

LARSEN & COMPANY

Cor 10th & Main St. OREGON CITY, OREGON.

Special Sale

of

10c and 15c BARGAINS This Week

WE PAY CASH FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE

LOCAL BRIEFS

Dr. L. G. Lee, Rooms 4, 5 and 6, Beaver Building. The town council of Willamette has just authorized a bond issue of \$10,000.

Every hat at a big reduction. Miss C. Goldsmith. School District No. 105, of Willamette, has levied a special tax of 4 1/2 mills.

Miss Lulu Spangler, of Corvallis, is visiting with her sister, Mrs. L. L. Porter.

Have you seen the Spirilla Corsett? If you wish to phone 2732.

H. T. Melvin, prominent resident of Barlow, was in Oregon City on business Monday.

Miss Alice Bailey has gone to Medford to spend the Christmas holidays with relatives and friends.

Mrs. C. S. Noble will spend Christmas with her daughter, Mrs. James Wilcock, at Tacoma, Wash.

Tom Lovett, son of Mr. and Mrs. James P. Lovett, who has been ill with diphtheria, is rapidly recovering.

W. Wellington Hart, who has been living in Astoria for the past two months, has returned to Oregon City to reside.

Private money to loan. Gordon E. Hayes, Attorney-at-law.

Lloyd O. Harding, a student of the University of Oregon, is home to spend the Christmas and New Year's holidays with his parents in Oregon City.

Reasonable prices at the New System Dentists.

Justice of the Peace T. G. Jonsrud, of Sandy, was in town Friday as a witness in the suit for damages of Henry Riddlerbusch vs. Proctor & Beers.

Call on New System Dentists, Bridge Corner, over Anderson's Jewelry Store.

Mrs. S. L. Young, of University Park, is visiting with her sisters, Mrs. W. L. Midlam and Miss Grayce Marshall, of Canemah.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Newton have arrived in this city from Toledo, Oregon, to visit with relatives and to spend the Christmas holidays.

Gaylord Godfrey, who is studying medicine at the Oregon Agricultural College at Corvallis, is here to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Godfrey.

W. S. Alderman, who was indicted by the grand jury on a charge of stealing a cord of wood from Mr. Atwood, at Harmony, entered a plea of not guilty in the Circuit Court.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Logus have returned from their honeymoon, which was spent in British Columbia and Idaho. They are domiciled at the Logus home on Ninth and Main streets.

Dr. R. Hanaman, a dentist of St. Paul, Minn., who has been visiting with his friend, Walter Wentworth, of this city, left on Sunday evening for Portland, and he has decided to locate in the West.

Just received a full line of ladies' shoes at the J. P. Hartney make, at Oregon City Shoe Store.

Mrs. L. E. Armstrong, of Gribble Prairie, and her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Hauer, have gone to Walla Walla, Wash., to visit friends during the holiday season. They will be the guests of a son of Mrs. Armstrong.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Brownell, of Astoria, are here to spend the Christmas holidays at the home of Attorney George C. Brownell. The young man is District Attorney of Astoria and is making a reputation as a lawyer in his home city.

Wallace Caulfield, a student of the University of Oregon, arrived in Oregon City Friday night to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Caulfield, Raymond Caulfield, also a student of the University, arrived home Tuesday.

Hats, hats! Big sale now on. Every one must be sold. Miss C. Goldsmith. Hatlie Johnson, who has been engaged in surveying at Estacada, returned to Oregon City to spend Sunday and left Monday for Chico, Cal., where he will remain until spring with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. Mr. Johnson expects to return to Oregon in the spring.

Extensive experience for fifteen years makes possible the best work with least pain at the New System Dentists.

Mrs. L. H. Tufts, who has been seriously ill for the past two weeks, is improving, and a speedy recovery is looked for.

Miss Mary A. Scott, who is attending Normal School at Cheney, Wash., will arrive home Saturday to spend her holidays with her father, E. W. Scott.

Waldo Silver arrived home Wednesday afternoon from Mount Angel College, and will spend his vacation with his mother, Mrs. Agnes Silver, of the West Side.

W. T. Henderson, who met with a painful accident about a month ago, when he had his arm broken in a runaway, has returned to his home at Elwood. Mr. Henderson has been receiving medical treatment in this city and has been at the home of his son, W. U. Henderson.

Wanted, one thousand ladies to learn the merits of the Spirilla Corset.

Wm. Haines, of Los Angeles, Cal., and Laura McWorthy, of Portland, were married Tuesday afternoon at the office of Justice W. W. H. Sampson, in this city, by that official. Mr. Haines is a traveling man who makes this section of the Northwest, and Mrs. McWorthy has been for some years a resident of this county.

Raymond Caulfield, a student of the University of Oregon, arrived home Tuesday to spend the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Caulfield. He was accompanied to this city by William Howard and Howard Gray, of Courtney, who are also students of the University, and will spend their holidays at their homes.

W. H. Howell, who is the efficient superintendent of the water works department of the city government, went to Eugene Monday to superintend the installation of a filter plant in that city, which will cost \$40,000. Mr. Howell has been superintendent of the plant in this city for twenty years, and is authority on water works systems and filter plants.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter Ribbel, who have been on their honeymoon, have returned to this city, where they will remain until spring, and will then leave for California, where they will reside. Mrs. Ribbel was formerly Miss Elva McCoy, daughter of Mrs. N. W. McCoy, of this city, and Mr. Ribbel is the son of S. E. Ribbel, of San Francisco. The couple were married in this city.

W. A. Showman, editor of the Courier, has purchased the hangulog of Mrs. Mary Hurley at Riley Station. Mrs. Hurley and daughter have gone to Coronado, where they will make their future home.

Mrs. Fred Terry, formerly of this city, and Mrs. Annie LeRoy, daughters of the former, are making their home at Coronado. Mrs. Hurley is one of the prominent pioneer women of Oregon, and resided here many years ago. She is a sister-in-law of Mrs. Mary McCarver.

Positive guarantee on all work at the New System Dentists.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Yeomans, who recently arrived at Willamette from Bowbells, North Dakota, were in the city Friday on business. Mr. Yeomans, who is an experienced farmer, having farmed in the states of North Dakota and Minnesota for the past 20 years, has purchased 40 acres near Willamette. They are delighted with the climate of Oregon, and the former received word from friends in Dakota that they were recently lost in a blizzard a few days ago, and it was with difficulty they found their way. It is probable that Mr. Yeomans will induce others to take up their home in Oregon.

NO MORE CATARRH.

Huntley Bros. Co. Has a Guaranteed Cure That Has Stood the Test of Time.

Catarrh cures come and catarrh cures go, but HYOMEI continues to cure catarrh and abolish its disgusting symptoms wherever civilization exists.

If you buy a HYOMEI outfit for \$1 and hide it in a dark cupboard it won't cure your catarrh.

If you breathe it daily as directed it will cure your catarrh or it won't cost you a cent, ask Huntley Bros. Co.

If you have a hard rubber Hyomei inhaler somewhere around the house, get it out and start at once to forever rid yourself of catarrh.

Huntley Bros. Co. will sell you a bottle of HYOMEI (liquid) for only 50 cents; start to breathe it and notice how quickly it clears out the air passages and makes the entire head feel fine.

HYOMEI used regularly will cure catarrh, coughs, colds, bronchitis or sore throat. A complete outfit, including a hard rubber pocket inhaler, costs \$1.00. No stomach dosing. Just breathe it. It kills the germs, soothes and heals the inflamed membrane.

Dunn Confectionery Moves.

M. E. Dunn has moved his confectionery from lower Main to the Kelly Building, next to the Postoffice. Mr. Dunn was formerly located in the old Stevens Building, but when the old structure was torn down to make room for the new Beaver Building, he was forced to vacate, and the lower Main street location was all that was available at the time.

You Can Always Get

The best cough medicine if you ask for Dr. Bell's Pine-Tree-Honey and look for the bee on the bottle. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Sold everywhere. Jones Drug Co.

The Locket Charm

By AGNES G. BROGAN

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WHEN Lolita was married she bade her friends a tearful farewell and went to live at the other side of the world. Lolita, merry, wealthy and wise, had always been a favorite at the academy.

"Write often, dear," she said, clinging to Helen, "and wear this little locket, which I have designed, that you will not forget me. May my wish come true and success ever attend you."

The locket was a square golden one, and a turquoise forgetmenot with a diamond center decorated the cover, which flew open when one pressed a tiny spring, disclosing the words: "From Lolita, Success Attend You."

Letters passed between the two girls at first, but now, after three or four years, it was often with feelings of deep dejection that Helen would write to her long neglected friend, while the locket glistened at her throat.

Then one day it slipped from its golden chain and changed the course of Helen's life. Though late in November, the weather was delightful, and she decided to walk through the park on her way to the library.

The bright sunshine tempted her to rest for a moment upon a park bench, and it was not until she had selected a book at the library that she noticed the chain hanging empty and retraced her steps, searching all the way for the little charm.

A young man was sitting upon the bench which she had so lately vacated, a big blond man in a gray tweed suit. He glanced up at her as she approached, then continued writing hastily in a notebook. Helen looked at him for a moment startled and then relieved, for a silk fob was dangling from his watch pocket and from it suspended her own little locket.

Evidently the man had clasped it there awaiting the return of the owner. Helen seated herself upon the opposite end of the bench and regarded him furtively. How could she tactfully open the subject?

"Pardon me," said the man, rising, "but in hand. 'Have you lost anything?'"

"Yes, indeed," Helen told him. "I dropped a square gold locket here a short time ago." Involuntarily her eyes sought his fob.

"Why, that's too bad," said the man gently. "Allow me to help you look for it."

She stood amazed as he searched the gravel with his cane and even removed the heavy bench, going down upon his knees to look beneath it. "Seems to have disappeared," he said, rising flushed and troubled. "It has evidently been picked up. Was the locket very valuable?"

"I wouldn't have parted with it for anything in the world," she said emphatically.

"Well, I'll tell you what to do," said the man, resuming his seat—"advertise in the papers and offer a reward. Some one may bring it back."

Helen sat down upon the bench quite bewildered. Surely the man could not flaunt the locket before her very eyes in that manner if he were guilty. Perhaps, after all, there were other forgetmenot charms with diamond centers. If she could only press the tiny hidden spring she would know at once the rightful owner. But how could she say, "Will you let me see the inside of that locket, for I believe it to be mine?"

Then an idea occurred to her. Upon the leather cover of his notebook was lettered distinctly, "John W. Bryce, 75 Citizens' Building." She would write a letter that very afternoon, send it by special messenger and, quoting Lolita's inscription, prove her claim beyond all doubt. And it would be so much easier to write upon this delicate subject than to speak. As she hurried away the man raised his hat and walked in an opposite direction.

When Helen was dressing for Mrs. Tom's reception that evening she handed the reply to her hasty note. It began very abruptly:

"The locket which you saw me wearing this afternoon is no longer in my possession. Not having opened it, I am unable to satisfy you regarding the inscription, but can assure you very positively that the locket was not the one which you lost. Truly yours,

JOHN W. BRYCE.

"Well," exclaimed Helen, "of all the cooniness! No longer in his possession and no explanation whatever!"

Her cheeks were still burning with indignation when, accompanied by her mother, she joined the gay throng in Mrs. Tom's brilliantly lighted home. She was the center of a little laughing group when her hostess approached "Helen, dear," she said, "let me introduce you to Tom's friend, who will take you in to supper." And Helen turned to face the tall young man who had been her companion upon the park bench.

Instinctively her eyes sought his watch pocket as he bowed stiffly. The locket was no longer there. Almost in silence they descended the stairs and took their places at one of the small tables.

At length Helen introduced the forbidden subject. "I received your note," she said, "just before I came."

Mr. Bryce flushed to the roots of his blond hair. "It is unfortunate," he said, "that I am unable to show you the locket. If there had been the

slightest chance of its having been yours I would have given it to you when you told me of your loss. The fact is the locket was merely loaned to me for—er—an occasion."

"To take a walk in the park, perhaps," suggested Helen sweetly as she arose. "I am very sorry, Mr. Bryce, to have troubled you over so trivial a matter."

The man stood frowning as Mrs. Tom again appeared. "Pardon me for interrupting you two," she began, "but I have a favor to ask of you. Helen, Maurice Malcolm has arrived. Every one is wild about his tenor voice, and he has consented to sing for us provided I find an accompanist. Immediately I thought of you, my dear."

"Why, certainly I will play," said Helen and followed her hostess with a sigh of relief.

Maurice Malcolm bowed low before her with a look of adoration in his dark eyes. "So kind of you," he murmured. And Helen soon became absorbed in her music, forgetting all else save the wonderful voice which echoed through the room. When the applause had ceased he bent over her.

"It is you," said he, "who have made my song a success."

But Helen was staring incredulously at the forgetmenot charm suspended from his silken fob. "Who gave you that locket?" she demanded curtly. The singer straightened suddenly and looked surprised.

"I beg your pardon," he said coldly. Then she smiled.

"It is such a beautiful design," she said and held out her hand. "May I see it?"

Unclasping the locket, he laid it in her palm. "Would you mind if I opened it?"

The singer smiled. "It took me some time to find the hidden spring," he said. "Allow me to show you how."

But her finger unaided had found the spring. Her friend's name with its curling "L" and the well known motto were dancing before her eyes.

"Mr. Malcolm," she said quickly. "This is strange; a friend gave me the very counterpart of this locket several years ago, and I lost it today in the park."

"That was indeed unfortunate," said the singer. "The owner of this little charm desired me to wear it this evening. She has had it for a number of years."

Helen's fingers tightened about the locket as the man held out his hand to receive it.

Mrs. Tom came toward them, a bevy of laughing girls in her train. "Mr. Malcolm," she called, "come and be introduced." The man hesitated. "If you please?" he said peremptorily, looking at Helen.

Reluctantly she surrendered the golden trinket and turned away. Perhaps Mr. Bryce had not deceived her after all. She was strangely pleased at the thought and decided at least to tell him of her new discovery. She found him sitting in a secluded corner, screened from view by palms and plants and apparently lost in gloomy meditation. Helen joined him unceremoniously.

"I have seen it again," she announced. His face brightened as she entered.

"I am afraid I do not understand you," he replied.

"Mr. Malcolm is wearing my locket," she explained, "inscription and all. Did you give it to him?"

"I never saw the man before," he said solemnly. "He has probably been fortunate enough to find your lost charm and will return it to you."

Helen shook her head. "He says it is not mine." She looked up at him meaningly. "I suppose it has been loaned to him for an occasion."

"See here!" said Mr. Bryce indignantly. "He ought to give a better explanation. You wait here for a few moments while I hunt the fellow up and find out."

The girl seemed to have forgotten her animosity toward Mr. Bryce. "How good you are," she said, and the look in her eyes was flattering.

But when he returned his face wore a perplexed frown.

"Did you get the locket?" she asked eagerly. The man avoided her eyes.

"It is no longer in his possession," he said.

"Well, where is it?" she persisted. Mr. Bryce spoke very slowly. "He seemed to think it was none of my affair."

"I see," said Helen, and her friendly feeling toward the young man fled. "Good evening, Mr. Bryce."

His tall figure blocked the passage. "One moment, please, before you go," he said desperately. "May I call some time if I am able to bring an explanation of this annoying affair?"

"You may call," she answered wearily, "when you can return my locket to me." He bowed and stood aside for her to pass.

Later, when Helen's mother was making her adieus to Mrs. Tom, Maurice Malcolm approached. "I regret exceedingly," he said, "that I am unable to give you any information regarding that little charm. If I should at any time find a solution of the mystery may I call?"

Helen gave an odd little laugh. "I will be pleased to see you," she said, "when you can bring the locket with you."

"My dear," said her mother as they were driving home, "are you not well? You have been so unlike yourself all evening."

"I lost Lolita's charm today, mother," she answered, "and success seems to have vanished with it."

A week or two passed and Helen might have forgotten the lost locket if the blond young man had not constantly appeared to remind her. She seemed to meet him everywhere, as she descended the steps of her own home or waited for a car at the corner, and once he had been sitting upon the well remembered bench as she happened to walk through the park. Upon each of the occasions she merely inclined her head in greeting and passed on. One morning the tourist had delivered a box with the card of Mr. Bryce attached, and as Helen removed the tissue wrappings from the bouquet of blue eyed forgetmenots she wished heartily that Lolita had never made her a parting gift.

This same morning, while she was on a shopping tour, the young rector of Trinity church came and sat in the cross seat beside her. She was admiring his clean cut features when he

produced his watch and gazed at it reflectively. Helen sat upright with a start. A small square locket lay in his palm, and its forgetmenot setting seemed to be winking at her. She drew her hand across her eyes. "It's my imagination," she told herself resignedly; "probably I do not see these charms at all."

The rector studied the locket attentively. Presently he found the spring, the case flew open, and Helen read: "From Lolita, Success Attend You."

"I ought to tell him about it now," she thought, "for in a few minutes it will not be in his possession." But she sat silent as he left the car, soon to be lost from view in one of the large office buildings.

Her mother met her at the door when she returned late in the afternoon. "A gentleman is waiting to see you, my dear," she said.

Helen's heart beat rapidly. She was prepared to welcome Mr. Bryce and to forgive him for ignoring her conditions, but the expectant look left her eyes as she entered the room, for it was the singer who bowed low before her.

"I am more than pleased," he said, "to be able to restore your lost property."

She looked skeptical. "There must be some mistake," she was beginning.

Mr. Malcolm smiled. "Will you kindly examine the locket?" he asked. "It is, indeed, the very one that you lost, and the mystery was easily solved. I inserted an advertisement in the papers and also had a card placed in the public library. A young girl had found your locket among the books, where it had evidently fallen, and was glad to return it this morning."

"Then this is not the one you wore?" Helen asked.

"It is not," the singer responded coldly and vouchsafed no further information.

For a few moments she exerted herself to be entertaining and thanked him gratefully for his trouble when he left, but in her heart was a great disappointment. "He can never come now," she sighed, and her thoughts were of the blond young man.

She was playing a sad little tune that evening when the maid ushered Mr. Bryce into the room. Eagerly she advanced to meet him. "I am so glad," she said, "that you did not wait to bring the locket."

He seemed puzzled at her change of manner. "But I have brought it," he announced triumphantly and placed a small box in her hand.

Helen sank into the nearest chair and regarded him with suspicion. Then she laughed. "The city must be full of them," she said, placing the two lockets with their duplicate inscriptions before him. The man looked dazed. "Mr. Malcolm recovered this one by advertising. Now I would like your explanation."

For a moment they looked at each other, then joined in laughter. Presently he came and stood before her. "I did not intend to make a confession," he said. "You will have something to forgive. When your friend Lolita left the country she also left two lockets. The counterpart of yours was given to my cousin, Olivia Trent. You may remember her at the academy, though she says she has not seen you for years. Olivia is a little bunch of superstition and relies implicitly upon her locket to carry her through many difficulties. I had dined at her home the evening before that memorable day in the park and was telling Olivia's father of an important lawsuit which I hoped to win the following day, when Olivia clasped the little charm upon my fob, assuring me that it would bring success in my undertaking. The verdict had, indeed, been satisfactory, and I stopped on my way home that afternoon to tell Olivia and return the locket. You may imagine my chagrin upon receiving your note and upon the events which followed. Yesterday I told Olivia all about it, and she unraveled the mystery which has troubled us both."

"It seems that she had accompanied Maurice Malcolm to the reception that evening and had urged him to wear the charm to insure the success of his suit. I also told her—'not my great desire to see you and of the condition imposed. It was then that she agreed to sacrifice her locket and insisted that I return it to you as your own.'"

The man smiled. "Dear little Olivia," he said. "Her days of flirting and superstition are over, for she is soon to marry the rector of Trinity church. I would have brought the locket yesterday," he added, "but she wished the rector to wear it when he went to gain her father's consent."

"Oh!" cried Helen, and her eyes were dancing.

His face was very grave as he lowered his voice. "I am about to enter upon a suit," he said, "which will mean all the world to me. May I wear the locket charm?"

He slipped his watch into an upper coat pocket, and Helen stood to clasp the locket, the dark head very near the fair one. As she finished her task his arms closed about her. Once more the charm had proved its power.

The Plankton.

When the voyager across the Atlantic watches the surface of the sea day after day and notes how few are the signs of life in so vast an expanse of waters he is apt to conclude that, as compared with the land, the ocean is a desert. But he has been looking for fish and has not seen the real myriads of the ocean. If the voyager had microscopic eyes he would perceive that the liquid mass through which his ship plows her way is filled with a prodigious multitude of minute organisms—the plankton. The name comes from a Greek word meaning vagabond. The plankton forms the food of an enormous number of marine animals and has been the subject of much scientific investigation. There are two kinds of plankton, the vegetable, or phytoplankton, and the animal, or zooplankton. As in the world of higher organisms, the animal feeds upon the vegetable. The importance of the phytoplankton to the life of the sea depends upon the fact that, like the leaves of land plants, it has the faculty, under the influence of light, of assimilating inorganic substances and rendering them available for the food of animals.—Youth's Companion.

Now for the Final Christmas Rush

Childs', Misses' and Large Misses' High Top Shoes, patent leather cuff with tassel; sizes, child's 9 to ladies' size 5.

SEE WINDOW DISPLAY

Christmas Furs: Attractive Sets Specially Priced.

A page like this could be made up of descriptions of different styles and kinds of furs in neckwear and muffs which we have now in readiness in Christmas lines, undoubtedly the largest and in every detail the most attractive display of furs we have ever shown.

WOMEN'S KID GLOVES:

A pair of gloves from us and she will receive in her gift gloves absolute satisfaction in service and in appearance.

Handkerchiefs: Gift Display Now in Entire Readiness.

This readiness of our Handkerchief Section means by far the most attractive lines we have ever shown—attractive in that assortments were never so numerous, styles never so beautiful, varieties never so extensive—attractive in that instances of low pricing have never been so marked.

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

W. A. HOLMES

917 Main Street Oregon City, Oregon

Christmas Festivities By Methodists.

Friday evening the children of the M. E. Sunday school will have the right of way for their Christmas tree and musical and literary program. An enjoyable time is anticipated and members of the congregation and friends of the little folks are invited to participate. Following is the program: Song, "Joy to the World," school; prayer, pastor; responsive reading, superintendent; chorus, "Happy Greetings," Primary and Intermediate Departments; recitation, Letha Cross; recitation, Quinten Cox; duet, Earl Zimmerman and Chester Tozier; recitation, Evadne Harrison; solo, Marvin Hickman; exercise, "Christmas Time," six girls; song, children in costume; recitation, Alice Miller; duet, Myrtle and Everett Cross; recitation, Paul Benson; recitation, Morieta Cross; club swinging, Olive Zimmerman; recitation, Ada Mass; duet, Chester Tozier and Uelle Woodfin; recitation, Anna White; darkey Christmas song (comic); recitation, Maude Kennedy; recitation, Seth Ketchum; exercise, Santa Claus, reindeer, coming of Santa Claus and distribution of presents.

K. O. T. M. OFFICERS CHOSEN.

Installation Will Take Place Evening of January 10.

At Monday night's meeting of Tualatin Tent No. 4, K. O. T. M., the following staff of officers was elected for the coming term: Commander, C. W. Parrish; lieutenant commander, E. A. Hughes; record keeper, E. S. Follansbee; sergeant, A. Fromong; first master of guards, L. B. Miller; second master of guards, W. E. Griffith; chaplain, A. B. Buckles; master at arms, F. B. Hayward; sentinel, R. D. Miller; picket, O. E. Miller; trustees, C. W. Parrish, E. Betzel and W. E. Griffith; physicians, Drs. Mount and Strickland; musician, Frank Betzel.

The newly elected officers will be installed on the night of January 10, and the members of the lodge are making great preparations for the entertainment features on that evening. A banquet is to be served.

ROYAL ARCH MASONS.

Elect Officers Monday Night—Three Affiliated Societies Will Banquet.

Clackamas Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, elected officers Monday night with the following result: J. H. Walker, most excellent high priest; Wm. Beard, king; Max Bollack, scribe; Henry O'Malley, captain host; E. A. Chapman, secretary; J. E. Hedges, treasurer.

Installation will take place on Tuesday evening, December 27. It will be a joint installation at which time the three affiliated societies—Chapter, Blue Lodge and Ladies' Eastern Star—will induct their officials into place, these ceremonies to be followed by a banquet. The event promises to be one of more than ordinary interest.

Masons Elect Officers.

Multnomah Lodge of Masons, Saturday night elected the following officers: Alvin H. Milley, master; Eber A. Chapman, senior warden; N. T. Humphrey, junior warden; S. L. Stevens, secretary; William Beard, treasurer. Other officers will be appointed by the master. The installation will take place on St. John's Day, Tuesday, December 27.