HOLIDAY SALE HOLIDAY SALE

I. SELLING

7th and Main Streets Suspension Bridge Corner.

The values in this AD merely convey a few of the MANY BARGAINS offered throughout our entire store, during our HOLIDAY SALE. Prices are lowered simply because of our determination that the close of the year shall be a fitting wind up and make December the BANNER month of the year.

CLOTHING

Men's All Wool Suits, well finished and put together perfectly	$6.00
Men's All Wool Cheviot Suits, perfect in fit and finish in every respect	7.50
Men's All Wool Cassimere Suits, warranted to give satisfactory wear	9.00

SHOES

Men's Dress Shoes	$1.10
Men's Buckle Working Shoes	1.00
Boys Dress Shoes	.95
Men's Fancy Embroidered Velvet Slippers	.50

PRINTS

Standard Print, medium and dark colors, per yard	.03½
Best quality Oil Prints, per yd	.05

Ladies' Wool Waists

Fany Stitched Trimmed	$1.25

Dotted Swiss

36 inch Dotted Swiss per yard	.10

Childs Fancy Handkercheifs, ea.	.01

Blankets

Cotton Blankets, large size	.55
All Wool Blankets	3.00

Ready Made Sheets

Good Quality, large size, ea	.50

Underwear

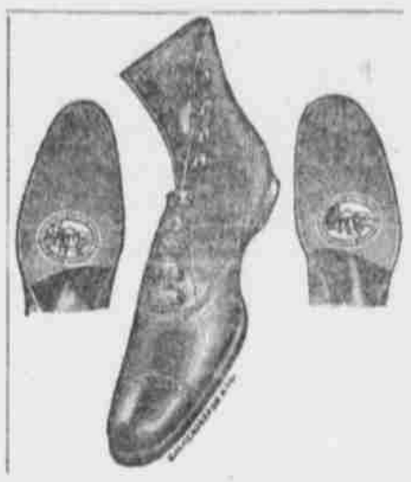
Mens Heavy-weight, fleeced lined Shirt and Drawers	.45
Ladies fleeced lined Union Suits	.45

DRESS GOODS

All Wool Tricot- per yard	.25
Fancy Waistings, Silk Stripe, per yard	.25
50 in. All Wool Dress Flannel; per yd.	.50

Misses and Childrens Dresses

Ages 1 to 4 years	.45
Ages 6 to 12 years	.65



A Great Thirty Day Sale, That Will Bring Thrifty Buyers to Our Establishment

I. Selling

7th Main Sts., Oregon City, Ore.

A TRUE HERO.

One of the Kind That Gets Little Recognition Here Below.

Did you ever know a hero real well? I know at least one and quite intimately. Who? I am afraid you would hardly recognize his name, and besides it would not be just right to give it here. He is only an old bachelor who works in a shop. He has been at one bench for something like—well, from this you may judge: When he began, he was fresh from school. He lives in a little frame house, with an absurd little back yard hardly more than big enough for the cherry tree and the ash barrel.

"The first morning I started for the shop," he once told me, "I cut across the back yard and climbed the fence. I have been doing it ever since, and it has been a long time." In the back lawn is worn a deep footpath. The top rail of the back fence is smoothly polished. His feet wore the path. His hands polished the rail. And all these years he has worked at the same bench doing the same work.

Not that he lacks intelligence or that he never had an ambition. Intelligence he most certainly has, no mean hoard of books and a wide, generous grasp of affairs and the drift of things. Ambition he had, too, but that was before his feet had worn a path across the back yard. I am quite sure that he once loved. In fact, I suspect that I know the one he loved, and that she loved him. But he never married. She did, though she has been widowed for a dozen years.

But why, you ask, with intelligence and ambition, did he stick to his bench? In an upper room of his little cottage is a window blind which is never opened. Behind that blind, peering out through the shutters with unrecognizing gaze, sits one who bears the outward form of manhood, yet lacks manhood's mental qualities. The one behind the blind is his brother. Downstairs, pottering feebly about and speaking only in high, thin, querulous tones, is a man and here and woman—his mother. For the sake of the one he has worn the path in the lawn; for them he put away ambition; for them he stifled the love that once stirred within him.

He is past middle age now, thin as to hair, stooped as to shoulders. Yet is there a tenderness in his voice, a cheerful awareness in his smile, a patient resignation in his pale blue eyes, that make his manner of such mild routiness as you might expect in a saint. From him comes never a word of complaint; about him is no trace of disappointment, no hint of bitterness.

And so though few know his name, though he wears no glittering crown, though he pass his way unhampered by pomp or circumstance and all unrecognized by church or state, I can no longer but count him one of earth's true heroes. Don't you?—Sewell Ford in Brandur Magazine.

Moses and His Horns.

Did Moses have horns? Certainly not, but if you have ever had the pleasure of examining a copy of Michael Angelo's great picture of the lawgiver you have wondered why the great painter surrounded the patriarchal face, gray beard and become priestly gown with a pair of horns much resembling those of a two-year-old animal of the bovine tribe. The reason is this: Jerome's Bible, the Latin Vulgate, tells that when Moses came down from the mountain top his face was "radiant" (rayed) with the great light shining from his pure soul. In the Greek Septuagint the translation said it was "cornua," meaning "radiant." Jerome used this later version in making his Latin Vulgate and translated "cornua" as "cornuta," the last meaning horned. Angelo made his picture accordingly.

Soil Is a Living Organism.

Formerly the soil was regarded as mineral matter, simply decayed rock mixed with dead organic matter, a lifeless exchange. Now we know that the soil is a living organism whose life is as important as that of the animal or the plant itself. If the soil be killed, it is absolutely sterile. In other words, if the life of organisms which make soil fertile are destroyed the soil is incapable of producing a crop. Plants as a rule, eat only mineral food, such as phosphoric acid, potash and nitric acid, but animals usually eat only organic foods, such as fats, sugars and protein matter.

His Case Not So Bad After All.

"Ah, it's a sad old world," sighed the man who had been cheated out of $20.

"Yes," assented his neighbor. "One of my horses got his head tied in the hayrack last night and broke his neck. I was offered $200 for him less than a month ago."

"I know! That's too bad. Looks as though it was going to brighten up, doesn't it?" And he went on his way whistling cheerfully.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The population of Russia doubles from natural increase once every sixty years.

A CONTRAST IN BOYS

TOWN AND COUNTRY LADS IN THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE.

Of the Men Who Have Achieved Great Prominence in Public Affairs the Boys Are at Least Twenty to One Over the City Lads.

A popular boy's lack of opportunity is his best opportunity for the serious struggle of life. This sounds paradoxical, but it is true. It is just as true as the opposite proposition, that the greatest obstacle in life for one to overcome are the opportunities which were his when young and poor. The lad will be lucky who gets the real business of life in business school each hard-won at least early in life himself. For the coddling everything is made as easy as possible. Even pleasure becomes to him another way of the meaning of his hopes. Instead of the fortunate child of a prosperous great things are happening day by day, he sees the world with a critical eye and despises the small things which are the bricks in a house, so to the upbuilding of character and character. He believes in using large measures in the game of life; he makes and spends money of value he has little respect.

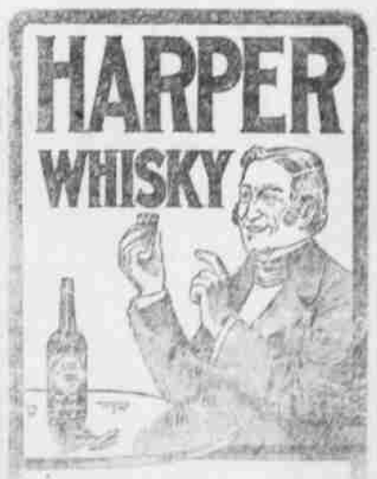
The conditions surrounding the country boy are as different as possible. There is a sense of reality in work that every country boy must do and this regularity of employment, meeting out of doors, develops industrious habits, while it contributes to a physical development which in after years is just as valuable as any athletic training that can be had. He cannot run as fast perhaps as those trained by a system. He [illegible] sports upon which we lavish so much time and from which we get so much of pleasure, but his development enables him to buckle down to the hard work in which hours are consumed and from which very little or no immediate pleasure is extracted. His strength may be something like that of the cart horse, but the cart horse is to be preferred where a long and steady pull is required. The thoroughbred race horse has a fine display of speed and canters with delightful lightness and grace along the park bridle paths, but the heavy work is the work most in demand and for that we want the draft animals every time.

Enthusiasm is the spur to endeavor, and at the same time it is the savor of life. The country boy whose ambition has taken him to town comes filled with enthusiasms. Even the little things are novelties to him, and as he accomplishes this and that he feels that he is doing something is only interesting, but valuable. His simple tastes have not been spoiled by a multiplicity of gratifications, and so he is glad of everything good that comes his way. At thirty, if he leads a clean life, he has more of the boy in him than his city cousin has left at fifteen. He does what is before him because it is his duty, while the other is apt carelessly to question the value of doing anything and ask, "What is the use?"

Of the men who have achieved great prominence and high influence in our affairs of state the country boys are at least twenty to one over the city lads. Nowadays indeed our cynical city lads look upon men who take an active interest in public affairs as rather low fellows and quite beneath their association and notice. But the country boys are at the top in other lines of endeavor. In finance they are pre-eminent, and the great bank presidents today in the great cities nearly all learned to read and to cipher in country schools where birch and ferule had not succumbed to the civilizing influences of scientific pedagogy. Our great railways were in the main built by them, and today the administrators of these great companies are in great measure from farms and country villages, from places where work began in early infancy and a sense of duty developed while still the lap of childhood lingered.

Some city boys, however, are of such sturdy stuff and endowed with such natural gifts that they succeed by reason of their inherent superiority. Others succeed abundantly because they have used their opportunities wisely and in real life have pursued the same course which enables so many country boys to win fame and fortune. The more honor to them for having survived their too great opportunities. But the country boy when he comes to town reaches out for the high places. Though not all find seats of the mighty, nearly all of the exalted stations are filled in the end by men of country birth and country rearing, for they usually start out with the sound theory that what is worth having is worth striving for.—John Gilmer Speed

HARPER WHISKY



The Aristocrat of Whiskies and Whiskies of Old Whiskies. Without a peer.

FOR SALE BY

E. MATTHIAS

Sole Agency for Oregon City

DON'T GET MORBID.

It Is Not a Difficult Matter to Think Yourself to Death.

Thousands of people actually think themselves to death every year by allowing their minds to dwell on morbid subjects.

As a rule, the thought that kills relates to something the individual dreads more than anything else in the world. There is the germ of fatal thought in ninety-nine persons in every hundred, and the exception is only proof against the thought disease by having been inoculated with the lymph of optimism or philosophy.

The idea that one has some incipient disease in one's system, the thought of financial ruin, that one is getting on in life without improving prospects—any of them or a thousand similar thoughts may carry a healthy man to a premature grave. A melancholy thought that lives itself upon one's mind needs as much "doctoring" as physical disease. It needs to be eradicated from the mind or it will have just the same result as a neglected disease would have. The thought disease sometimes cures itself after running its course; so does smallpox. But who would settle down to suffer from smallpox and chance recovery, as thousands of foolish persons settle down to let the thought disease, which has attacked them, do its worst?

Every melancholy thought, every morbid notion and every nagging worry should be resisted to the utmost, and the patient should be physicked by cheerful thoughts, of which there is a store in every one's possession, bright companions—cheaper than drugs and pleasanter.

There have occurred scores of dozens of cases where healthy persons have thought themselves into having tumors and cancers—cases which admit of no doubt whatever that the diseases resulted from constant morbid fear. There might possibly be fewer cases of cancer if some great doctors could assure the world that it is not a hereditary disease, but morbid minded persons on hearing that there is cancer in their families generally do the very worst thing they can do under the circumstances—they conceive an awful dread that they will be afflicted with it. They dwell upon the fear constantly, and every trifling ailment which troubles them is at first mistaken for the premonitory symptoms of cancer.

The morbid condition of mind produces a morbid condition of body, and if the disease does happen to be in the system it receives every encouragement to develop.

POULTRY POINTERS.

The best eggs are the result of a meat diet.

Weak legs come from forced growth, high feeding and close confinement.

Use no deformed or weak fowls for breeding and do not keep the same cock more than one season.

A molting hen seldom lays. She can not be supplying eggs while the strain of growing new feathers is upon her.

A very fat hen seldom lays anything but soft shelled eggs. Apoplexy and egg bound are the result of excessive fat.

Leaves and hay chaff make excellent litter for the floors, and by throwing grain among it fowls are often kept busy scratching.

Keep the fowls away from the barns, stables and carriage houses. In such places they are nuisances; besides they are not comfortable in a place by themselves.

Hens must have carbonate and phosphate of lime for their shells, and these will be found in old plastering, broken oyster shells and bones, with some of the grit and gritty attached.

A Persian Dinner.

A traveler in Persia thus describes a dinner served in the household of a wealthy Persian: "The chief dish consists of a fowl boiled to rags, surrounded by a toothsome mass of rice, hard boiled eggs, fried onions, almonds and raisins. There is a Shiraz wine, clear, golden red liquid that has traveled over the mountain passes on mule back in a little glass carboy. Among the dessert manna has a conspicuous place. This delicacy is somewhat akin to nougat; it is studded with walnuts and almonds and is jaw sticking to the last degree. Like the manna, it is best eaten in private, for it renders the masticator speechless. It is made of gum that exudes from a tree and is said to be engendered by a worm."—Chicago News.

Fertile Cuba.

In Cuba cabbages frequently weigh as much as twenty pounds. All vegetables do well. Radishes may be eaten from fourteen to eighteen days after sowing, lettuce in five weeks after sowing, while corn produces three crops per year. Sweet potatoes are perpetual. The natives dig up the tubers, cut them off and plant the old vines, which produce a new crop in three months. All sorts of fruit, horticultural and greenhouse plants and bulbous stock are also grown.

DR. FENNER'S KIDNEY and Backache CURE

All diseases of Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs. Also Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease, Gravel, Dropsy, Female Troubles.

Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner. He has spent a life time curing just such cases as yours. All consultations Free.

"Kidney trouble of long standing, backache, pain and soreness across kidneys, and rheumatism. Other remedies failed. Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure cured me completely. H. WATERS, Hamlet, N. Y."

Druggists, 50c., $1. Ask for Cook Book—Free.

ST. VITUS' DANCE Sure Cure. Circular. Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

For sale by C. G. HUNTLEY—GHARMAN & CO.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It is unequalled for all stomach troubles.

It can't help but do you good

Prepared only by E. C. DeWITT & Co., Chicago. The $1. bottle contains 2½ times the 50c. size.