," was the cool reply.

"There's a man in the kitchen as says he's had not a mouthful to eat for ten days," said Norah, the servant, appearing at the door.

"The farm is only a mile farther on. Send him about his business," answered her mistress.

Norah went out. Soon a figure clothed in rags went by the open window.

The man turned and shook his clenched fist at the astonished lady.

"Of all things! The impudent thing!" she gasped.

"Oh, but, aunt, I'm sure he has heard all that we said about that horrid money!" faltered Kate.

Mrs. Driscoll's face told the concern which she felt, but she turned her back upon her niece and took up a book.

Darkness came. The lights in the house were extinguished at the usual time.

Kate could not sleep. In vain she counted slowly from 101 and said the letters of the alphabet backward.

She heard the village clock slowly strike the hour of midnight, then 1, 2 and 3.

Kate's apartment was dark, but the moon shone dimly into her aunt's room just across the hall.

Suddenly a form stood in the doorway, then vanished within.

Was it the tramp? Was that something in his hand a knife?

Kate started softly through the doorway, listening breathlessly. Then she darted into a small room near Mrs. Driscoll's door.

Suddenly the door was noiselessly closed and a man stood near her hiding place that she could hear his hurried breathing.

The faint odor of chloroform told why the door was closed.

What if he gave an overdose? Kate loved the stern woman, and notwithstanding her timidity that thought nerved her to action.

She sprang from the room with a shrill cry, clenching both hands in the hair of the intruder. It is needless to say that he was startled out of what little common sense he possessed.

He threw her violently aside with a muttered oath and fled. But he left a generous lock of hair in her hands.

Her head struck a corner of the door in falling, and it was down when she awoke to full consciousness of what had happened.

Womanlike, she rushed to see if the iron box was still safe. It had not been disturbed. Then she threw open the door of Mrs. Driscoll's room. That lady was unconscious, but breathing evenly. Kate's courage returned.

Silently she opened the window, letting the fresh morning air draw freely through the room. Then she crept into her own bed to await developments.

Before sunrise Mrs. Driscoll awoke. "Mercy on us!" she screamed. "Norah did not shut the window last night! I shall get my death of cold, Kate!"

But Kate did not stir until her name had been called several times. Then she answered drowsily.

"Get up, child! It's your wedding day, too, and I in danger of pneumonia," called her aunt.

Kate shut the window and helped the irate lady to dress, touching her hair with dainty, soothing fingers as she arranged it.

The household arose and went about its tasks. Visitors came and went. Kate kept her secret well. The ceremony was over which made her a wife. The bridal dress was exchanged for a traveling costume.

"I shall take the iron box to the bank as we go to the train, auntie," Kate said as she bade her goodbye.

"As you please. I've had my say about it, and no harm came of it either," was the tart reply.

No one knew of the tragedy which did not take place in the silent watches of the night.

No one knew until Kate, nestling in her husband's clasp as the train sped onward, told him the story in her own way and time.

"But the hair—did you save it? It is a clue," he said quickly.

"I burned it," was the calm reply. "I did not need to save it, for I knew whose it was. I always thought he liked aunt's money better than me. Now I know that he coveted the dowry more than the bride. But the money is safe in the bank, and wasn't it strange that he should be there to see it deposited?"

"Not George Travis?" ejaculated Harry.

"Yes; let him go," she whispered softly, nestling closer. "Think what he lost—what you gained, Harry, dear. Let his own conscience punish him—if he has any. We'll never let aunt know we will keep our first secret forever."

Harry Winship was a man. He could not refuse his wife's first request, and Mrs. Driscoll does not know to this day what danger menaced her.—Fred Small, Jr., in Cincinnati Herald.

Mott's Nerve Pills

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Failing or lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. \$1.00 per box by mail; 6 boxes for \$5.00. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Props., Cleveland, Ohio.

For sale by C. G. Huntley.

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