

News of the Week

Friday, Dec. 13.

Jake Wade is found guilty in the first degree of the murder of James B. Morrow.

President Roosevelt pushes the button that opens the grand encampment of the Woodmen of the World at Spokane.

Word has been received that Miss Stone is trying to convert the brigades, who are preparing to hold out all winter. The condition of the missionaries has been so far ameliorated that they are able to obtain rude comforts.

Santiago Iglesias, president of the Federation of Labor of Porto Rico, was sentenced to two years, three months and eight days' imprisonment on the charge of being the founder of an illegal conspiracy to raise the price of labor in Porto Rico. Nine of his associates get light sentences. The local Federation of Labor in Porto Rico, which is now a part of the American Federation of Labor, under the presidency of Samuel Gompers, has been ordered dissolved, as it has been adjudged illegal because of this conspiracy. The case has been appealed to the Supreme Court of Porto Rico and pending the appeal Iglesias is at liberty.

Saturday, Dec. 14.

A. G. Spaulding was elected president of the National Baseball League.

Homer I. Watts was unanimously chosen for captain of the University of Oregon football team in 1902.

Mrs. Bonine has been acquitted of the murder of James Seymour Ayers, Jr., in Washington on the night of May 13.

Strong opposition to the Philippine tariff has developed. It is strictly a party measure. The only excuse given is that the United States stands for the "open door" in the far East.

John Roppel was shot and killed at his home near Hubbard by Thurston Grimm, and the latter is in jail. Both men were farmers and trouble arose over a dispute about the setting of stakes through a Marion county farm.

Naval Court of Inquiry condemns Schley on 11 points and made two reports. Admiral Dewey sustains him in most places. The majority report finds his conduct characterized by "vacillation, dilatoriness and lack of enterprise" and says that he should have obeyed orders. The court recommends no further proceedings owing to lapse of time.

Sunday, Dec. 15.

Marconi receives a message by wireless telegraphy from Cornwall to St. John's across the Atlantic ocean.

Admiral Schley is willing to stand by the verdict of the American people. There will probably be no investigation of his conduct during the war by congress.

The annual convention of the American Federation of Labor endorsed autonomy and turned down socialists. President Gompers and other officers were re-elected. The convention adjourned to meet at New Orleans next year.

Addison Kidd, a negro, owns up that he wrecked a passenger train near The Dalles December 4, resulting in the death of Engineer Cavanaugh. He had no motive for the deed but says he was under the influence of liquor. The confession was made to the officers. Kidd was held as an important witness against five tramps bound over for the crime.

Monday, Dec. 16.

The cold wave in Southern and Western states is slowly moderating.



Rev. Marguerite St. Omer Briggs, 35 Mount Calm Street, Detroit, Michigan, Lecturer for the W. C. T. U., recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—My professional work has for the past twenty years brought me into hundreds of homes of sickness, and I have had plenty of opportunity to witness the sufferings of wives and mothers who from want, ignorance or carelessness, are slowly but surely being dragged to death, principally with female weakness and irregularities of the sex. I believe you will be pleased to know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured more women than any other agency that has come under my notice. Hundreds of women owe their life and health to you to-day, and, therefore, I can conscientiously advise sick women to try it."—MARGUERITE ST. OMER BRIGGS.

\$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE.

When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Arthur Venville was buried in the Milwaukee cemetery. The last sad rites were impressive.

Three train wrecks occurred: One on the Great Northern near Essex, Mont., in the Rocky Mountains. One man was killed and 11 persons were hurt. A wreck on the Illinois Central between Irene and Perryville, results in the death of eight people. Eleven were injured. A freight train of the Pennsylvania road went through a bridge and three trainmen were killed.

Tuesday, Dec. 17.

Snowfall in Scotland has not been equalled in fifty years. Senate ratifies the Hay-Panacotelo Nicaragua canal treaty.

Resolution for the suppression of anarchy was adopted in the senate. Schley will attack the verdict of the Court of Inquiry in his case. He has been allowed until Friday to answer.

The tariff will not be changed. The Republicans in congress are a unit on this point. They advocate the reduction of revenue by cutting the war tax.

Anglo-American Telegraph Company says it has exclusive control of New England and warns Marconi to quit. The inventor leaves Thursday for England.

(Continued on page 8.)

Seed Time and Harvest.

A good time to think most seriously of the harvest is seed time. The decision you make then will determine the value of your crops later. The growing competition in seed selling is an increasing temptation to unscrupulous dealers to make extravagant claims for their seeds, both in price and producing qualities. The wisest farmers are those who are influenced most by what experience has proven to be good and true. Thousands of seed sowers in all sections of the country sow Ferry's famous seeds year after year and have the satisfaction of good harvests to justify their continued faith in the Ferry firm. They pay a few cents more at seed time, but realize many dollars in better crops at the harvest. The natural consequence of this confidence is an ever increasing business. D. M. Ferry & Co. sent out last year more seeds than any other seed house in the world. The 1902 catalogue of this house is now ready and will be found a useful guide in selecting the choicest seeds for the farmer, the truck gardener and the flower gardener. It is sent free on request. Address D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.

What Shall We Have For Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day. 10 cts.

The Latest Yarn.

A Pittsburg drummer tells this new yarn: I always carry a bottle of Kenap's Balsam in my grip. I take cold easily and a few doses of the Balsam always makes me a well man. Everywhere I go I speak a good word for Kenap. I take hold of my customers—I take old men and young men, and tell them confidentially what I do when I take cold. At druggists, 25c and 50c.

Table of names and amounts, likely a list of donors or a financial report.

COUGHS AND COLDS IN CHILDREN

Recommendations of a Well Known Chicago Physician.

I use and prescribe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for almost all obstinate, constricted coughs, with direct results. I prescribe it to children of all ages. Am glad to recommend it to all in need and seeking relief from colds and coughs and bronchial affections. It is non-narcotic and safe in the hands of the most unprofessional. A universal panacea for all mankind.—Mrs. Mary R. Melendy, M. D., Ph. D., Chicago, Ill. This remedy is for sale by G. A. Harding, druggist.

A \$450 IRVING PIANO To be given away.

A Voting Contest

For the most popular church, lodge, society, school or person of Oregon City, by which a \$450 Irving piano will be given away on January 20, 1902, to the society, lodge, church, school or person securing the greatest number of votes. Contest now open. Closes January 20, 1 p. m. All votes will be counted once a week, and a full account of the vote as the contest progresses will be published every Friday in the Oregon City Enterprise. The final count at the close of the contest will be made by a committee of three; the two contestants in the lead will each send a representative to decide who gets the piano. The votes are given one vote free with every 25c cash purchase by the following merchants. Don't let any but your own church, society, school or friend carry off the honors, and remember that every vote counts. Piano is on exhibition at Frank Busch's furniture store. Why not trade where you can get nothing, as they cost you absolutely nothing? Everyone ought to at least do that much for their society or church.

ASK Druggist for 10 CENT TRIAL SIZE. Ely's Cream Balm. GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE. It cleanses, soothes and breaks the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh in the Head, Throat, and Lungs. It drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. It restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50c. Trial Size 10c. At Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

AND YOU AWAY. Bells that over the meadows ring, Flowers that make the May, But how can the world of the summer sing And you away, away!

A Highwayman's Juliet. A Celebrated Author's World Famous. By ARTHUR T. QUILLER-COUCH.

The house in question was what Peter the Scholar (who corrects my proof sheets) calls one of the rustourly sort—the front facing a street and the back looking over a turf garden, with a lime tree or two, a laburnum, and a lawn tennis court marked out, its white lines plain to see in the starlight. At the end of the garden a door, painted dark green, led into a narrow lane between high walls, where, if two persons met, one had to turn sideways to let the other pass. The entrance to this lane was cut in two by a wooden post about the height of your hip, and just beyond this, in the highroad, George was waiting for us with the dogcart.

"She's good for half an hour yet," Peter whispered, holding the ladder while I began to climb; "but if I hear her voice stop I'll give the signal to be cautious." I went up softly, pushed my head gently above the level of the sill and looked in. It was a roomy place, with a great hair tester bed, hung with curtains, standing out from the wall on my right. The curtains were of chintz, a dark background, with flaming red poppies sprawling over it, and the farther curtain hid the dressing table and the candles upon it and the jewel case that I confidently hoped to stand upon it also. A bright Brussels carpet covered the floor, and the wall paper, I remember—though, for the life of me, I can not tell why—was a pale gray ground, worked up to imitate watered silk, with springs of gilt honeysuckle upon it.

I looked around and listened for half a minute. The house was still as death up here—not a sound in the room or in the passages beyond. With a nod to Peter to hold the ladder firm I lifted one leg over the sill, then the other, dropped my feet carefully upon the thick carpet and went quickly around the bed to the dressing table. But at the corner, and as soon as ever I saw around the chintz curtain, my knees gave way, and I put out a hand toward the bedpost. Before the dressing table, and in front of the big glass in which she could see my white face, was an old lady seated. She wore a blaze of jewels and a low gown, out of which rose the scraggiest neck and shoulders I have ever looked on. Her hair was thick with black dye and fastened with a diamond star. Between the two candles the powder showed on her cheek bones like flour on a miller's coat. Chin on hand, she was gazing steadily into the mirror before her, and, even in my fright, I had time to note that a glass of sherry and a plate of rice and curry stood at her elbow among the rouge pots and powder puffs. While I stood stock still and pretty well scared out of my wits she rose, still staring at my image in the glass, folded her hands modestly over her bosom and spoke in a deep, tragical voice: "The prince?" Then, facing sharply around, she held out her thin arms. "You have come—at last?" There was not much to say to this except that I had. So I confessed it. Even with the candles behind her I could see her eyes glowing like a dog's, and an uglier poor creature this world could scarcely show. "Is the ladder set against the window?" "Since you seem to know, ma'am," said I, "it is."

was near the truth—that this was a mad aunt of the family below, and that the game was in my hands if I played with decent care. So I met her question with another. "Look here," I said, "I'm running a considerable risk in braving these persecutors of yours. Hadn't we better elope at once?" "I am ready," she repeated. "And the jewels?" she repeated. "Let me be quick and stealthy as death." She followed me to the window and, looking out, drew back. "What horrible, black depths!" "It's as easy," said I, "as pie. You could do it on your head. Look here!" I climbed out first and helped her, setting her feet on the rungs. We went down in silence, I choking all the way at the sight of Peter below, who was looking with his mouth open and his lips too weak to meet the curses and wonderment that rose up from the depths of him. When I touched terra and handed him the jewel case, he took it like a man in a trance. We put the ladder back in its place and stole over the turf together. But outside the garden door Peter could stand no more of it. "I've a firearm in my pocket," whispered he, pulling up, "and I'm going to fire it off to relieve my feelings if you don't explain here and now. What is pity's name, is she?" "You mug! She's the original Sleeping Beauty. I'm eloping with her, and you've got her jewels." "Pardon me, Jen," he says to his gentlemanly way, "if I don't quite see. Are you taking her off to melt her or marry her? For how to get rid of her else?" "The poor old creature had halted, three paces ahead of us and waited while we whispered, with the moonlight that slanted down into the lane whitening her bare neck and flashing on her jewels. "One moment," I said and stepped forward to her; "you had better take off those ornaments here, my dear, and give them to my servant to take care of. There's a carriage waiting for us at the end of the lane, and when he has stowed them under the seat we can climb in and drive off." "To the end of the world—to the very rim of it, my hero." She pulled the gems from her neck, hair and bosom and handed them to Peter, who received them with a bow. Next she searched in her pocket and drew out a tiny key. Peter unlocked the case, and, having carefully stowed the diamonds inside, locked it again, handed back the key, touched his hat and walked off toward the dogcart. "My dearest lady," I began, as soon as we were alone between the high walls, "if the devotion of a life— Her bare arm crept into mine. "There is but a little time left for us in which to be happy. Year after year I have marked off the almanac; day by day I have watched the dial. I saw my sisters married and my sisters' daughters, and still I waited. Each had a man to love her and tend her, but none had such a man as I would have chosen. They were none like you, my prince." "No, I dare say not." "Oh, but my heart is not so cold. Take my hand—it is firm and strong; touch my lips—they are burning!" A low whistle sounded at the top of the lane. As I took her hands I pushed her back, and, turning, ran for my life. I suppose that as I ran I counted forty before her scream came, and then the sound of her feet patterer after me. She must have run like a demon, for I was less than ten yards ahead when Peter caught my wrist and pulled me up on to the back seat of the dogcart. And before George could set the horse going her hand clutched at the flap on which my feet rested. It missed its grasp and she never got near enough again. But for half a minute I looked into that horrible face following us and working with silent rage, and for half a mile at least I heard the patter of her feet in the darkness behind. Indeed, I can hear it now.

Nonsensical Beliefs.

Half a century ago omens were still generally believed in. So, too, were charms. I had a cousin who seriously undertook to charm away warts and was believed to have succeeded. She was supposed to have inherited the secret from her father, a Wesleyan minister. My uncle, a farmer, and by no means a credulous man, when about to visit London for the first time, feeling some trepidation, consulted a doctor. The doctor handed him a small vial of quicksilver, which was certain if kept in the pocket to avert all harm. Doubtless the doctor laughed in his sleeve, for doctors were then getting incredulous, and I remember it being commonly said of another practitioner that he believed neither in God nor devil. Nearly twenty years later, when a cousin who, born a Wesleyan, had turned Quaker and came up to London to the annual gathering of that body, he showed me, with a smile, the identical vial of mercury. His mother, god soul, had borrowed it from her brother so that her son might likewise benefit by it—Westminster Review.

The Stubborn Man.

You think it shows strength to be stubborn and unforgiving, but it's a mistake; it shows weakness. The meanest soul in the world can pity himself and nurse his troubles; he gets a sort of enjoyment out of it. It's awful easy, too; it ain't necessary to have any particular talent, nor anything but the commonest brains; in fact, it ain't necessary to have much of anything but a selfish disposition. Eleanor C. Reed, in "The Battle Invisible."