

Milwaukee and Northwestern Clackamas

MILWAUKEE.

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. James and Captain Shaw attended the Milwaukee Pomona Grae...

The St. John's Catholic church will hold mass on Christmas day, also two services on Sunday.

Ed Kellogg has sold out his pool room and store to some outside party. Miss A. Good gave a party to the...

Mr. and Mrs. William Kelso and little son spent Sunday with the proud grandparents, Judge and Mrs. Kelso.

J. M. Hart has the contract for the plumbing on the new hotel building. The members of the Evangelical church met Tuesday evening to elect officers for the ensuing year.

Mrs. Margaret White, who died at Bingham, Oregon, was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wetler, and was born in Milwaukee 20 years ago.

The bazaar given by the ladies of the auxiliary of the Catholic church was a grand success and netted \$369 to the church fund.

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Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

THE WIFE'S DECALOGUE.

First.—Thou shalt have no other husband than him whom thou hast wedded.

Second.—Thou shalt not prefer before the home where thou lodgest thy literary club, nor thy sewing circle, nor thy missionary society.

Third.—Thou shalt not waste thy husband's substance nor his wages on vain apparel and glad raiment while thy husband goeth abroad in patched trousers.

Fourth.—Thou shalt not regale thy back door neighbor, neither thy family, with the vain gossip of the village society, nor with the scandal that lieth under the tongue of the tattler.

Fifth.—Thou shalt not nag thy husband in his own house. Nor shalt thou utter thy most complainings in his ear, lest unhappily he may prefer the corner saloon to thy company.

Sixth.—Thou shalt not envy thy neighbor's house, nor her automobile, nor her millinery. Nor shalt thou point thy lips because thy husband doth not buy thee a sea-silk sack.

Seventh.—Thou shalt not serve punch with a stick in it to the guests of thy reception nor offer high stakes of checkers at thy wistful club, lest thy sons become gamblers or thy sons-in-law drunkards.

Eighth.—Thou shalt not talk deceitfully over the telephone. Nor shalt thou say to the unwelcome guest, "I am so glad to see thee!" nor pass thy fourteen-year-old child at half fare.

Ninth.—Thou shalt not go dressed fit to kill on the streets and slatternly in thine own house, lest thy husband have no comfort in thy appearance. And thou shalt not be gracious and sweet in the church aisle and a shrew in thine home, lest thy children prove deceitful.

Tenth.—Thou shalt not give the teaching of thy child over to thy hand-maiden or to the Sunday school teacher, but thou shalt train up thy child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Nor shalt thou permit the fires of thy father's and thy mother's religion to die out on the altar of thy heart, for verily there is no adornment of woman's life that is like to that of spiritual raiment.

OAK GROVE.

W. E. Persell and wife, who are en route to California for the winter, spent Friday and Saturday with his sister, Mrs. W. M. Rice and family.

A mock trial was given by the ninth grade pupils of our school one day this week. Lowell Paget is suing Lindsay McArthur on a promissory note. This trial comes under business arithmetic.

Irrving Hanson, judge of the court; Donald Bates, clerk; James Peppard, bailiff. Attorneys for the defense are Barton Sherk and Arthur Schaefer, and for the plaintiff, Robert Cosgriff and Earl Jahns.

School will close for the Christmas holidays Friday, December 22nd, and will reopen Tuesday, January 2nd. Each room will have Christmas exercises Friday afternoon.

A debating class has been organized from the Milwaukee, Oak Grove, Gladstone and West Oregon City schools.

Prof. Goetz, of Milwaukee; Prof. L. B. Vedder, of Gladstone, and Prof. A. A. Baldwin, of Oregon City, met with Prof. Dean Butler, of Oak Grove, Friday evening to make arrangements for the classes. The first debate will take place some time in February.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Gilbert and son, Ray, spent a few hours here Monday evening on their way to Rickersall to visit their son, Roy.

The Oak Grove home bakery has opened in the Green building, near the west of the telephone office. A fresh supply of goodies can be found at all times.

Miss Ethel Moore, of the University of Oregon, will spend the holidays with her aunt, Mrs. Endicott. She will also teach the remainder of the week for Mrs. Endicott.

Miss Evelyn Risley, who is a student of the Oregon University, is at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Risley for the holidays.

The stock holders of the Oak Grove Telephone Company will hold their annual meeting in Green's hall January 1st, at 8 P. M.

A road meeting will be held in Green's hall Thursday evening, December 28th, at 8 P. M. All interested are invited.

Miss Lydia Bunnell went to Barlow Tuesday to visit friends for a few days.

Miss Julia Holt went to Portland Tuesday on business.

Arthur Graham, our popular druggist, is laid up with a severe cold.

Mrs. Dobson, of Troutdale, mother of Mrs. J. B. Evans, spent a few hours here Tuesday with her daughter, Mrs. L. Yoshura, who has been quite sick with rheumatism for three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Holt were Portland visitors Tuesday.

Mrs. Endicott went to Oregon City Wednesday morning to take the State examinations.

Mrs. McArthur had a letter from the doctor. He reports he is well and enjoying his studies in the Chicago College of medicine, where he is taking a special course.

Mr. Emmons, of the firm of Warren & Emmons, was a Portland shopper Tuesday evening.

ANSWER IT HONESTLY.

Are the Statements of Oregon City Citizens Not More Reliable Than Those of Utter Strangers?

This is a vital question. It is fraught with interest to Oregon City.

It permits of only one answer. It cannot be evaded or ignored. An Oregon City citizen speaks here. Speaks for the welfare of Oregon City.

A citizen's statement is reliable. An utter stranger's is doubtful. Home proof is the best proof.

Joseph McDermott, Washington St., Oregon City, Ore., says: "I was in had shape with kidney and bladder complaint. My back was so lame and stiff that I could hardly get about and it was all I could do to dress myself. The kidney secretions were scant and the passages too frequent. After taking the contents of a few boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, I was restored to good health and during the past two years, I have had no cause for complaint."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Pretty Fair Proof.

"Are they very much in love?"

"I guess so. They send kisses to each other by telephone and stand waiting with their lips puckered if the report is that the wire is busy."—New York Press

LEM BOSKINS' INVENTORY

He Finally Settled It to His Satisfaction

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"I've sold the store, Luetta," announced Lem Boskins to his clerk one dark November morning. Lem peeled off his overcoat and hung it on a peg near his desk, hung his cap on top of it and rubbed his hands with a grateful air.

Luetta Wilson was a tall, pale, pretty girl who was nearing thirty years and never had had a declared admirer. There was something very shy and reserved about Luetta that made the village young men stand aloof even though they might admire her pale prettiness. Ever since she had left school she had cleaved in Lem Boskins' dry goods store—twelve years in all—and people said she was a fixture. In the last month Lem had announced his business for sale. He was going to sell out and go to New Mexico, where he had an interest in a mine that was paying well.

So this morning as he hung up his hat and overcoat he repeated to Luetta, "I've sold the store, Luetta!"

"You have?" Luetta's voice was quite tremulous, but Lem did not notice it. He did not sell his store every day, and that was exciting enough.

"Yes, you can't guess who to?"

"Not Federman?" she hazarded, busy with her dusting.

"No. You'll never guess, Luetta. George Hine has bought it."

"George Hine!" echoed Luetta, coloring faintly and turning her back so that Lem might not discover her agitation.

"Yes, sir; gave me my price, too, and says you can keep your job. I told him that he couldn't keep store in Traskville without you to keep things straight, and he said he guessed I was right."

"That makes it nice for you, Lem," said Luetta, with a smile. "I suppose you will soon be going out to New Mexico."

"Just as soon as I can take inventory and turn the place over to him," Luetta said, "we've got to take inventory of all the stock and fixtures and give him a list. If you want any help I dare say I can find some girls to help you out."

But Luetta wouldn't accept any help. She had been in the store so long it was a second home to her, and she felt on familiar terms with everything within its shabby interior, and she determined that no other hands save her own should touch a thing.

So Lem's handsome head was bent above his books all day, and Luetta's pale gold hair shone against the dark shelves as she painstakingly took inventory of all the thousand and one articles of women's wear that cumbered the shelves.

There was never anything personal in their relations. To Lem Boskins Luetta was always the grownup little girl whom he had often dragged to school on his sled and who later on proved to be the best clerk he ever had. Lem was ten years older than Luetta, and he said he was a settled bachelor. He was good looking, too, in a big bluff way, and the gray hair at his temples only added to his fine appearance.

Day after day passed, while Luetta patiently waited on customers and Lem pored over papers and ran around the village, making distracted preparations to go away.

One afternoon it rained, and he stayed indoors and offered to help Luetta, who was sorting notions.

"I'll write down the items and you call 'em off," he suggested. "I'd like to get through this week, so's I can go."

"You needn't be in such a hurry, Lem," said Luetta quietly. "You'll be there a good while after you get there."

"So I will," laughed Lem. "Do you know, Luetta, I never think how it will be after I get there. All I can think of is to get away."

"I've resigned, Mr. Hine," she said quickly.

"I see you have," he said shortly, and, going out, he slammed the door.

White Ants.

The tallest structure, compared with the size of the builder, is the hill of the termites, or white ants. If a house of men were proportionately lofty the humblest residence would be a mile high.

Ready For It.

"Hubby, I'm going in for the simple life awhile."

"All right, my dear," said hubby as he reached for his checkbook. "How many gowns will that require?"—Kansas City Journal.

A Charming Woman

is one who is lovely in face, form, mind and temper. But it's hard for a woman to be charming without health. A weak, sickly woman will be nervous and irritable. Constipation and kidney poisons show in pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. But Electric Bitters always prove a godsend to women who want health, beauty and friends. They regulate Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, purify the blood; give strong nerves, bright eyes, pure breath, smooth, velvety skin, lovely complexion and perfect health. Try them. 50c at Jones Drug Co.

seem to think about are the going and the excitement. I suppose it's because I've never been away from home much. It's a good thing I didn't decide to go till after all my folks had passed on. There isn't anybody to mind my going."

"That's so," said Luetta, with unexpected crispness.

At noon Luetta went home to dinner and while Lem sat there alone consulting his time tables in came George Hine, who had bought the store. He was a tall, thin, dark man with a scanty black beard worn in a point.

George Hine placed his umbrella carefully in the stand near the door and walked down the store to the back part where Lem was sitting.

"Take a chair," said Lem, tossing his time tables aside. "Come to have a look around?"

"Yes. Have you got the inventory ready?"

"No. We're working on it now. Luetta wouldn't have any help. She made up her mind she would do it all herself. It takes longer, but she knows her stuff."

"Luetta's a pretty good clerk," observed George Hine.

"There ain't a better one in the world."

"I suppose it would be hard work to find anybody to take her place," went on George Hine, more as if he was speaking to himself.

"You ain't thinking of turning Luetta Wilson off, George?" Lem's eyes flashed strangely.

"What if I am?" asked the other lazily.

"Nothing, only I'll call the deal off. Luetta's worked in this store too many years to be turned off now. I'll keep the store and let her run it for me before I'll see her turned off," said Lem hotly.

"George Hine smiled tolerantly. "Don't get excited, Lem. You won't be called upon to do anything as sensational as all that. Just the same I may discharge Luetta Wilson as soon I take over the store."

"Oh, you will, will you?" sneered Lem.

"Yes. Don't get so hot, Lem. Wait until you hear the rest of it," scouted the other man good naturedly. "If Luetta Wilson leaves this store it will be because she's going to marry me."

"Oh!" said Lem, very much as if he had received an unexpected slap in the face. "I didn't know."

The door opened, a customer entered, and George Hine sauntered out. Later Lem saw him standing on the corner talking to Luetta. Lem felt strangely savage about the whole thing and slammed dry goods around the store until Luetta fluttered back to her place behind the counter.

"I suppose you enjoy getting up this inventory for George Hine," said Lem tactlessly.

"I don't know what you mean," said Luetta calmly, though a little color flickered in her cheeks.

"Of course I can't expect anybody to care much because I'm going away," went on Lem, foolishly reckless and suddenly fiercely jealous.

"Of course not," said Luetta, with unexpected spirit.

"Why not?"

"Because you haven't acted as if you cared whether you were leaving anybody behind or not," said Luetta vaguely. "Here's some more shell hairpins, Lem. Put those down on the inventory."

So Lem Boskins wrote down the shell hairpins, and papers of needles and darning, and spoils of thread, and tape measures, and papers of pins, and shoestrings, and hair nets and "rats," and not one did his lips part to utter the little jokes that usually came readily to him as he worked. Lem was looking worried and harassed and not at all happy. He was sorely puzzled in a big way sort of way, and he was trying to work it out in his mind to his own satisfaction.

At 5 o'clock Luetta brought him the last sheet of foolscap paper and said, "The inventory's finished, Lem."

He glanced at it carelessly, and then his eyes sought her blue eyes and held them in a long, close look.

"You got everything in, Luetta?"

"Everything, I'm sure."

"How about yourself, Luetta?"

"Me?" she faltered and then blushed hotly. "Lem Boskins, are you laughing at me?"

He arose and stood close beside her. "Luetta," he said in a low, husky voice, "I've been an awful fool, and I never knew it till this noon when George Hine came in here and told me that when he took over the store he might discharge you because you were going to marry him. I didn't know that, Luetta."

"I didn't know it either," said Luetta quietly now that she realized the great moment had come into her life.

"When you're not," he asked eagerly. "Not if I never marry."

"When George Hine told me that I suddenly realized that in leaving Traskville I was leaving you behind and that you and your pretty gold hair here in the store were the dearest things in the world to me. I've been a terrible fool, Luetta. Would you, could you, care for me enough so's I could include you in the inventory of what belongs to me?" He was whispering, because she was in his arms and her pale gold hair was against his rough woolen shoulder and her cheeks were pink and wet with tears.

Luetta, standing there in her lover's arms, saw the door open quickly and George Hine enter and stand angry and amazed at the scene before him, Luetta's woman wit came to the rescue.

"I've resigned, Mr. Hine," she said quickly.

"I see you have," he said shortly, and, going out, he slammed the door.

Life Saver

In a letter from Branchland, W. Va., Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman says: "I suffered from womanly troubles nearly five years. All the doctors in the county did me no good. I took Cardui, and now I am entirely well. I feel like a new woman. Cardui saved my life! All who suffer from womanly trouble should give Cardui a trial."

Take CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

50 years of proof have convinced those who tested it, that Cardui quickly relieves aches and pains due to womanly weakness, and helps nature to build up weak women to health and strength. Thousands of women have found Cardui to be a real life saver. Why not test it for your case? Take Cardui today!

Wants, For Sale, etc.

FOR SALE—One black mare, coming four years old, very gentle, but not broke to work, weight 1150 pounds. Farmers Feed Yard, O. F. Hegdale, owner, between Second and Third on Main street, Oregon City.

FOR SALE—Team of young colts, 6 months old, will make very large horses—\$140.00. M. Hansen, Canby, Oregon, R. No. 2.

HOME NURSERY—Fine yearling trees—apples, pears and cherries—10c each. A. J. Walker, Milwaukee, Oregon.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

THE BLESSING OF DEBT.

Are you in debt?

Most persons are. And with most of us it is a good thing to be under obligation to creditors.

A debt is a load that holds one steady.

We are like horses who need not only the load, but the spur. The debt is the load; the creditor is the spur.

Debt is often a blessing in disguise. It arouses within us the divine force that makes for winning.

Balzac would write only when he was in debt. And usually he was in debt; therefore his long shelf full of books.

We like Balzac, need sometimes to feel the spur in our flanks.

Who can say what treasures of Sir Walter we might have missed had not Scott been under the necessity of paying his debts?

Or what should we have had from Goldsmith, who "wrote like an angel and talked like Poor Poll" and who was always borrowing?

And our own Mark Twain.

Mr. Clemens says by nature he was lazy. But at the age of sixty he felt the spur. His publishing house failed, and though he was not under the legal necessity, he felt morally bound to pay the creditors in full.

In paying that debt what a delightful heritage was left!

It is no disgrace to owe a debt.

The disgrace consists in neglecting or refusing to pay.

You may reach an honest man in no more tender spot than to send him his bill marked "Please remit" or to have the collector call more than once.

He wants to pay. It hurts him to disappoint or fail. He will do his best.

If the debt is made with likelihood of payment and the desire to meet the obligation it is a blessing, because—

Lacking capital, the average man would get nothing ahead. But by going in debt he buys something, buckles down to the job and pays out, becoming by so much a capitalist.

It is hard sometimes, but—

When the load is landed at the end of the road the sting of the road is forgotten.

Thomas and Clarence Evans, of Hazeldele, were in this city Tuesday.

Prices in Missouri in 1837.

Old records brought to light in Linn county give some interesting figures of many years ago. Cows were quoted in 1837 at \$7 to \$10; horses, \$25 to \$40; hogs, a head, \$1.25 to \$1.50; a nice veal calf sold for 75 cents, eggs 3 cents a dozen and deer hams 25 cents each. You could get a man to work for you from sunup till dark at from 10 to 15 cents a day, and he accepted pay in pelts, hides, twists of tobacco, wild honey or yarn mitts—Kansas City Times.

Doria, the Sea Rover.

Doria sailed in Genoa, where Verdi lived at one time, is little associated in these days with the sea rover who gave the palace his name. Andrea Doria, supposed to have been a native of Genoa, fought against his country in the service of Francis I. of France. Subsequently he deserted the French and went over to the Spanish-Austrian party, thereby checking the progress of French arms in Italy. He drove the French out of Genoa in 1528 and was made doge, or chief magistrate.

REAL ESTATE

United States to James T. Edgerlon, 123.75 acres of section 7, township 2 south, range 6 east; Patent.

C. W. and Elma B. Johnson to George R. Dearford, and Alice M. Dearford, 12 acres of D. L. C. of Caleb and Alice Hickey No. 69, township 1 south, range 3 east; \$1,800.

Henry Titter to Thomas McManus, lot 3 or block 16, Oregon Iron & Steel Company's First Addition to Oswego; \$250.

John R. and Elsie Outfield to L. and Stella M. Wilcox, Tract 4, Concord Heights; \$1,781.

T. Leonard Charman and Kate Charman to Walter Ford, lot 4 of block 4, Westlyn; \$75.

Sharies Delfel and Jennie Delfel to Anna Root, 220 acres of section 16, township 7 south, range 4 east; \$10.

T. C. Staley and Minnie A. Staley to Anna M. Root, lots 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 1