

WAIT— WATCH THE PAPERS For Full Account

THE MOST SENSATIONAL ANNOUNCEMENT In The History of Oregon City WILL BE EXPLODED In This Space Tomorrow Save Your Money—Don't Spend A Cent UNTIL YOU SEE

MME. PAQUIN'S GOWN.

Worn by the Great
French Dressmaker.



PAQUIN MODEL IN BROADCLOTH.

This strikingly handsome three piece costume was designed by and made for Mme. Paquin, the head of the great Parisian dressmaking establishment that bears her name. The skirt wraps the figure just about as closely as possible and does not bespeak increasing width in skirts. The narrow petticoat or underskirt is of white broadcloth, with ornamental straps of navy blue cloth placed at equal distances to form laces and a half stripes. Over this is posed the tunic, which opens at the left side to reveal the striped petticoat. On one corner of the tunic is a large motif in soutache, together with half buttons in white pearl placed in double lines along the edge.

Shaming Robert Wren.
Very much in the order of a...

Riding Hood cape is the little wrap seen in the illustration, which is especially designed for wear over the dainty blouse.



CAPE OF BROADCLOTH.

The dancing school dress. The hood is a fine protection against the wintry winds. Broadcloth or any rather heavy material is suitable for the cape, with a pretty silk lining for the hood.

A Georgia Woman Inventor.
Mrs. Gertrude Smith of Valdosta, Ga., has recently invented two kitchen devices which will be of great good to housekeepers. One of these is a coffee and tea strainer, the other a percolator, and both may be used with the ordinary teapot or coffee pot.

The two new inventions save money as well as time, the inventor claims, and Mrs. Smith is being besieged by inventors and manufacturers for the right of sale of her useful articles.

Mrs. Smith's invention, which indicates a practical interest in household affairs at this time when women are so generally charged with carelessness in this direction, is most refreshing, and she has been invited by the Atlanta committee to exhibit her inventions in the woman's department of the Appalachian exposition, which will be held in Knoxville, Tenn., early in September.

A DEAD GIVEAWAY

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

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Mother and I one summer rented a furnished house, the owner of which went to the country. The lady of

whom we rented asked us if we would object to keeping her parrot. I told her I would make myself personally responsible for the bird, called Gip, and she need feel no anxiety about him whatever. She was much relieved at this, for it would have given her a great deal of trouble to take him with her, and he was a very valuable bird.

Two or three days after the owner's departure and our entrance to the house and asked for Miss Barrows, a young lady member of the family of whom we rented. The maid told him that they had all gone away, but could not tell where, so I went downstairs to give him the information.

He told me that he was an old friend of the Barrows family; that he had been out of town and was much disappointed that they had gone away, because he had counted on having them in the city to visit when most persons were away. As it was, he should be very lonely. He had especially counted on using the library. He said all this so promptly that I felt it incumbent upon me to say to him that he would be welcome to use the library whenever he liked. He thanked me very much and departed.

There is an unwritten, unspoken language between the sexes, and Mr. Blinder was talking it all the while, especially with his eyes. I knew perfectly well that he cared nothing about the books, but wished to make my acquaintance. And I doubted not that he knew I understood his real purpose. Had I not felt toward him something akin to what he felt toward me there would not have been any such understanding between us.

Several days later when I was called for the afternoon Mr. Blinder called and asked for me. I went down to see him, and he told me he had taken advantage of my kind permission to read in the library. I knew very well that he had called to see me. But I told him to make himself at home among the books and returned to the upper floor. As I expected, he soon called for the maid and told her to ask me if I would kindly come down and help him find a book he wanted. I consented, but the book was not in the library. He had seen that it wasn't there before sending for me.

tenants in my behalf for permitting you to use the library, but I hope Gip will not be disturbed from his customary habitation."

The meaning of these words about Gip was that his cage usually hung in the library. I told Mr. Blinder to assure Miss Barrows that Gip had not been moved.

The result of Mr. Blinder using the library was what might have been expected from the first—a love affair between him and me. And I confess it was a very strong love affair. He told me that the moment he had seen me at the time of his first call he knew that I was the woman he wanted for a wife. And he blessed that meeting because he had intended to marry a woman whom he supposed he wanted and had not known what love was till he met me.

That was the summer of my life. I gave myself up to the enjoyment of a new born love, and when the season drew to a close and our lease was about to expire I mourned our anticipated departure.

The library was used for the living room and the day the Barrowses arrived we all went in there together. Why she did it I don't know, but Miss Barrows asked Mr. Blinder if he couldn't call that day for a 5 o'clock tea. He came and before he left I was made aware of her object in asking him. While we were all in the room together Miss Barrows went up to Gip's cage. Gip was delighted to see her and made a great flutter.

"Hello, Gip," she said, "have they been good to you while we have been away?"

"Kiss me, Ethel," squawked the parrot.

"My name is Ethel." "Go" by. "One more." My face and Mr. Blinder's were both as red as a couple of beets. Meanwhile the parrot was ruffling up his feathers and dancing about on his perch. Miss Barrows gave Mr. Blinder a withering look and swept out of the room. They had been on the eve of an engagement.

whole life." "It was as if a pebble should deflect a river from its course and make it turn and overflow a landscape."

And then— "Suddenly it seems to her that her whole life had been just a sunny slope down to the edge of a gulf. . . . It is not the pebble that turns the current. It is the easy slope that invites it. All her life Elizabeth had been inviting this moment, just as some of us are inviting baleful tomorrows."

How true an exposure of human action! Men and women do not go wrong in a moment. They do not fall suddenly as from a precipice. They tread primrose paths of dalliance down a sunny slope—to the gulf!

No action is isolated. Each is linked to each like the links of a chain. Once the chain is forged you are bound. Thought, feeling, action, habit, destiny—those are the links; that is the chain.

A man is false in one particular—tells a lie, means or cruel or impure, and nothing comes of it. But—

The man is started down grade. The descent to Avernus is easy. Later he is launched on the toboggan slide. When he least expects it he has reached the bottom. He is amazed to find that one little act has spelled ruin. It was not the "crazy moment"—it was "the easy slope," the life tendency, which invited the rash moment. "Sin may be forgiven, but its consequences are eternal."

Beware "the easy slope."

The Game of Golf.
Farmer Foddershocks—How do them summer boarders of yours keep busy?

Reuben Robbins—They play golf. F. F.—What in Sam Hill's that? R. R.—As near as I can make out it's solitaire shindy.—Toledo Blade.

The Grandest Old Bore.
Methuselah hunched. "Remember a summer just like this 700 years ago?" he cried. Alas, the others slunk away.—New York Sun.

First Recorded Solar Eclipse.
Herodotus gives us the initial record of a total eclipse of the sun when he observes that about 619 B. C. in the last struggle between the Medes and Lydians, hostilities were brought to a sudden close by the day turning into night.

SOULS AND HOUSES.
You will confer the greatest benefit on your city not by raising its roofs, but by exalting its souls, for it is better that great souls live in small habitations than that abject slaves should borrow in great houses.—Epictetus.

Looks That Way.
"I put my foot right down on the whole business."
"You V-ined it, eh?"

Stories from Out of Town

CAPE HORN.

Most every one in this berg has gone to the hopyards.

Mrs. Ivan Dimick has been ill. She is in Portland under a doctor's care.

Mr. Parry Burns had a paralytic stroke Saturday which left him in a very bad condition.

George Main, who has for nine years been working for Jim Atkins, has moved his family to Portland, where Mr. Main will work in a blacksmith shop with Mr. Roush.

Mrs. Clyde Smith, of Eldorado, was in our berg Monday to get peaches from Mr. Wilkerson, and spent part of the day with Mrs. Riggs.

Mrs. Joe Thomas has purchased a sewing machine.

Misses Bertha Riggs, Nancy Thomas, and Mabel and Myrtle Burns left Sunday for the hop yard at Needy.

Mrs. Sam Walker, son and daughter, called at the Coulter home Monday.

TWILIGHT.

Miss Bertha Bullard has returned from an extended visit with relatives in Portland.

M. J. Lazelle is in Salem this week looking after the interests of Clackamas County exhibits.

Mrs. Arthur Russell and children, from Myrtle Point, are visiting her sister, Mrs. Henry Scheer.

Mr. Myer, who has been working on a dairy ranch at Myrtle Point, for his son-in-law, Arthur Russell, has returned.

Fred J. Meindl and family, of Portland, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lazelle Sunday.

BAPTIST, THE CHURCH OF GOD, OTHER CONGREGATIONALISTS, METHODISTS, LATTER DAY SAINTS, LUTHERANS, TONGUES OF FIRE.

All the hop yards will finish week, then we will race in the City, Portland and other nearby to spend our money.

Some of the people were last Wednesday night about 10 o'clock and repeated calls but as continued, most everyone could it was some drunk on the road.

Mr. and Mrs. Powell ran out on porch and could then plainly see folks in the Schatz garden, and decided in getting them up by continued ringing of the phone and found a whole band of cattle in the garden having a grand feed.

calls were made by Mr. Lohr and returned home that way from there.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterson have been again engaged to clean the school house which they will do as soon hop picking is over.

School is to open on Monday after caring for her whole except one little boy, all of whom the mumps, Mrs. Zack Ellinger taken with the disease on both of her face on Tuesday of last month and for four days she could not mouthful and suffered from it. At the present the boy is entirely left and she is left quite but we trust on the road to recovery.

Fruites, which are barely enough, are cracking from the warm rains and housewives are to Monday the mail carrier did not rise till after 3 P. M. instead of 1 o'clock. He got to the bridge which has been in a deplorable condition for some time and the planks torn up, making a detour necessary.

We would miss our daily much as we do our telephone.

Sometimes our telephone little, but more times it doesn't.

The belief in this community quite general that life and property in this state is not very secure long as Governor West occupies chair, and has the pardoning power.

Most criminals have long wives and innocent daughters who sing some little ditty. Well, likely, was thinking tenderly of the all the time he was parading the tilted body of Johnson into the for shame on such marvellous mentality.

BALL HAS FINE HOP YIELD.

Crop of Extra Quality seed average 2,000 pounds from the Persons returning from the State in that part of the hop crop, Ball, who owns a large hop yard, a fine crop the third best year in the State. His hops will average 10 pounds to the acre and in the best of care of his yard will always receive the best price. Ball's yard is located at Holladay several Oregon City people played by him over.