



Wrong Diagnosis. "So you're going to marry again? I thought you said your heart was broken." "I guess I was just sprained."

MORE FINE FRUIT FOR COUNTY SHOW

Believing that it pays to pack fruit in an attractive manner, A. H. Finnegan, of Oregon City, Friday afternoon presented to the publicity department of the Commercial club some superb boxes of selected strawberries. Each box was surmounted with a neat green label, bearing the name and address of the grower, and stating that the fruit was fully ripened and of the best standard. The berries were packed as carefully as Yakima apples, and were the delight of all who saw them.

Manager Freytag, of the publicity bureau, "confiscated" a number of the boxes for display purposes, and as a result has greatly increased the beauty of the county exhibition of choice fruits. Mr. Freytag also has on hand for distribution—the berries are not for distribution, but only for admiration—a number of premium lists from the state fair, and some reports of the state horticulture commissioner. All callers will be welcome to copies, and will also be allowed to look at the fine fruit display.

MILITARY BALL TONIGHT

Members of Company L, the local militia company, have completed all preparations for the military ball to be given by them Saturday evening in Busch's hall. Olson's orchestra, from Portland, one of the finest bands in the state, has been engaged for the occasion, and all members of the company have furnished up buttons and accountants, so that the occasion will be brilliant.

BEAVERS WIN THIS ONE

Portland 8, San Francisco 1. Oakland 12, Sacramento 10. Venice 12, Los Angeles 4. Coast League Standings. Los Angeles 532. Oakland 507. San Francisco 506. Venice 468. Sacramento 465. Portland 467.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

County Clerk Mulvey has issued marriage licenses to the following: Anna Thiel and Edward Harnock, of Aurora; Julia Harms and Grover G. Faulkner, of Oregon City; Florence Tams and Charles Steele, of Portland; Martha L. Birkema and Chester C. McLoughlin, of Milwaukie.

Editors at Grand Forks.

GRAND FORKS, N. D., June 20.—The question of "patent or home print" was exhaustively discussed here today at the annual meeting of the North Dakota Editorial association. The North Dakota publishers have been waging a fight for some time against the placing of advertising on the so-called "patent" or "inside" pages of their papers by the companies furnishing them. More than 100 of the newspapers have adopted "home print" exclusively.

West Virginia's Jubilee

WHEELING, W. Va., June 20.—The West Virginia semi-centennial celebration reached its climax today, which is the fiftieth anniversary of the creation of the state during the storm and stress of the civil war. The celebration festivities centered in this city and included parades, military reviews, historical exercises and numerous other features. The orations of the principal speakers were communicated by telephone to all the leading cities and towns of the state.

Annual Moody Gathering.

EAST NORTHFIELD, Mass., June 20.—The Student Conference, the first of the annual religious gatherings established by Dwight L. Moody, opened here today with an attendance of college men from many of the leading institutions of the eastern states and Canada.

There is profit in poultry when kept free from lice and disease.

Conkey's Noxi-cide is an all-around dip, disinfectant, spray and lice liquid. Easy to use and cheap, as it mixes with 50 to 100 parts water. Only \$1.50 per gallon. Makes 100 gallons disinfectant. For sale by the Oregon Commission Co.

Melvin Glass, the 12-year old son of Lyle Glass, of Parkplace, fell from a cherry tree Friday and broke his left arm. Dr. Guy Mount was called to set the injured limb.

It Was Never Used.

When Scowles was at Oxford he was a most excellent fellow and had only one enemy—soap. He was called "Dirty" Scowles. One day the wag Bolus went into his rooms and, demonstrating with him on the untidy, slovenly and dirty state of everything, said: "Upon my word, 'Dirty,' it's too bad! The only clean thing in the room is your towel."—London Tatler.

Cause For His Fright.

"Hamlet Fatt is timorous about appearing in this town." "Stage fright at his age? Why, he's been on the boards for years." "But this is the first time he was ever billed for two nights in one place."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Does This Explain Term?

Big word with newspaper—Here's a parcel of land for sale. Big—A mortgage on it probably. Dix—Why do you think so? Dix—A parcel is generally tied up, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Warning Minnie.

"What is your name?" "Minnie, mum." "All right, but we expect a maximum of work out of you."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

Practice.

"I could hold your hand forever!" he exclaimed rapturously. "If you did," she replied calmly, "you might learn how."—Life.

Tonsorial Artistry.

Customer (facetiously)—Do you suppose you can cut my hair without making me look like an idiot? Barber (diffidently)—It will be a pretty difficult thing to do, but I will try.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The classified ad columns of The Enterprise satisfy your wants.

"DO YOU WANT A WIFE?"

A Tale of the New York Emigrant Station By SARAH G. TREVOR

The town of Aberaeron, on the coast of Wales, looks out westward on the waters of the Atlantic. Here lived a young man just coming of age, who, dissatisfied with the limited opportunities afforded him in a little Welsh town, purposed to emigrate to America. The Welsh language is renowned for being unpronounceable by any other nationality, and Welsh names resemble a lot of type knocked into pl. Therefore I shall have to give the characters of this story English names. I shall call this young man John.

John, despite his ambition to improve his fortunes in new fields, was much attached to his beloved Wales. His neighbors loved him, and he loved them. In the house next to his home lived a family with whose younger members he had been brought up. There were two boys, one about his own age, another a few years older, and at the time this story commences a little girl—we will call her Mary—about eleven years of age.

John spent some time trying to make up his mind to go to America and more time raising the money to take him there. Then he went about bidding his neighbors goodbye, and by the time he had finished it seemed to him that it would be impossible for him to go after all. But he was a stout-hearted young fellow and, having made up his mind, would not turn back. Little



"YOU MAY THINK ME BOLD," HE SAID.

Mary was the last one to whom he bade adieu, and when he kissed her goodbye he said: "When I have made my fortune in America I will send you something nice for a gift."

The child, seeing the sadness in his eye, clung to him, winding her arms around his neck, loath to let him go. "Aren't you ever coming back?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not—at any rate, not till I've made myself independent."

The parting over, John went up to Liverpool, where he took steamer passage for New York. In due time he landed and went to work at his trade.

Eight years passed, during which there were great changes among the friends John had left in the little town of Aberaeron. Little Mary's father and mother had died and left her in poverty. She was now nineteen years old and willing to work, but what could she do in a little seacoast town in an old country where no improvement was going on? She remembered the departure of John for America. It had been quite an important event in the quiet place and had made an impression on the child's mind. America had then been so far distant that she fancied John would be a year or more in getting there. She knew now that the fastest steamer crossed the ocean in four days. The idea of going to America, where women found opportunities for all kinds of work, got into her head, and after many days' debate with herself and seeking information from her neighbors she determined to undertake the trip—that is, if she could get the necessary funds.

Among other things, she learned that paupers would not be admitted into the United States; that every emigrant would be required to prove that he or she would not become a burden on the government. This seemed to Mary to be the most important barrier in her way. The most money she could hope to control was the amount requisite to pay her fare across the ocean; when she reached her destination she must rely upon getting work at once. This she learned would not satisfy the emigration authorities.

John had from time to time written to those in his native town stating that he was doing well and was becoming satisfied in his new home. He had not forgotten them and if any of them ever designed coming to America as he had come he would be glad to assist them on their arrival. So Mary wrote him to ask if there was any way by which she might procure admission into the United States without having any visible means of support.

For some reason unknown to her Mary received no reply to this letter. Whether John had moved from where he had last written or whether his letter in answer to hers had miscarried she did not know. She had raised the money to take her, and a friend of hers, whom we will call Charlotte, was about to start for New York. She persuaded Mary to go with her, trusting to luck for some way of overcoming the immigration restrictions. Mary, fearing that if she remained in Wales the money she had for her passage would dwindle and

she could get no more, decided to take the chances.

When the two friends reached New York and were transferred with other immigrants to Ellis Island Mary found that what she feared was true. Not having any means with which to support herself and no one to guarantee that she would not be a burden on the country, she was told that she would be sent back to England.

"I am strong and ready to work," she said to the matron in charge of the women immigrants, "and I am sure I shall find work to do."

"I am sorry for you," replied the matron, "but your case does not come within the law."

"Is there no way by which it can be brought within the law?" asked Charlotte.

"The only way is for some one to marry her."

This was cold comfort, for there was but one man in America Mary knew, and she had failed ever to reach him by mail. Among a hundred million people she was not likely to find him and if she did certainly would not propose marriage to him.

Mary was given a reasonable time to find a way to prove that she would be self supporting, and her friend Charlotte would not leave her till she had done so or had sailed back to Europe. Several days passed, and no solution of the problem appearing, Mary was notified that she would be deported on a steamer that was to sail the next day. In the morning Mary and Charlotte were standing on the dock, disconsolate, waiting for the tender to take the former to the ship in which she was to return.

"If you only had time," said Charlotte, "I am sure you could find a husband. I wish I were a man. I would marry you myself. I'm going to ask the next man who comes along if he won't marry you."

A young German passed, and Charlotte asked him in the Welsh language if he wouldn't help a poor girl to get into the country by marrying her.

"Nicht verstein," replied the man.

A man appeared who looked into the face of every one he passed as if seeking some one. Charlotte called to him: "A oes ddim eiddig arnoch chwili?" "Do you want a wife?"

The man in the same language replied, "I'm looking for a Welsh girl from Aberaeron."

"We are from Aberaeron."

When John left Wales he was twenty years old and was now twenty-eight. He had not changed so much but that Mary could recognize him in the stranger, and she did.

"I know you," she said. "You are John. I am Mary. But I have grown since you saw me."

John took her in his arms. "You may think me bold," he said, "but your friend asked me if I wanted a wife. I do."

Mary blushed and gently disengaged herself.

"Why did you not answer my letter?" she asked.

"Because I went west to do some work and did not return till a week ago. I have been to every steamer on which you would have been likely to come since then. I have been too busy to come to try this week till now. I sent a man in my place, but he is a stupid fellow and failed to find you. Only half an hour ago I learned from the matron that you were here and were to be deported this morning. And now the question before us is, How am I to get you through? I have looked into several ways, but it seems to me that your friend has suggested the simplest way."

He looked admiringly on the fresh young girl with cheeks of pink and white, and she dropped her eyes. Charlotte sauntered away to a different part of the dock.

"Often when lonely in my new home," said John, "and when dreaming of my old one in Wales I have thought of the little girl who put her arms around my neck and kissed me when I came away. And every year I have remembered that she had grown a year older. Then I began to think that when you became a woman I would go back to Wales and if you would consent I would bring you back to America for my wife."

Mary said nothing, keeping her eyes fixed on the panorama before her—Castles William, on Governors Island, the Brooklyn bridges and the skyscrapers of lower New York.

"If you'll consent to marry me here now it will save a lot of trouble. Say the word and we'll go inside, call a clergyman and be married."

If Mary had used the common phrase of a lady receiving a proposal, "It's so sudden," she would have made a record for telling the truth. She made no reply in words, but she showed in her face that a great relief had come over her which resolved itself in tears. John took her in his arms for a moment, then, releasing her, said: "Come."

Charlotte was called and informed of the method adopted to get her friend into the United States of America. They all went into the station and after a ceremony left together for Manhattan Island.

NIGHT SONG.

The moon is up in splendor, And golden stars attend her; The heavens are calm and bright; There's cast a deepening shadow, And slowly o'er the meadow, A mist is rising silver white.

Night's curtains now are closing Round half a world, reposing In calm and holy trust. All seems one vast, still chamber, Where weary hearts remember No more the sorrows of the dust.

—Matthias Claudius.

Queered Himself.

Jackson—Bunker has got himself into a nice fix. Johnson—How? Jackson—He wrote an article on "The Ideal Wife" for a ladies' paper last month. Johnson—Well, what's that got to do with his present fix? Jackson—Somebody told his wife about it, and she's been reading the thing over during the past two days trying to discover a single trait wherein his ideal resembles her. She hasn't found it, and Bunker dines in the city now.—London Answers.

IT CURES WHILE YOU WALK

Use Allen's Foot-Powder, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It instantly takes the sting out of corns, itching feet, ingrowing nails, and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Powder makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Ladies can wear shoes one size smaller after using it. It is a certain relief for sweating, callous and swollen, tender, aching feet. Try it today. Sold everywhere, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

SUNDAY SCHOOL'S PICNIC IS SUCCESS

Three hundred and three happy members of the Sunday school of the First Baptist church made an excursion to Latourelle falls, on the Columbia, Friday. On board the steamer Undine the party left the O. C. T. dock early in the morning, arriving at their destination about noon. There lunch was served, and a sight-seeing trip enjoyed, after which the start on the return journey was made. The excursion reached Oregon City again about half-past eight in the evening.

During the voyage music was furnished by Gustave Fletchner, Mrs. Burman, Roy Baxter, Bert Nash and J. D. Roberts. The ball game between the Loder Giants and the Cross Wagon stay at Latourelle, was forfeited by the Wonders.

On the return trip brief stops were made at Vancouver, Wa., to allow the excursionists to see the extent of the Columbia backwater flood.

FARMER BECOMING MAN OF THE HOUR

The farmer is becoming more and more the "man of the hour" as his economic importance is understood better. On indication of this is to be seen in a recent statement by an official of the Gerlinger Motor Car company, Portland, Oregon, factory distributors.

"Whenever we succeed in interesting a well-to-do farmer or ranchman in a car or truck and get him to handle it on the dealer's basis," said the official, "we have established in that community a business that is going to grow from the start. His reputation, aside from the good reputation of the car, is going to sell the goods. There is only one thing in the world that never loses its value and that is fertile land."

"If you can get a farmer to handle your line you have an investment that is good until the cows come home."

For Arkansas Governorship.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 20.—After one of the timest political campaigns Arkansas has known in years the Democrats will engage in a state primary election tomorrow to select a candidate for governor to succeed Governor Joe T. Robinson, who resigned to accept election to the United States senate. There are but two candidates for the nomination, former Congressman Stephen Brundidge, Jr., of Searcy, and Judge G. W. Hayes of Camden.

A GOOD INVESTMENT

There is no better investment than a fifty cent piece in a bottle of Meritol White Liniment. Muscular and rheumatic pains, swellings, lameness and soreness of the muscles are promptly relieved. Meritol White Liniment is especially recommended as a general pain killer of unusual merit.

The classified ad columns of The Enterprise satisfy your wants.

STRAWBERRIES RISE FOLLOWING RAINS

Approach of the end of the strawberry season was heralded Friday by a sharp advance in the price of berries in all markets, and by a corresponding rise of retail quotations. Receipts are light, and the fruit now coming to market has not the keeping qualities of earlier berries. Rates are now quoted at from 80 cents up to as high as \$1.50.

With the advance in berries other summer fruits are getting lower. Cantaloupes are now selling at \$3 a crate, and are of excellent grade. Cherries are more abundant and much cheaper, and can be bought at retail as low as ten cents a pound.

Vegetables are remaining nearly stationary, heavy supplies keeping prices down. Green onions, radishes, green peas and even tomatoes are now within the reach of all. Tomatoes are mostly from Texas, and are being offered at from \$1.75 to \$2 a crate. Green corn is also being offered more freely, though all of it is California or southern stock.

Hop contracts are still being sought at 15 cents. Wool trade is poor and weak. Meats are generally poor as far as market demand is concerned.

Livestock Meats.

REEF—(Live weight) steers 7 and 8c; cows 6 and 7c; bulls 4 to 5c. MUTTON—Sheep 5 to 6 1/2; lambs 6 to 6 1/2c. VEAL—Calves 12c to 13c dressed, according to grade. WEINIES—16c lb; sausage, 15c lb. PORK—9 1/2 and 10c.

Poultry—(buying) Hens 11 to 12c; stags slow at 10c; old roosters 8c; broilers 20 to 21c.

Fruits.

APPLES—50c and \$1. DRIED FRUITS—(buying)—Prunes on basis 4 for 35 to 40c. ONIONS—\$1.00 per sack. POTATOES—Nothing doing. BUTTER—(buying)—Ordinary country butter, 29 to 22 1/2c.

EGGS—Oregon ranch, case count

17 1/2c; Oregon ranch candled 18 1/2c. Prevailing Oregon City prices are as follows: CORN—Whole corn, 33c. HEDGES—(buying)—Green salad, 9c to 10c; sheep pelts 75c to \$1.50 each. WOOL—15 to 16c. MOHAIR—25c. FEED—(Selling)—Shorts 22c; barn 26c; process barley, \$30.50 to \$31.50 per ton. FLOUR—\$4.50 to \$5. OATS—(buying)—22c; wheat 23c; oil meal selling 33c; Shay Brook dairy feed \$1.30 per hundred pounds. HAY—(buying)—Clover at \$8 and \$9; oat hay best \$11 and \$12; milled \$9 to \$11; Idaho and Eastern Oregon timothy selling \$20.50 to \$23; valley timothy, \$12 to \$15.

You can't cover blackheads, pimples, red spots on the face with powder, they're bound to be seen—don't worry or spoil your temper, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea each week. It will banish them thru the blood, the only sure way. 35c. Jones Drug Co.

Good-Bye Dandruff

A Clean Scalp for Everyone Who Wants One

Parisian Sage will kill all dandruff germs and banish dandruff in two weeks or nothing to pay. It will stop falling hair or itching scalp in two weeks, or money back. It will stimulate the clogged up hair roots, will cause the hair to grow, will prevent the hair from turning gray, and the danger of becoming bald will vanish.

Parisian Sage is a daintily perfumed hair tonic that is not sticky or greasy. Parisian Sage is sold by all druggists everywhere, and by Huntley Bros. on the money back plan. Try a 50 cent bottle today and learn for yourself what a delightful tonic it is. The girl with the Auburn hair is on every package. The Giroux Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y., are the American makers.

A Great Talk Machine Offer Which Will Bring Entertainment and Music to Many a Home

Fifty-two latest talking machines, hornless type, of course, ordered specially for Rose Festival week, came too late.

We intended to offer them, with 52 records of latest songs, recitations, etc., including some of the greatest artist records—buyers selection—and including also two elegant albums to hold them, also free oil can, oil supply, complete assortment of needles, all to go for the unprecedentedly low price of \$31.45.

We meant to do this in order to let every visitor know of the Eilers money-saving methods—to have every visitor call and see the elegant talking machine salerooms of the Eilers house, said to be the finest to be found anywhere.

Lots of visitors came, too, but the machines did not. And now the Festival is over, and the machines are here. No matter—we offer them as originally intended.

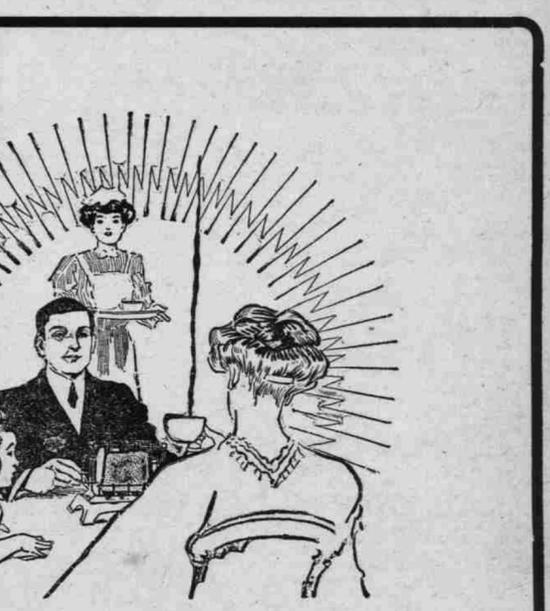
Write us to send you one or come in and get one simply, or telephone us and we'll send a complete equipment out to your home on free trial.

These complete combinations of machine, records and all extras, as stated, will be sent on free trial to any home in the state. If found satisfactory, and found to be the biggest money's worth ever expected, arrangements can then be made to pay us the price, \$31.45, either in cash or time payments.

Order one at once. We believe that this is not only the greatest money's worth of talking machine merchandise ever offered by us, but is positively the greatest offer that ever can be made in the talking machine business.

Terms of sale—Cash or on the new Eilers partial payment plan, \$5.40 cash and balance at the rate of \$1, or more if you like, each week.

EILERS' MUSIC HOUSE, the Nation's largest, electric building, Broadway at Alier street, Portland, Ore.



The Superiority of Electric Toast

to the charred, or brittle, or soggy kind made in the tedious old-fashioned way, is relatively the same as the superiority of grilled steak to fried steak.

For one-tenth of a cent a slice the General Electric Radiant Toaster makes Perfect Toast faster than you can eat it. It is Perfect Toast because the radiant heat forces the necessary chemical change in the bread. This insures delicious golden Toast that fairly melts in your mouth.

You can operate the General Electric Radiant Toaster on the finest damask table cloth. Its neat porcelain base and cheerful glowing coils add grace and charm to any table.

This little toaster is on display at our store in the Beaver Building on Main Street.

Portland Railway, Light & Power Company Beaver Building, Main Street

DOES YOUR HEADACHE? IT WILL NOT IF YOU TAKE KRAUSE'S HEADACHE CAPSULES. They will cure any kind of headache, no matter what the cause. Perfectly harmless. Price 25 Cents. NORMAN LIGHT MFG. CO., Des Moines, Ia.

THE JONES DRUG CO. We have a large stock of these remedies, just fresh from the laboratory.

Pabst's Okay Specific Does the work. You all know it by reputation. \$3.00 Price. FOR SALE BY JONES DRUG COMPANY