

COMMISSION HOUSE.

A Proposition From an Idaho Man Under Consideration.

The board of trade is again agitating the question of a commission house for Oregon City. The latest offer in this line comes from D. M. Clempson, who is now engaged in the operation of a large flouring mill at Wardner, Idaho. He has agreed to take hold of the commission business if the citizens will guarantee him a building free of rent for six months. Major Charman has offered one month's free rent in the old Pioneer building if the board of trade will make up the other five months. The Pioneer building would probably rent for about \$30 per month and six months rent would amount to a bonus of about \$180.

This the county can well afford to do, even as a manner of experiment upon this long agitated question of commission house. The board will soon hold another meeting, at which this proposition will be thoroughly investigated.

COUNTY EXHIBIT.

Bring Your Products and Help Show Clackamas County at the Fair.

The state fair exhibit is maturing very slowly, and the committee in charge are considering the advisability of sending someone through the county for the purpose of gathering up fine specimens of fruits, cereals, grasses and all other farm products. The samples thus far secured are a shock of oats measuring about six feet from the farm of Mr. Ferguson, of New Era, W. W. Quinn has sent in some very fine plums from his Canemah orchard, Harvey Cross has furnished a jar of peaches from his place at Gladstone, and W. W. Jesse, of Barlow, has offered some choice Hungarian prunes.

Dr. Strickland will exhibit his fine Southern Pit game chickens and ex-commissioner Scott will enter his thoroughbred Cotswold sheep.

It is the duty of everyone interested in the county's welfare to aid the committee in securing the grandest exhibit ever placed at the state capital, and it is only by the assistance of the citizens of this county that this display can be made a success. Bring in your superior quality of products and aid in making Clackamas county famous.

P. G. Stewart Dead.

Peter G. Stewart, aged 91, died at the home of his son-in-law, L. C. Perryman, in Tacoma early Tuesday morning. Mr. Stewart was the oldest Mason on the Pacific Coast and an Oregon pioneer. Three children survive him, Charles C. Stewart, of Tacoma, Mrs. Katherine Hannah, of Tacoma, and George Stewart of Portland.

Peter G. Stewart was a member of the Provincial Government of Oregon. He was elected a member of the executive committee in 1844. The other members of the committee were Osborn Russell and W. J. Bailey. The election was held May 14, of the year above named. Mr. Stewart came across the plains with the first migration—that of 1843, which included J. W. Nesmith, Jessie Applegate, Daniel Waldo, W. T. Newby, M. McCarver, and many more. A very few of this group still survive, among them Almeron Hill, of Washington county, as "the watchmaker of Oregon City." Mr. Stewart is remembered by many who came to Oregon in later years.

Mr. Stewart was the only survivor of those who signed a petition for a charter for Multnomah lodge of Free Masons at Oregon City. He was born Sept. 6, 1809 in Stamford, Delaware county, N. Y., and came to Oregon early in the 40s, locating in Oregon City. Some years after that he removed to Washington, as did also William P. Dougherty, who was another of three Masons that took the initiatory step toward organizing the Oregon City lodge, the latter making his home at Rigney, where he died about two years ago.—Oregonian.

Earned His Dinner.

"A poor, miserable tramp came to the kitchen door this afternoon," said Mrs. Blivins to her husband, "and when I asked him what he wanted he fell down in a fit."

"He did, eh?" snorted Blivins. "And I suppose you were just fool enough to give him some money."

"Well, yes," admitted Mrs. Blivins. "I gave him a good meal and 25 cents to get a night's lodging with."

"Which he promptly blew in for booze," added Blivins. "Didn't you know that he was a fraud? Those fellows can throw fits so artistically that they sometimes deceive the physicians. He was a fake pure and simple."

"I don't care if he was," replied the lady, with a toss of her head. "I made him earn his dinner anyway."

"Oh, you did, did you? What did he do?"

"I made him come into the nursery and throw fits, as you call it, for half an hour to amuse the baby."—San Francisco Examiner.

Care of Rubber Goods.

In putting away rubber gloves, rubber sponge bags and rubber bathing caps a liberal supply of talcum, or even ordinary toilet powder, should be applied to them on all sides, and they should be placed carefully in boxes without rolling. When they are needed for use again, they will not be found adhering in different places in a way that makes pulling apart dangerous, if not entirely disastrous.

A Tragedy of Mont Blanc.

The story of the destruction of the baths of St. Gervais at the foot of Mont Blanc, in 1892, is told in "The Annals of Mont Blanc." This was one of the calamities that could scarcely have been predicted or averted.

Owing to the stoppage of the sub-glacial drainage, in some way never ascertained, a lake was formed under the Tete Rousse glacier, in which an enormous body of water was pent up at a spot 10,000 feet above the sea level. Between 1 and 2 o'clock on the night of July 12, 1892, the ice that had held the lake gave way.

The water swept in a torrent of tremendous force over the Desert de Pierre Ronde, gathering up thousands of tons of rock and stones in its course. It passed with a terrific roar under the hamlet of Bionnassay, which it did not injure, destroyed half the village of Bionnassay on the highroad between Contamines and St. Gervais, and tearing up trees as it went along, joined the main river of the Bon-Nant.

Following the river bed and destroying on its way the old Pont du Diable, it hurled its seething flood of water, timber, stones and mud upon the solid buildings of the St. Gervais baths and crushed them into fragments. Then, crossing the Chamonix road, it spread itself out in the form of a hideous fan over the valley of the Arve, destroying part of the village of Le Fayet in its way.

Such was the catastrophe of St. Gervais which claimed over 150 victims. Utter ruin was everywhere. The once lovely gardens of the baths were five or six feet deep in mud, fine trees had been snapped like reeds and enormous blocks of stone were strewn over the dreary waste.

She Decided to Remain.

"I will," she exclaimed. "I will not live with you another day!"

"You leave me, will you?" he calmly asked.

"Yes, I will."

"When?"

"Now—right off—this minute."

"You'll go away?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wouldn't if I were you."

"But I will, and I defy you to prevent me. I have suffered at your hands as long as I can put up with it."

"Oh, I shan't try to stop you," he quietly replied. "I'll simply report to the police that my wife has mysteriously disappeared. They'll want your description, and I will give it. You wear No. 7 shoes; you have an extra large mouth; you walk stiff in your knees; your nose turns up at the end; eyes rather on the squint; voice like a—"

"Wretch! You wouldn't dare do that!" she screamed.

"I certainly will, and the description will go in all the papers."

They glared at each other a moment in silence. Then it was plain to be seen he had the dead wood on her.—Columbus Journal.

His Great Work.

A Chicago man who has written a book was telling about it the other day to a friend who had once done him a service.

"By the way," said the author, "I would be delighted to give you a copy of my book, if you care for it."

"I should be more than pleased to have it," was the reply, "especially if you will write your name in it."

"All right. There is a bookstore just around the corner. If you will accompany me, we will go there and get it. I don't happen to have a copy in my office just now."

After they had stopped to glance at some of the new things in the bookstore the author hailed a clerk and, pushing his chest out very far, asked for the novel that he had written.

"Yes, sir," the clerk said. "We have it around here somewhere, I believe, but you are the first one who has ever asked for a copy, and it may take me some time to find it. Wouldn't something else do just as well? We have a great many better books at the same price."—Chicago Times-Herald.

How He Obtained Quiet.

At one of the meetings during Mr. Moody's services in Kansas City hymn sheets were distributed by the ushers just previous to his address. He was feeling very tired, and speaking was a great exertion; so, fearing the noise that would result should the audience rustle them, he resolved to get rid of them. He called out, "Will everybody who has a hymn sheet hold it up?"

The sheets were held up all over the hall. Mr. Moody shouted, "Now shake them!"

Twelve thousand flimsy sheets of paper were shaken vigorously. They made an indescribably musical sound. There is nothing to compare it with. One can only say it was a vast rustle.

"That will do," called Mr. Moody at the top of his voice. The sound ceased. "All right," said Mr. Moody. "Now sit on those hymn sheets." The audience sat on them. Having taken this precaution against interruption, Mr. Moody began his sermon.

Managing Mrs. Jones.

"Look here," said Mr. Jones to the house agent, "my wife will be calling today, and I want you to tell her that that house we have been looking at is taken."

"But, my good sir," protested the agent, "it isn't taken."

"It will be then," answered Mr. Jones. "I am taking it now. Mrs. Jones can't make up her mind, but she'll want it directly she thinks she can't get it."—London Telegraph.

A Fair Unnecessary.

Tommy—I know now why you wear only one eyeglass.

His Big Sister's Beau—Why?

Tommy—Brother Jack says you ought to see with half an eye that sister doesn't care anything about you.—Jewellers Weekly.

Causes For Suicide in China.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, the causes of suicide in China are not, as in Europe, profound melancholia, heavy losses or disappointment in love, but chiefly revenge and the desire to inflict serious injury on another. Suicide enables a Chinese to take a truly terrible revenge, for he believes that his spirit will malignantly haunt and injure the living, and the desire to save a suicide's life arises in most cases not from humanity, but from the hope of averting such a direful catastrophe.

If a master offends his servant or makes him "lose face" or a shopkeeper his assistant or apprentice, the surest revenge is to die on the premises, for it not only involves the power of haunting and of inflicting daily injuries, but renders it necessary that the body should lie where death occurs until an official inquiry is made, which brings into the house the scandal and turmoil of a visit from a mandarin with a body of officials and retainers.

It is quite common for a man or woman to walk into the courtyard of a person against whom he or she has a grudge and take a fatal dose of opium there to insure these desirable results.—Mrs. Bishop's "The Yangtze Valley and Beyond."

Man's Million Years.

According to the conclusions of Mr. A. H. Keane, a well known English ethnologist, the first creatures that could properly be called men appeared on the earth in what geologists know as the Pliocene period, somewhere about a million years ago. The precursor of man, Mr. Keane thinks, was some such apelike creature as the Pithecanthropus erectus, discovered by Dr. Dubois in Java a few years ago. Four varieties of men were developed: Homo ethiopiensis in Africa south of the equator, Homo mongolicus in central Asia, Homo americanus in the new world and Homo caucasicus in northern Africa. From these the existing races are descended.

Deceptive Covers.

It is safest, in London secondhand bookstalls at least, to look into a book before buying it. A London bookseller has confessed in court that he and others had the habit of "buying up old books and sticking covers on 'em." It appears that the plaintiff had found on buying "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Oliver Twist" that there was never a word about Nicholas and Oliver in them.

Only an Earthquake.

During his lecture tour in 1898 P. Marion Crawford, the novelist, had his first experience with an American earthquake. It was in San Francisco, and the shock was one of the greatest known on the slope for years. Mr. Crawford was lunching at the hotel with his lecture manager when suddenly the building began to tremble with the sickening motion which is peculiar to earthquakes. Then the tables shook and dishes fell clattering to the floor.

In an instant there was a panic. Men and women rushed from the room. Some religiously inclined guest began to pray, and several women fainted. The manager rose and staggered toward the door, but Mr. Crawford caught him and pulled him back into his chair.

"What is it?" gasped the manager.

"Nothing," answered the novelist, reaching for another slice of bread.

"But the building is collapsing."

"Nonsense. It's over now."

"But what is it?"

"It's only an earthquake. We get them in Italy right along. It doesn't amount to anything. What kind of dessert are you going to have?"—Philadelphia Post.

A Paraphrase of a Congressman.

Ex-President Benjamin Harrison at a banquet told the following story on himself.

"Judge Martindale has recalled the time when I was the very youngest and very smallest elder, which reminds me of an occurrence at Washington when a number of very anomalous bills for public improvements were introduced. I decided to veto some of them. I remember that there was a New York representative who had an interest in an appropriation of \$250,000 for a public building on the Hudson. A friend learned from him that it had been vetoed. 'See the president,' suggested his friend. The representative responded that that was his intention, and next day went to the White House, where he was informed by the secretary that the president could not be seen. 'Good gracious!' exclaimed the representative. 'Has he got so small as that?'"

Finger Nail Fancies.

In early times it was considered that bad luck would certainly attend any person who neglected to either burn or bury the parings of his finger nails. Among the Hebrews it was the custom to pare the nails on a Friday, and the operation had to be conducted in a certain manner. The little finger on the left hand had first to be operated on, then the middle finger, followed by the fourth finger, thumb and forefinger. The nail of the middle finger of the right hand had next to be cut. Then came the thumb, then the forefinger and afterward the fourth and little finger.

When fortune telling was more in vogue than at present, the shape and appearance of the finger nails were looked on as having reference to one's destiny. The nails were first rubbed over with a mixture of wax and soot, and after being thus prepared were held so that the sunlight fell upon them. On the horny, transparent substance were supposed to appear signs and characters from which the future could be interpreted.—Woman's Life.

Value of Book Titles.

It is said that Samuel Richardson on his deathbed told his wife that she would find among his effects some excellent titles which only needed to have books written for them to give her an income. There is no question of the great importance of a well selected name for a book as for a person. Some very wretched books have achieved at least a profitable sale by means of a taking title, and, on the other hand, many a good book has been handicapped by an awkward or an insignificant title. Yet it would be unfortunate if authors should come to regard the title as having any considerable weight besides the contents of the book.

Perhaps many people do not know that one can copyright a title without having written a page of the book. We know a man who never wrote a book in his life, and probably never will, who has copyrighted a score of titles for novels which he would like to write. Some day he will hold an auction and sell off his titles.—Kansas City Journal.

A Snow Hurricane.

The buran, or snow hurricane of the Pamirs is a meteorological phenomenon of great interest. Even in mid-summer the temperature during a snow buran frequently falls to 14 degrees F., while in the winter of 1892-3 it dropped to 45 degrees below zero at the end of January. The buran comes with startling suddenness, the atmosphere growing dark with whirling snowflakes where scarcely a minute before the sky was perfectly clear.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

At the Bottom.

"What happens when a man's temperature goes down as far as it can go?"

Smart Scholar—He has cold feet, an'am.—Sydney Town and Country Journal.

The latest stitched felts and novelty walking hats just in at Miss Goldsmith's.

The Eminent Kidney and Bladder Specialist.



The Discoverer of Swamp-Root at Work in His Laboratory.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the kidney-poisoned blood will attack the vital organs, or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell. Then the richness of the blood—the albumen—leaks out and the sufferer has Bright's Disease, the worst form of kidney trouble. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the new discovery is the true specific for kidney, bladder and urinary troubles. It has cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases, after all other efforts have failed. A sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling about Swamp-Root and its wonderful cures. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and mention this paper.

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The wolf in the fable put on sheep's clothing because if he traveled on his own reputation he couldn't accomplish his purpose. Counterfeits of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve couldn't sell their worthless salves on their merits, so they put them in boxes like DeWitt's. Look out for them. Take only DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures piles and all skin diseases.

Geo. A. Harding.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the assessors to estimate the proportionate share of the cost of the sewers in sewer district No. 2 of Oregon City, Oregon, to be assessed to the several property owners to be benefited by the construction of said sewers, as provided by Ordinance No. 252, on Friday, August 31, 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m. at the office of the city recorder.

Dated August 23, 1900.

C. H. DYE,
F. T. GRIFFITH,
C. G. HUNTLEY,
Assessors.

Strayed from my place Mount Pleasant, about July 1, one black Jersey heifer, about 17 months old. Liberal reward offered for information leading to recovery of said animal.

E. E. KELLOGG,
Oregon City.

DON'T BE DUPED

There have been placed upon the market several cheap reprints of an obsolete edition of "Webster's Dictionary." They are being offered under various names at a low price.

By

dry goods dealers, grocers, agents, etc., and in a few instances as a premium for subscriptions to papers.

Announcements of these comparatively

Worthless

reprints are very misleading; for instance, they are advertised to be the substantial equivalent of a higher-priced book, when in reality, so far as we know and believe, they are all, from A to Z.

Reprint Dictionaries,

phototype copies of a book of over fifty years ago, which in its day was sold for about \$5.00, and which was much superior in paper, print, and binding to these imitations, being then a work of some merit instead of one

Long Since Obsolete.

The supplement of 10,000 so-called "new words," which some of these books are advertised to contain, was compiled by a gentleman who died over forty years ago, and was published before his death. Other minor additions are probably of more or less value.

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Ar Astland	12:33 A. M.	11:30 A. M.
" Sacramento	5:00 P. M.	4:55 A. M.
" San Francisco	7:45 P. M.	8:15 A. M.

" Ogden	5:45 A. M.	11:45 A. M.
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7 a. m. Tue, Thur and Sat.	Willamette and Yamhill Rivers Oregon City, Dayton and Way-Landings.	3:30 p. m. Mon, Wed. and Fri.
6 a. m. Tue, Thur and Sat.	Willamette River Portland to Corvallis and Way-Landings.	4:30 p. m. Tues, Thur. and Sat.
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