

They Come From Everywhere

My Cost Mark

1234567890X
BANKRUPTCY Rep.

And They Are Still Coming



There have been Sales

But--no one has ever yet dare to hand their cost mark to the public and say, Here, Come and Help Yourselves.

COME TODAY!



Beside giving you my cost mark to help yourself to anything in my big-stock I offer you many lines, and many things in all lines at

25c ON THE DOLLAR

200 pair Ladies' Shoes, \$2.50 to \$3 the pair. These are elegant every day wear Shoes. The pair only	50 all-wool SWEATERS worth up to \$1.50
\$1.18	25c
100 Fascinators and Wool Head Wraps worth up to \$1.50	100 pairs Children's and Ladies' WOOL MITTS, 25c, 35c, 50c
15c	10c
50 Misses' and Ladies COATS	30 Children's Plush and Bear Skin COATS, Caps to match worth up to \$7.50
\$10 to \$15	Now ONLY
\$2.48	\$1.98

150 pair men's new, up to date Dress Shoes, all leathers, and these shoes have not been on the shelves 30 days. \$5 to \$6 Shoes	50 Men's all Wool and Mixed Wool Drawers and Shirts. Regular \$1.00 to \$1.50
\$2.48	48c
50 Men's Suits, just from the Manufacturer, \$15 to \$20	100 Garments, of Ladies' Heavy Knit and Fleeced UNDERWEAR. Regular 35c and 50c
\$9.00	18c
200 Yards Fancy Outing and Tozel Flannelettes	Suitings Heavy Plaid Grey Mixtures
REGULAR 12 CENTS	Regular 50c
For this sale	For this sale only
8c	18c

ACTION in this case must be quick and decisive. I am compelled good folks to raise

\$10,000

AT ONCE. Forced by the inevitable hand of fate I MUST SACRIFICE. I tried to mail every one in Clackamas County full announcement of the cause, together with a card bearing my Cost Mark. If you did not get one come and see. My mark appears above.

I will pay \$100 to any charitable institution named by finder of a single misstatement in this ad.

RAINCOATS - RAINCOATS

Ladies' HATS - Ladies' HATS

50
Ladies Hand Made Hats, trimmed, splendid assortment, Regular \$7.50, \$10, \$15

While they last **\$1.48**

50
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Rain Coats, \$7.50 Regular.--While They Last.

Hurry **\$3.48** Hurry

ELLIOTT BROS. DEPARTMENT STORE

Sale Starts Saturday A. M., FOR 5 DAYS

7th & Madison On The Hill

Sale Starts Saturday A. M., FOR 5 DAYS ONLY

Lick's Luck.
James Lick, the founder and endorser of the great astronomical establishment in California, was born in very humble circumstances, we are told, at Fredericksburg, Pa., Aug. 25, 1780. Having made a small fortune of \$30,000 or \$40,000 by commerce with South America, he invested it in San Francisco land while as yet the great city of the Golden Gate was but a strip of wild brown sand between the mighty Pacific and the now famous bay. The gold fever broke out in the spring of 1848, and the little cluster of wooden shacks became all at once a center of attraction to thousands all over the world. The 500 inhabitants increased to hundreds of thousands; hotels, villas, places of business rose like magic for miles after miles along the bay, and in the sudden phenomenal rise of the price of land James Lick found himself one of the rich men of the world. It was thus that he got the money for his large bequests to science.—New York Mail.

When Freedom Shrieked.
It is much to be feared that the great Pole, Kosciusko, is known to most Americans simply from the line in a famous poem. "And Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell."
"One might suppose that the hero fell in battle. In fact, he died serenely in Switzerland at seventy-one after falling to maintain the independence of Poland. His fall was political and military, but not physical.
It should be remembered that the great Pole was the most distinguished engineer officer in the armies commanded by Washington; that he fought and labored long and well for the patriot cause. It was he who laid out the defenses at West Point which Benedict Arnold tried to betray to the British, and in a sense the Military academy is a monument to him, for he lived to see it started on its glorious career.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Mustaches.
A mustache is what you choose to

make it. Almost every man has the raw materials at his command, and he can cut them or cuddle them as he sees fit. Some men beat their mustaches savagely back into their upper lips, refusing them growth, shave them remorselessly once or twice a day and never let a hair of them see the light of day. Other men coax and caress their mustaches to emerge, pet them, pamper them, protect them and view the resultant bliseful effects in the light of artistic achievements. But not all mustaches are artistic. Some are stubby, and some are scraggly, and some are simply unmowed hair. Now and again we encounter a work of superior excellence, an accomplishment in mustache making, a feat in facial foliage.—Saturday Evening Post.

Easily Identified.
While rambling around with his father one afternoon little Johnny came to a miniature lake on which two swans were swimming.
"Papa," said Johnny, pointing a chubby little finger out over the lake, "is that the father swan or the mother swan?"
"Which one do you mean, Johnny?" asked the old man, glancing in the direction indicated by the boy.
"I mean the one over there," answered Johnny, "the one with all the feathers pecked off his head and isn't allowed to have the biscuit or nothing."
"Yes, my son," promptly rejoined papa, with just a suspicion of a sigh. "That's the father swan, all right."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Interpreter Wanted.
Curling, like its sister Scottish game of golf, has its own vocabulary. Here is a dialogue in which a Scot in the antipodes tried to illustrate the "kittle pints" of the game to his New Zealand friends.
"What's a pit-ld, Mr. Macpherson?" asked an inexperienced member of the venerable "ship."
"Diy ye no see, ye gowk?" said the skip. "Ye ding yer stance canilly, but

noe sae fine as the hog it; noe halfin' beg nor jinkin' turn, ye ken, but tentliely, that it aye gangs swootin' an' strachit as an eider'd wauk, hog snautherin' among the gairds till ye fan' on the verra tee. When ye're dune that, laddie, ye've made a pat-ld, and ye may hear the gree!"

The Prosperity Pass.
When you are down on your luck keep a stiff upper lip and a smiling countenance. Don't let the world know that you are down or everybody will want to give you an additional kick. Put on an air of prosperity; everybody will help to boost you upward. Men will want to hang on the coattails of your success in the hope of tearing a strip off for themselves.—Dramatic Mirror.

Solves the Mystery.
"When I got to New York I wonder how all those teeming millions manage to grab out a living."
"Say on."
"But when I leave, with a depleted bank roll, the mystery is not so great as it was."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Question Answered.
Doctor (after examination)—Madam, there is nothing ailing you. You have a constitution of iron. Obese Patient—I have often wondered what made me so heavy.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Alike in One Way.
La Ribes—I wonder why it is that the government puts a woman's likeness on nearly all coins. Eddie—I guess it's because money talks too!—Kansas City Star.

Suit Yourself.
Observe you man. He's far from gay. It seems his wife has gone away. You other man is powed with woe. It seems his wife declines to go. We dodge the moral, as it were. Pick out the moral you prefer.—Judge

Somersault by Aeroplane.
Captain Aubry of the French army accomplished a complete somersault while aboard an aeroplane high above the earth. "I was returning after a thirty-five minute flight," the captain said, "facing a wind of about twenty two miles per hour. My altitude was about 2,500 feet. At the moment of descent a series of violent gusts struck the machine. As I dipped the nose of the machine a couple of quick gusts struck the top of the main planes and placed me in a vertical position. While endeavoring to manipulate the elevator I found the machine had taken me in a perfectly vertical chute to less than 1,500 feet. It here adopted a horizontal attitude upside down and proceeded to effect a full first rollplane." Continuing, he said: "The machine then gradually took up the vertical position again, describing a scanty 'S' while doing so. Fifteening out, I flew to a spot about two miles distant."

Corrected the Inspector.
In a police court an inspector was giving evidence of the arrest of the prisoner. "I went to No. 27," he said importantly, in a dignified staccato fashion that came from long practice, "where I saw the prisoner in bed. I said, 'I have a warrant for your arrest for burglariously entering the premises at'—and so on. At the end of the inspector's evidence the magistrate asked the prisoner, 'Any questions?' 'Yes, sir," said the prisoner, and he intimated that the inspector had not given his evidence correctly. "I'm sure," he said, "Mr. Jackson, the inspector, 'don't want to say only what is true. Didn't you come to my room,' turning to the inspector, 'and say, 'Now, then, Ginger, 'up out of it—I want yer?'"—London Mail.

Iron Mold Stains.
Iron mold stains spread in any fabric they come in contact with in the wash. To remove them stretch the stained part over a basin nearly full of boiling water so that the steam may

penetrate the fabric and apply with a feather a teaspoonful of salt dissolved in a dessertspoonful of lemon juice. When the marks disappear dip the material well into the hot water; afterward rinse very thoroughly in cold water.—Exchange.

In the Same Boat.
"Sir, could you give me a little assistance?" said the weary wayfarer. "I don't know where my next meal is coming from."
"Neither do I," replied the prosperous-looking individual. "My cook left this morning too."—New York Globe.

Thumbs Down.
The turning down of the thumbs in the old Roman games did not signify death. There was no such sign. To signify that the spectators desired the death of the vanquished gladiator the fist, with the thumb hidden inside it, was turned down.

A Face and an Offense.
Captain—If I see your face in my house again I shall slap it. Noble For esigner—Ah, but it sees a punishable offense! Captain—Of course it is. That is why I want to slap it.—Judge.

Quaint Description.
Little Elsie, sitting in a street car opposite a man with twitching eyelids, whispered to her mother, "Mamma, that poor man has the biceps in his eyes."—Boston Transcript.

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consists in promoting the pleasures of others.—La Bruyere.

Important Question.
"George dear," began a bride while on the way to the station for the honeymoon. "I want you to answer me just one question, and then I shall feel sure of you."
"What is it, darling?"
"If you knew that I loved you as much as you love me, would you love me as much as I love you?"—London Answers.

Hat Island's Unique Rookery.
Hat Island, in the Great Salt Lake, Utah, is probably the most unique rookery in the world, as well as one of the most densely populated. The island contains about twelve acres, and on a rocky pinnacle a hundred feet above the brine, with not a drop of fresh water to be found and where there is nothing to excite the cupidity or commercial instinct of man, the birds—gulls, pelicans, herons and cormorants by the thousand—make their home. The island can be seen at a distance of ten miles, rising like a "cocked hat" out of the sapphire of the inland sea. The birds are utterly fearless. Protected as they are by the laws of the state, they have had little cause to fear man and his death dealing weapons. It is necessary to use the greatest care to avoid stepping on the nests and eggs of the tens of thousands of sea fowl that have established their rookeries on the islet.—Argonaut.

A Change of Front.
The famous surgeon, the late Dr. William Bull of New York, once asked Dr. Osler to join him in a drive through the park in his gig. On one of the upper reaches of the drive the horse grew restive, rearing and pawing in a spirited way that Dr. Bull was familiar with and not the least afraid of.
"Gently—go gently, William!" said Dr. Osler. "Don't irritate him. Always soothe your horse, William, and I think you will do better without me on the seat. Pray let me down."
When Dr. Osler was once safely landed on the ground, however, he said: "Now, William, touch him up. Never let a horse get the better of you. Touch him up, conquer him, don't spare him. And now, William, I'll leave you to manage him. I'll walk back," concluded the man willing to celerate anybody else.—New York Tribune.

Couldn't Be Divided.
In Felix Moscheles' "Fragments of an Autobiography" occurs the following: Mme. Schumann was wanted to play at a little musical reunion, but she did not respond. Mr. Moscheles was deputed to approach her. "Was she inclined to play?"
"Particularly disinclined," was the discouraging response.
The envoy tried again and mentioned her husband's "Carnival." "One part I particularly love, the 'March of the Davidshändler.' If I could only hear you play just that page or two!"
This roused her. "Page or two, indeed!" she cried. "Wenn man de 'Carnaval' spielt, spielt man ihn ganz." (When one plays the 'Carnaval,' one must play it all.) And she played the whole.

Feyther and the Passon.
After a Saturday afternoon tramp in Cheshire, writes a correspondent in the Manchester Guardian, I stopped at a little whitewashed inn, where I heard the following rustic story. On a bench outside half a dozen farm workers, with faces and bared arms richly sunburned, were relating reminiscences of bygone times.
"Did Ah liver tell yo' about my poor owd feyther and the passon?" asked a white whiskered sturdy veteran. "No? Well, passon meets feyther one day, an' ses 'e, 'John, Ah could find yo' a bit o' job blowin' f' organ up at f' church o' Sundays if yo' don't mind.' 'Aye, thankee, str,' ses feyther. 'Ah'd be very glad, but Ah doubt Ah hevna wind enough.'"

By its Lonesome.
He—What would you say if I were to tell you that I have a bright idea?
She—I should say that it might stand a pretty good chance of becoming lonesome.—Christie's Science Monitor.

A Danger.
Unfortunately a proud spirit is always in danger of being mistaken for a bad disposition.—Puck.