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for Infants and Children.

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CONVICTS MOVE ON

TRACY AND MERRILL TRAVELING NORTH.

Hold Up Horseman and Secured Two Good Mounts—Battle With Two Pursuers—Last Seen Shots Exchanged on Two Occasions.

La Center, Wash., June 17.—In its theatrical progress North the man-hunt has reached this ordinarily peaceful village. Sheriff Marsh, Sheriff Totten, Guard Carson, the bloodhounds and various members of the numerous posse are here spending the night after a day of alarms and bloodless pursuit of the convict murderers, Tracy and Merrill are not here, but they are supposed to be somewhere within a radius of one or two or three miles of La Center. Just where they will be tomorrow morning the day will only bring forth. From past experience with these expert and interesting fugitives, it is pretty safe to guess that distance will lend its more or less enchanting charms to the view the officers will then get of their quarry. After a stern chase lasting throughout the entire day, the officers adopted the scheme of getting to a point ahead and thus intercepting the rogues' progress, and it looked for a while tonight as if the scheme would be highly successful. Tracy and Merrill were heard from, making their mysterious way toward the town, and after bobbing up serenely for a few moments they again took an opportune time for disappearing. The whole posse rushed out after them, leaving the little town in a state of unprecedented excitement; but they came back in due time empty-handed.

Unwearied by the long chase after them, and full of determination and fight, Tracy and Merrill came within 30 yards of two of their pursuers, Bert Blesceker and Luther Davidson, of Vancouver, about 11 o'clock last night, on the edge of Salmon creek, between Tenny and Betts' bridges, eight miles north of Vancouver, and hunters and hunted exchanged 11 rifle shots. One bullet from one of the outlaws' rifles passed under Blesceker's left arm, and went through his sleeve, without injuring him. His horse was struck four times with bullets, but the wounds inflicted are slight. Blesceker and Davidson have been two of the most-persistent hunters after the convicts since the chase began, and worked together, usually apart from the regular posse. Sunday night Blesceker and Davidson patrolled the ground near the Vancouver poor farm, but saw no traces of the convicts. During the greater part of yesterday they worked through the brush along Salmon creek, between the railway track and Felida, as Blesceker had a theory that the convicts would undoubtedly make for the Salmon Creek country on their way north. About 11 o'clock last night Blesceker and Davidson were watching the surrounding country from an open spot, when they noticed two men wading down the creek and take a drink of water. The guards thought the occurrence suspicious, and walked down a road in the direction of the supposed convicts, to make sure that they had met the right men.

When Blesceker was 30 yards distant he was sure that the men he espied through the gloom were Tracy and Merrill, but found difficulty in getting enough light to adjust the sights of his rifle. But guessing the distance as well as he could, he sent one bullet whizzing at the convicts. His fire was promptly returned, and one bullet cut his left coat sleeve. Davidson also fired. Both parties then sought shelter, each evidently unaware whether their shots had taken effect.

After hiding in the darkness for a little over half an hour, the man-hunters concluded there was not light enough to get a satisfactory shot at the convicts and walked to the spot where they had tied their horses, a quarter of a mile away. Here almost by accident, they discovered fresh tracks made in the road, as if the outlaws had been about to steal the horse, but had been scared away by approaching footsteps.

"They can't be far away. Let's lie in wait for them again. They may show their hand," whispered Blesceker to his friend. But the wily Tracy and Merrill were not to be fooled by any such trick. Not a sound came from the midnight stillness of the wood. Concluding that they had seen the last of their much-wanted men for the present, the two men jumped into their buggy and were just about to start the engine when bang! came a report from the horse stable. He had been hit by a bullet, and the poor

animal writhed with pain. Next moment he was struck by other bullets from the unseen foe, and tore madly in the direction of the Fourth Plain road, en route to Vancouver. It is curious that the buggy was not upset, considering the rough ground and the spren taken by the horse, but the latter never stopped until he landed in Vancouver about 2 o'clock this morning.

Blesceker immediately communicated with Sheriff Marsh, who had been asleep, tired with the hard chase of the previous day, but after consultation, it was deemed advisable to await the arrival of the bloodhounds before setting out in pursuit. The news that Blesceker had arrived in town and that he had narrowly escaped being wounded in a vital part, by one of the fugitives' bullets, spread through the place with surprising rapidity, and in reply to queries from curious people, Blesceker at first denied that he had exchanged shots with the convicts. But in conversation with the Oregonian correspondent, the guard gave brief details of the midnight encounter, and added: "They took six or seven clips at me, but did not get me."

Guard Carson, of the Walla Walla penitentiary, arrived with his bloodhounds at Vancouver at 8 o'clock this morning, and found the manhunters impatiently awaiting for him. The dogs were taken to the basement of a near-by hotel, and Carson had breakfast. At 9 o'clock the start was made, and the various members of the posse tumbled into their carryalls and buggies, clutching their rifles and ammunition.

The route was taken to the patch of timber land near Salmon Creek, where Blesceker and Davidson had their battle with the convicts, and the ragged clothes which Tracy and Merrill left yesterday morning in Henry Liede's cabin, near Orchard, were shown to the dogs. The sagacious brutes immediately began to bay, and at first walked around in a circle. It was a critical moment, and it looked for a few minutes as if the dogs were at a loss, but they at last found a trail leading toward the Minor country. The scent was found leading toward Ridgefield, but Tracy and Merrill were ahead of them doing business.

Two miles from Ridgefield they had held up A. Kaulzer, who was driving two horses for his son-in-law, John Rathburn, and the outlaws rode on the horses, it is believed, to Pioneer church, and then turned in the direction of Lewisville and La Center, below the Lewis river. The bloodhounds were mean while, hot on the trail, but when within some little distance of La Center, the dogs halted and were at a loss how to proceed. The scent was again lost. This was about 4 o'clock this afternoon, and there was nothing to do but to proceed to La Center to dinner. The meal was just being served, when a messenger hurried in and stated that he had met and recognized Tracy and Merrill about three quarters of a mile from La Center. Men and hounds immediately started on this new trail, and had not proceeded very far when they heard a number of shots exchanged, but after searching in the brush for a considerable distance, not one single trace of the fugitives could be got. Tracy and Merrill were lost again, and preferred to remain in hiding.

"We're too far north now to return to Vancouver. Better camp here tonight and watch bridges and passes," was the decision of the council of war. So Detectives Snow and Lerrigan were sent to guard one bridge five miles away, and Day and Weiner agreed to hold up another bridge against all comers. Other members of the band are guarding various cross-roads in the vicinity, and will do their best to bar the outlaws' further progress. That is the last heard of the posse tonight. It remains to be seen how the famous chase will end.

Tacoma, Wash., June 18.—Reinforcements are on the way to join the fugitive Oregon convicts, Merrill and Tracy, being hunted through the southern part of this state. This supporting force consists of Ben Merrill, brother of David Merrill, one of the escaped murderers. Ben Merrill has for some time been employed in one of the lumber camps on Anderson Island. This morning Merrill left camp, saying he was going to the aid of his brother. "Blood is thicker than water, and if they take my brother, they have got to take me first," he said. Mr. Bloom, the employer of Merrill, says that during the chase of his brother, Ben had evidenced great uneasiness. This morning he demanded his pay, stating that he was going to join his brother in his fight with the officers. Bloom argued with him in the matter, and told him that as he had never been in trouble, he had better keep out of it now. All of his arguments failed to affect now, for Merrill started away, saying that if the officers

killed or captured his brother, they would have to kill him, too. Upon leaving the Anderson Island camp he had about \$35 or \$40 in cash. It is not known whether he was armed. It is believed he took the boat from the Island for Olympia, and will make his way south toward Vancouver, near where the murderers were last reported.

Virulent Cancer Cured.

Startling proof of a wonderful advance in medicine is given by druggist G. W. Roberts of Elizabeth, W. Va. An old man there had long suffered with what good doctors pronounced incurable cancer. They believed his case hopeless till he used Electric Bitters and applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which treatment completely cured him. When Electric Bitters are used to exyl bilious, kidney and Microbe poisons at the same time this salve exerts its matchless heating power, blood diseases, skin eruptions, ulcers and sores vanish. Bitters 50c, Salve 25c at Grsham & Wortham.

Read It in His Newspapers.

George Schaub, a well known German citizen of New Lebanon, Ohio, is a constant reader of the "Dayton Volkszeitung." He knows that this paper aim to advertise only the best in its columns, and when he saw Chamberlain's Pain Balm advertised therein for lame back, he did not hesitate in buying a bottle of it for his wife, who for eight weeks had suffered with the most terrible pains in her back and could get no relief. He says: "After using the Pain Balm for a few days my wife said to me, 'I feel as though born anew,' and before using the entire contents of the bottle the unbearable pains had entirely vanished and she could again take up her household duties." He is very thankful and hopes that all suffering likewise, will hear of her wonderful recovery. This valuable liniment is for sale by Graham & Wells.

How to Avoid Trouble.

Now is the time to provide yourself and family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over, and if procured now may save you a trip to town in the night or in your busiest season. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful medicine in use for bowel complaints, both for children and adults. No family can afford to be without it. For sale by Graham & Wells.



CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought

MORE SUBMARINE BOATS.

Talk of the United States Navy Building Torpedo Boats of the Holland Type.

Shortly the board of naval construction will take up for consideration the subject of increasing the number of submarine torpedo boats. There is likely to be a division of opinion on the matter. It is said that Rear Admiral O'Neil, chief of ordnance, and Chief Constructor Hiebhorn are in favor of building more boats of that type, while Rear Admiral Melville, engineer in chief, and Chief of the Equipment Bureau Bradford are not disposed to favor the idea. Secretary Long will probably be guided largely by the advice of his experts in making recommendations to congress on the subject.

There are some flattering reports relating to the Holland, which is being planned to see practical service. The boat, naval officers say, has contributed a new and menacing element to naval operations and has presented new problems which must be met. Capt. Folger, commanding the Kearsarge, already anticipated this when he suggested a provision of light torpedo boats to guard against the invasion by submarine boats.

It has evidently become necessary, say the naval strategists, to add small picket boats to the cargo of a big ship in order to offset the effect of the submarine boat. The seven boats of the latter type now under contract will provide a liberal strength in this respect, but some of the naval officers believe we should continue the work. Others believe we should await the result of the trials of the boats now under contract and take advantage of any improvements which may be suggested.

Clearance Sale

Mrs J Mason announces a clearance discount of 20 per cent on 12 dozen trimmed dress hats.

Attention

Why wear suits that do not fit? Why, if you are a short man wear a coat that was made for a long man? You get suits made to order that will exactly fit at prices as low as you can buy ready made suits. Suits to order for \$25 and upward. Call and examine samples and get the benefit.

Jacob Wraga Corvallis



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CONSTANCY.
I love the joke, the dear old joke,
The joke of long ago,
That gave the world the minstrel's croak
When first I saw a show
As, for the sake of the laugh I sit
In places that are far from home
My feelings are, when I see this wit,
Too constant for a laugh.
My grandpa, old as I was young,
With venerable eyes,
His grandpa's name was made known
That gentle grandpa,
It was my father's favorite thing,
Whenever that part he'd tell,
My mother had, as I have said,
Because he felt so well.
And some time, when the day is done,
That old I may recall
To cheer a cherished cherub son
Ere he retires at night
For I am sure that only he
The qualities to last
As far into the future as
It's traveled through the past.
And that is why I sit and sigh
Mid the applauding throng;
I regret it with a tear-dimmed eye—
That joke I've loved so long.
And plays may come, and plays may go,
I still attend with zest,
For there I'll always meet, I know,
That ever welcome jest.
—Washington Star.

Finding His Rating.
It was on the bench at Southampton. A number of children were playing and digging in the sand in charge of two nurses and governesses. Two little fellows in immaculate white duck sailor suits had scraped up an acquaintance. Neither of them was much over three years old.
"I live in New York," said one, with somewhat of an air of superiority, "and where do you live?"
The other chap looked him over for a moment and then retorted: "I live at Tuxedo Park. How many horses does your father keep?"
This last was a crusher, but it showed the spirit of the rising moneyed generation.—N. Y. Times.

Ginger Sherbet.
Ginger sherbet is a good emergency dessert to the suburban housekeeper, as its foundation can always be kept on hand. Cut fine one-fourth of a pound of Canton ginger, add one quart of water and one cupful of sugar, and boil 15 minutes. When cold, add half a cupful of orange juice and one-third of a cupful of lemon juice, strain and freeze, using in packing the freezer three portions of ice to one of salt.—N. Y. Post.

To Remove Iron Rust.
Hold the spot over a bowl of water to which a little ammonia has been added, and apply, with a glass rod or a small piece of wood, 18 per cent. muriatic acid. The instant the stain disappears immerse the spot in the water, thereby preventing the acid from injuring the texture of the cloth.—Detroit Free Press.

Oates and Hay.
A husky-looking, one-armed gentleman, wearing the slouch hat that denotes the southerner to the manor born, was entering the Arlington, when he came into head-on collision with a dapper, bewhiskered gentleman who was making his exit at a 2:40 gait, says a Washington correspondent. As each recoiled from the impact, profound excuses were made, and nothing would content the southerner, who insisted that he alone was at fault, but that the other should accompany him to the chamber of conviviality.
"My name is Oates, suh—William C. Oates—ex-member of congress from Alabama," said the one-armed man, as he released his hand from his new acquaintance's.
"And mine," said the bewhiskered one, "is Hay—John Hay—secretary of state."
"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the bluff Alabamian, slapping the premier on the back, "a good team, surely, suh—Hay and Oates. I think I can see the horses in the carriages out front there sniffing the air hungrily. But this time we'll reverse the rule and consume one of their kin. Waiter, bring me a pony whisky."—Philadelphia North American.

Free Sulphur Baths to Lead Workers.
Paris supplies free of cost sulphurous baths to all persons engaged in handling lead.

"Oh, father, father!" Marion gaped for his tender grasp. She could not lift her head nor open her eyes, but she felt his kisses warm upon her lips.

"You're not hurt, my darling, only frightened. The men are all gone, running for dear life, with the sheriff and a posse at their heels. But the loss of the money is nothing, so long as you are safe. To think of your holding the superstitious brutes at bay so long, with that folk-love music! My dear, brave little girl!"

"You needn't worry about the money," she spoke between weary pauses. "It's in the violin case. But what became of the foreman?"

"We picked him up on the river, as we were coming back from town. He isn't badly hurt, but we feared that something terrible might have happened to you. So captain—I mean, the Manila Letter—went ashore, and tore up here on horseback, firing his revolver to let you know—"

"The Manila letter?"
Someone else's arms were close about her now. She tried to lift her head and look at the dear, bronzed face, but it was altogether too near to admit of a distinct view.

"Oh, Lucien!" she whispered, after a little. "That you should have come to me now, just when I needed you so!—Lucien, dearest, how did it happen?"
Lucien laughed. But there were queer breaks between his words, too. I don't know, sweetheart, unless—unless it was the dollops of the Conjur Tunc."

Taxation of Automobiles.
In Brussels automobiles are taxed from 50 to 500 francs according to horse power.