MISS VEAZIE WON IT

SUCCESSFUL CONTESTANT FOR THE ORATORICAL PRIZE.

A Reception Was Given in Honor of Her Victory at Parsons' Hall in Eugene.

FOREST GROVE, Or., Feb. 25.—At the state oratorical contest Friday night, Miss Julia Veazie was the successful contestant. Following was the programme presented:

University of Oregon, Miss Julia Veazie, "Alexander Hamilton"; Pacific college, H. F. Allen, "Whittier"; McMinnville college, Charles V. Galloway, "The Native Races of the Pacific Coast"; Albany college, Abbie J. Fry, "Siren's Song"; Oregon state normal school, Irving E. Vining, "The Western Acropolis"; Willamette university, J. W. Reynolds, "The Proving of a Nation"; Portland university, D. D. Glass, "Labor Reform"; Oregon agricultural college, Austin T. Buxton, "Prospects of a Brighter Future"; Pacific university, W. S. Shiach, "The Criteria of Success." A large crowd was present, a number coming up from Portland, among whom were the following who claim the old University of Oregon as their alma mater: Messrs. L. E. Woodworth, J. R. Greenfield, A. L. Veazie, G. H. Marsh. The judges in this, the third annual contest, were: Robert T. Platt, of Portland; Rev. Cowan, of Oregon City, and Dr. T. W. Hams, of Eugene.

A reception was tendered Miss Veazie at Parsons' hall, in Eugene, in honor of her victory. Miss Veazie's oration was as follows:

In the sea of the tropics lies the little island of Nevis. Upon that sunny island, near the middle of the 18th century, a boy was born, a British subject, destined for an American citizen. From his mother he inherited the vivacity of France; from his father, the persistence of Scotland; tropical luxuriance enriched, English symmetry strengthened his nature, and later struggling America awakened his patriotism, and made it the dominant motive of his life. Five nations molded that boy's character; nations whose meetings dyed crimson the heath of Bannockburn, the gray ledges of Bunker Hill, the field of Waterloo; but in him they forgot hostility, and, fusing, formed the one man in the political history of the United States whom Daniel Webster regarded as his intellectual superior; formed Alexander Hamilton, one of the makers of America, himself a type of the America to be fused from many nations.

At the age of 12, Hamilton sat in a West Indian counting-house, managing his absent employer's large trade. Soon afterward the precocious boy entered the awe-inspiring portals of Princeton college, amazed the president by requesting freedom from class restrictions, liberty to advance as his ability dictated. He was refused. At 17 he might be seen at King's college, now Columbia, walking in the shadow of the trees, a small, slight youth, with clear cut features, piercing dark eyes bent down, hands clasped behind him, mind absorbed in meditation. That quiet-looking student wrote articles which were attributed to leading statesmen; calmed turbulent revolutionary audiences by wisdom of speech; advised congress; unprotected, championed hated Tories, risking popularity, even life, until with truth he was called the "Little Lion." The revolutionary alarm in one moment transformed the youth into a mature man. Advising statesmen, encouraging patriots, combining untiring energy, originality and courage, he hastened into the army, passing with almost incredible swiftness from a soldier, captain, military secretary, lawyer, orator, writer, financier, to full majesty of statesmanship.

The revolutionary war left America impoverished, without central government, constitution or commerce; with debt oppressing, anarchy threatening, uncertainty whether to revere or abhor the Declaration of Independence. Pre-eminently through Hamilton's influence, a federal convention of 55 men met at Philadelphia; men immortalized as framers of the constitution of the United States, a document instinct with Hamilton's thought. It was completed; New York prevented its adoption. Hamilton, aided by Madison and Jay, wrote the "Federalist," educating, convincing, persuading the colonies to unite. When writing failed, by eloquent appeals attacking and reattacking opposition, finally he won. The constitution was adopted. The patriotic achievement came not from a political aspirant, a believer in the people's voice, but from a foreigner, called "British," "aristocratic." He might have won less laboriously by dazzling promises. We picture patriots struggling through the revolution, each encouraged, upheld by visions of a great republic. Beyond resisting oppression, had they clear vision? After gaining liberty, they did what? They invited George Washington to become king. Bravely Hamilton answered every opponent. To monarchists replying: "The fabric of American empire ought to rest on the solid basis of the consent of the people;" to calm indifference, "We have neither troops, nor treasury, nor government." To all he declared: "Our national government is the rock of our political salvation." His magnetic mind, overcoming all lesser attractions, quickly drew political forces into one vast, radiating system, whose center was the constitution, transformed "one nation today, 13 tomorrow" into the "Union forever."

As secretary of treasury under Washington, he did even more. It was Hamilton who created our nation's financial policy. It was Hamilton who lifted the nation, unconquerable, yet enslaved by poverty, prostrated with debt, stung by foreign contempt, to security and honor. It was Hamilton who established commerce, trade and credit. It was Hamilton who, scorning dishonesty, assumed debts, national and state, instituting public integrity. America has never seen deeds greater, more sudden than his. Unequaled in constitutional writing, brilliant in statesmanship, farseeing in finance, such was Hamilton. How worthy of admiration, of a nation's following; how adapted to arouse bitterest enmity. Abruptly in his life's fullness enmity entangled him.

Aaron Burr, in revenge for political opposition, challenged him to a duel. Both knew it meant the death of Hamilton. Was Hamilton weak to accept that challenge? He obeyed custom. Many scorn custom in dress, manners; few its code of honor. Obedience is the price demanded for human championship. Hamilton avoided isolation. He abhored dueling, yet he must live dishonored or die dishonorably. How he struggled! Everything incited, everything checked him. Desperately he repressed the

"Angels, powers, the unuttered, unseen, the alive, the aware;
The whole earth was awakened, hell loosed with her crews;
And the stars of night beat with emotion and tingled and shot
Out in fire the strong pain of pent knowledge."

He yielded, as meekly as nations yield to war to vindicate their honor. The fatal morning arrives, and fascinating Aaron Burr stands carelessly on a rocky ledge by the Hudson, with the picturesque heights of Weehawken, darkened with foliage, rising behind him, the whole romantic scene illumined by the early morning sun. But see! A boat rapidly crosses the water! A figure ascends the bank. A moment more, the great statesman and great politician stands face to face. The distance is decided. The signal is given. One raises his arm, aims carefully; the other, firm and erect, holds his pistol at his side. A flash, a quick report, a murderer's horrified face; Hamilton reels; has fallen! The mighty, the noble Hamilton has fallen! Pale and still are the powerful features, dull the brilliant eyes, unresponsive the eloquent lips. Hamilton has fallen; but that fall startled a nation; that fatal shot reverberated throughout the land a curse upon Aaron Burr; a mourning nation saw overshadowing that death the hideous spirit of the duel, and vowed to banish it forever.

Patriotism, nobility, wisdom, ability to place national interest before self interest, to see present events modified by past and future—these are requisitions of great statesmen. Hamilton possessed them all. For his great aims, enduring structures, and part in the creation of a nation, he deserves the crown of highest, purest statesmanship. Washington was president of a government distinctly expressing Hamilton's thought, of a people united by Hamilton's labor, of a nation prospering under Hamilton's policy. At 30 Napoleon had overthrown the French constitution and liberty; at 30 Hamilton had stamped his thought upon the greatest constitution ever recorded. Before he was 35 Beethoven composed symphonies unrivaled in majesty; before he was 35 Hamilton transposed discordant colonies into the harmony of a nation. Moses of old held peculiar glory as constitutional law-giver, Alexander Hamilton holds the glory of writing the greatest constitutional treatises. Raphael painted pictures that turned minds from sordidness to purity; Hamilton pictured thoughts which lifted a nation from contentious poverty to prosperous peace. Talleyrand said that of history's three greatest men, Napoleon, Fox and Hamilton, Hamilton is greatest, a world's wonder, a man who, after having made a nation's fortune, worked to support himself. A statesman in the highest sense. More than that. Hamilton belongs to the greatest of great men, the illustrious circle of men whose history is the world's history.

Overcoming difficulties beside which those of today seem mere chimeras, he hewed away obstructions of popular prejudice. He was the sculptor whose masterly skill shaped a nation's government; the wise prophet whose voice proclaimed the way of progress. His genius was positive, aggressive, constructive, promulgating principles of national government which, unassailable by reason, became the target for rage and prejudice from advocates of state rights. Whatever of safety, strength and endurance the constitutional basis of our government gives its fabrics, is measured by the degree in which Hamilton's principles obtained acceptance. Had they gained full acceptance, the battle for disunion must have been fought, not under the banner of state rights and secession, but under its real ensign of slavery and rebellion. Upon the vantage-ground of partial acceptance of Hamilton's principles the champions of the Union stood, and bloody war determined the issue in their favor. Scarcely more in success where accepted than in disaster where rejected, have his principles been justified. Only within a year we have seen the strange spectacle of a mighty government, harassed by internal disorders, unable to justify protection of lives and property except under pretense preventing of interference with mails and commerce. The triumph of principles of loyalty, unity and obedience, inculcated by Hamilton, in the people's hearts, has supplied in the past, can supply in the future, the deficiencies in the written groundwork of national organization.

No blood stained Hamilton's victories; no selfishness darkened his ambition; his influence shall endure with America. Countless eulogies may be pronounced, but none can vie with history in honoring him; tributes may be paid to his memory, but none can equal the tribute paid by the inspiring march of the republic; ode after ode may be sung, but none can exalt him as shall the voice of the people in the years to come.

LEGISLATORS' WATCHES.

Tom Reed Has the Boss Timepiece in the House.

A great rivalry has sprung up in the house, says a Washington letter in the Springfield Republican. Members are contending with each other, and there is a deep interest in the contest. It is all over the question of time. There never was a man owning a watch who did not believe it to be a faithful and reliable recorder of the passing minutes. Every man in the house of representatives carries a watch of some sort. The member, when first elected from a rural district, may have an old-time silver, or even a Waterbury. His second term is usually marked, however, by the purchase of a gold watch. Sometimes, after long service, the cheap gold watch of first purchase is discarded for a more expensive one. At present there are not more than eight or ten silver watches and two or three Waterburys in the house. Each member, preserving his instinct in human nature even in his hour of greatness, relies upon his own timepiece, swears by it, and questions either the sincerity or the intelligence of all other members who go by some other time.

There are two clocks in the hall of representatives in plain view of every one on the floor. One of these is a very ornate timepiece over the entrance, and the other, which hangs over the speaker's desk, is corrected at noon each day by electric communication with the observatory. But members almost invariably ignore these and consult their own watches. Some have been known even to dispute the allotment of time for speeches upon the ground that, by the record of their own watches, their minute, or two minutes, or five, had not expired by several seconds. One old member from the West, whose Waterbury shifted all over the dial during the course of a week, reluctantly came to the conclusion that he must buy a new watch, and he has recently appeared with one of gold. It is observed that the character of a member is to a considerable extent denoted by his watch. The careless and indifferent man, who has on his hands as a burden all the time there is between roll-calls, seldom keeps his watch right, while the watches of the systematic, precise and active members reflect their characters.

So it happens that Tom Reed's watch is the most accurate watch in the house. On the start there was a lively contention between Reed, Sibley, Hayes of Iowa and Turner of Georgia as to the relative merits of their watches. It was demonstrated by the chronometer that Reed's watch was superior to them all. It is a very plain hunting-case gold watch, considerably worn from the pocket, and it does not vary more than about two seconds in a week. The watches of the other three are of about equal merit as timekeepers. Sibley's is an open-face gold stop, with a black dial, which cost him $750 in Geneva. Hatch of Missouri has an old watch, the cases of which are worn thin, in which he has abiding faith. He bought it in 1858, carried it through the war, and has worn it ever since, except when sent to the jeweler's to be cleaned. Repairs beyond cleaning it has had none.

With a Broken Shaft.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 25.—The steamer Scotia arrived today from the North. Off Point Arguello, she spoke the steamer Jewel lying to with a broken shaft. The Scotia stood by the Jewel until temporary repairs were made to the latter's machinery. The Jewel is now under way to this city. She is making about four knots.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

If Baby Is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure to use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea.

Ministers, lawyers, teachers and others whose occupation gives but little exercise should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biliousness. One is a dose. Try them.

NEAR FIFTY YEARS AGO

REMINISCENCES OF LIFE IN THE UMPQUA.

Gleaned From Tales Told by a Settler Who Is Still Living.

On the 20th of September, 1851, W. H. Riddle and family reached Canyonville, having come across the plains via the southern route and Humboldt, and on the 21st Joe Knott took him over to the valley of Cow creek, only six miles distant, where he built a small foundation of logs on the spot where his son, George W. Riddle, still lives. He took up his residence there the same fall and claimed a donation. The discovery of mines in Southern Oregon caused much of that region to be taken up that same year.

At that time the Cow creek Indians were in two bands, being on either side of the creek, which is one of the main branches of the Umpqua, the beautiful valley, surrounded by the romantic hills of Umpqua, being scarce a mile wide. In these hills, looking down on the Riddle farm, is the famous nickel mine, on which the future of that region places so many hopes—if it ever gets out of the courts and into operation. Its value is shown by the fact that one of the Douglas county banks had at one time half a million, or more, on deposit to pay for it, if it could be purchased.

The Indians talked the Shasta tongue, which was used by the natives of the Rogue river valley, adjoining on the south, as well as the Shastas, over the Siskiyous, on the Klamath and waters of that river. Mr. Riddle says the Shasta language is very euphonious, distinctly different from all other Indian languages, and far more pleasing than that of the surrounding tribes—as the Modocs, Klamaths and others. It was so melodious and useful that he learned to speak it, and as he was a boy of some 12 years, he knew the Indians well and often acted as interpreter to his own family, and afterward to Huntington, superintendent of Indian affairs when he held conferences with the natives.

A singular fact, worth keeping in record, was that the Klickitats were often there to trade, coming from their homes on the Columbia, at the Cascades or east of there, on the plains of Klickitat, north of The Dalles. I have written of this tribe and said they were the Yankees of aboriginal days, for they traded far and near. It seems now that they not only took in the Sound country and Western Washington, as well as the Willamette valley, for they were looking out for chances to profit about Portland 50 years ago—or where Portland now is—but made trading trips to this far south, showing enterprise that belonged to no other of the Columbia river tribes.

In that early time Captain Cowles had a ferry on the Umpqua, near the town site of Riddle, below the junction of Cow creek with the main stream. In those days they never had trouble with the natives. My-wa-lee-ta was chief of the band occupying the west side of Cow creek, and Quen-ty-yu-sa lorded over the east shore. They were pretty much the same people, but each had his own side. The last named ruled back to Canyonville. The Indians down the Umpqua were the Myrtle creek kind; each preserved its autonomy. My-wa-lee-ta was the most influential chief of all, had the most to say and commanded the implicit obedience of all who came under his control. He had rather a remarkable character, was arbitrary in his rule, yet was so kind and fatherly to them all that his reign was beneficent and his people happy under it. He was between 70 and 80 years old. The two bands were nearly the same in size, and contained 150 to 200 together. The old man had been a great warrior, and when in his war paint and in his majesty wore an elkskin garment that enveloped his body. This had been his protection in the wars, for there seemed to be a great many wars in the previous years, and this elkskin coat was made loose so the arrows could not go through it. All over its surface were scars left by arrow points it had caught, but that could not penetrate the tough hide. The old man was very proud of this coat and those arrow-marks; but prouder yet of the many scars that left their record on his arms of wounds received, for while the elkskin coat protected the body the arms had to be free to use, and they were covered with arrow-marks received in these fierce conflicts. That coat had been all covered with heraldric emblems painted on its surface, and was a wonderful garment altogether. It is not told that there was another like it. The old chief was eloquent and would sit for hours and tell his young men the legends of their race and the history of his own fighting days—of the time when he had rather fight than eat—and now he fought his battles over again until his eyelids would no longer wag.

In the olden times their enemies were the Shastas—or Rogue rivers— and his tales of long ago were of raids made to the southward, when they swooped down on their enemies and made mincemeat of them—murdered them, in fact—then cut down oaks and built brush defenses to shield themselves from sudden attacks in reprisal. The coming of the Bostons seemed to let in an era of peace on them all. The Shastas, or Rogue rivers, had all they could do to hold their own against the miners who possessed their land, and came over to induce the Cow creek bands to become their allies and let loose the dogs of war all along the line. But My-wa-lee-ta had grown old. His elk-skin armor was so full of arrow holes as to be covered with glory, and his white neighbors had become his friends; they did not molest the camas fields, drive away the game of the hills or the fish that came up from the ocean. It was in the early days of settlement that these emissaries of war came over the hills and through the canyons to find allies in their old enemies, but My-wa-lee-ta was smoking the pipe of peace, and grew eloquent in advocacy of a quiet time. He was for peace. They had pow-wows for a week at a time, and the old chief had a flow of words that seemed like the lost art of perpetual motion. One time he commenced in a low tone of voice and wound himself into an argument that was so conclusive that it occupied two days and nights to conclude it. Yet the ambassadors of the Shastas sat there on their bear skins and took it all in without a murmur. Finally the old man gave out; his powers were limited. Human nature, even in its wild state, cannot run like a mill tale in perpetuity. So the old chief's voice, that had risen like a cyclone, died away to a whisper, and his weary soul said, "Give us a rest." The Shastas were eloquent, too, after a fashion; but they could not persuade the natives of Cow creek to go to war. So they wended their way homeward, sadder, but not much wiser men than when they came.

After all, while not willing to go to war with the whites, these same Indians warred much with each other. I am sorry I cannot say the primitive inhabitants of this Eden set a good example for us to follow. They quarreled, they fought, they murdered and robbed each other with a profusion and abandon that was not so romantic as it was antic. Every little band was in constant fear of some other band; they lived in a state of war while they were at peace. They sold their squaws to the detriment of family relations. They believed in witchcraft, and one squaw was killed because she was supposed to be a witch. Somebody died and somebody else laid it to this poor squaw that she caused the death by witchcraft. So Curly, the accuser, killed the squaw for a witch, and one day Mrs. Riddle heard Indian Charley threaten to kill Curly to get even. Without malice prepense, rather in the way of a joke, Mrs. Riddle—who had no great faith in Charley's promise—told him she would give him a calico shirt when he did so. Curly was a desperado, and a week or so later went to Charley's fortified camp, and, standing his gun up in the brush that was piled at the doorway, he walked in. Curly thought himself invulnerable—a very Achilles—for it was claimed that a warrior who should go without meat could not be killed by an arrow. So he walked in fearlessly, but while he was talking inside to others, Charley stepped outside, took the gun, and, poking it through the brush heap, shot Curly dead, and ran for dear life and the calico shirt. It was fully five miles to the Riddle place, but he ran such a race as no tale or song of a shirt ever told or sang. He reached the house out of breath, and lisped that he had earned the shirt. He broke his wind and his life in that race, and died within a month. Such was the fate of Curly and Charley. It is said that Curly, and Big Jim, and Little Ike were three brothers of the Myrtle creek band, and Myrtle creek and its beautiful valley lands were not far away—say five or six miles. These brothers were desperadoes and always in mischief or in some murderous work at the expense of the whites and their own people. Little Ike was taken, tied to a tree and shot to death by whites for some deed he or they did not long after.

In 1853 a fever broke out among the Indians, and most of them died. It was called the "mountain fever," but no one knew its real character; old My-wa-lee-ta went to his fathers in his old age from this disease, and most of his people went the same road. Several died a day, but none of the whites suffered. When the good old chief was gathered to his sires, then Quen-ta-you-sa was supreme and reigned in his stead. There ware not many to rule over, but there was great grief and deep sorrow among all the people, and they wept sore because My-wa-lee-ta could not share his [illegible] and counsel with them. He must have been a good old savage.

The original inhabitants of Myrtle creek were a hard lot—I am glad to say the present population are a clever and kindly people—and they tell a story to illustrate their wickedness, that once on a time, when a party of the Cow creeks were camped on a mountain spur—probably hunting or gathering berries—a lot of the Myrtle creek scoundrels went there—no doubt in the night time—and killed almost every one of that inoffensive race. We can excuse moderate wickedness in people who hadn't modern advantages; but, really, this act seems not to have been justified in any manner. It was a pity that only the two brothers—Curly and Little Ike—were killed off as examples to those murderous Myrtle creek natives.

In 1855, late in the fall, the Indians joined the Shastas and went on the war path—as Nichols had ill-used them. These were inhuman brutes, who passed for white men, who had killed and ravaged among these people until all the man there was in Quen-ta-you-sa was roused, and he could stand no more. He or his people never did harm to the whites around them, but went off and joined the Shastas. When it was known that the Indians were roused, George Riddle, then a boy, was sent to them and was glad to get away in good form. Then Mrs. Riddle, whom they all looked on as a friend, went to them herself to try persuasion, but the game was up. Some one had given the old chief a blow. He wanted two hours to pay back that blow; also the murder of the Indians, told of in the recent reminiscences of Mr. Hartin—people that Arrington had gathered in the band of Looking-Glass—added fuel to the flame. The war of 1855 had begun before that. They left the country and few of them were heard of again. With the treaty of 1856 they probably—if any more left—were taken to the Siletz reservation, and the land that had known them treaty of 1856 they probably—if any were They left the reservation General Palmer had provided for them, where they had homes secure, for the evil conduct of a few evil men had driven them desperate.

S. A. CLARKE.

Public Opinion.

New York Evening Post.

We do not think that American history records the existence of a more brutish congress than the one now sitting at Washington, or one that the people will be more glad to see dispersed till the day of judgment. The majority of its members are utterly at variance with public opinion touching the recent loan, by which a suspension of specie payments was averted. They do not know what the people are saying and thinking about them. The truth is that the president is sustained by nine-tenths of the business men and of the thinking men throughout the country. These men make public opinion. They constitute public opinion.

PERHAPS HAIRY MAMMOTH

Bones of a Prehistoric Animal Found in Yakima Valley.

Peter J. Olsen, who has given much thought and study to zoology, while plowing on his land a mile back of Zillah and under the Sunnyside canal, unearthed the bones of a gigantic and probably prehistoric animal, says the North Yakima Herald. The lower jaw was in an excellent state of preservation, while circular tusks, measuring six feet in circumference, were distinctly outlined although they crumbled somewhat upon exposure. Mr. Olsen took measurements and drawings of these, as well as other portions of the huge frame which would not stand moving. He also secured the socket joint of the forearm or leg, which is entirely too large for any animal of these modern times. From all indications the bones were those of the hairy mammoth. That this country was once inhabited by these animal giants has long been more than suspected, as other bones of mastodons have been found in various parts of the Yakima country at different times, some of which are now in the Smithsonian institution. The bones of another prehistoric animal can also be seen imbedded in the Yakima river, between Zillah and Snipe's mountain. It is apparently standing, and six feet of the frame are above the river bottom. Those who are versed in the subject believe that it is the hyracotherium, an animal of the ape division, which are supposed to have existed in the Eocene period. Several ineffectual attempts have been made to secure these bones, which are in a good state of preservation, and another attempt, on a more promising scale, will be made in the spring.

Why a President Is Happy.

France is the land of politeness. Within 48 hours after President Faure's election the Paris newspapers had described him as follows: Reactionary; choice of the monarchists, of the lukewarm, of the clericals; prisoner of the reaction; coadjutor of Leo XIII.; creature of the vatican; quartermaster for Prince Victor or for young Orleans; suspect; choice of the canteen; a wretched fellow, who is Dupuy's understudy; that wretched Felix; manikin; absurd manikin; astounding jack-in-the-box; puppet; grotesque log, mean tool; ridiculous jay; vain turkey cock; petty tradesman; Congo trader; president for Congo; Faure, the Congolese. The last four epithets are due to the fact that his son-in-law is administrator of the Congo Free State.

A San Francisco Elopement.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 25.—Florence E. Fisk, the eldest daughter of Asa Fisk, the well-known money-lender of this city, and Isaac Wertheimer have eloped. The couple left the city Saturday night, and, it is learned, were married at Suisun. Fisk is irate, and is said to have sworn to make his daughter a widow upon their return.

Never mind the blizzard;
You're feeling prime!
Might's well freeze in winter
As fry in summer time.
When the winter closes—
When the icebergs go—
There'll be tons o' roses
Fer every pound o' snow.
—Atlanta Constitution.

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WEST SIDE.

$6,500—8-room dwelling, modern, 100 feet square, Northrup st., bet. 23d and 24th.
$8,500—2 lots, 16th and Kearney sts., unimproved.
$3,200—2 lots, unimproved, Thurman st., bet. 27th and 28th.
$4,000—1 lot, unimproved, Glisan st., bet. 21st and 22d.
$25,000—75x100, on Sixth and Main sts, 4 small houses; $7500 can run as long as desired.
$1,500—1 lot and store, Hood st., bet. Wood and Grover.
$1,300—1 lot, unimproved, McAdam st., bet. Wood and Grover.
$3,750—1 lot and modern 5-room dwelling, Caruthers add.
$4,600—1 lot and 2 houses, on Gibbs and Hood streets.
$13,500—1 nine-room house and 5 lots, on Portland Heights.
$9,000—100 feet square and 3 houses, on 14th and Johnson sts.
$1,200—2 lots, on Bancroft st., bet. Ohio and Illinois sts.
$6,500—2 houses and 1 lot, 6 blocks from city hall; will divide.
$16,000—5 lots, on College st., bet. Second and Third; will divide.
$2,000—Lot 25x100 and 8-room cottage, Clay st., near 16th.
$4,750—8-room modern house and corner lot, on Water and Lane sts.; property cost $7100.
$5,500—8-room dwelling and 30x87½ feet, on Ella st., bet. Burnside and Everett; splendid location.
$15,000—7 lots and several buildings, Fulton Park.
$6,500—8-room house and lot 57½x100, on Ella st., bet. Burnside and Everett.
$13,500—3 houses and 66 2-3x100, 2 blocks from city hall; rent for $80 per month; easy terms.
$4,500—1½ acres, on Portland Heights; unimproved.
$4,000—8-room house and lot, cor. Kelly and Grover sts.
$5,000—2 lots, on cor. 19th and Myrtle sts., unimproved.

EAST SIDE.

$3,000—2 lots, unimproved, cor. East Fifth and Taggart sts.; will trade for half cash.
$4,000—2 lots, unimproved, cor. East Eighth and Yamhill sts.; will trade for half cash.
$800—Corner lot, unimproved, East Eighth and Beacon sts.
$125 and $150—Unimproved lots in City View Park.
$2,300—2-story house and 2 lots, on Michigan ave.; easy terms.
$2,750—1 block, in Kington, unimproved.
$6,500—Fine 12-room house, modern, and 3 lots, 17th and Division sts.
$12,000—3 lots and 5 houses, in the choicest portion of East Portland.
$1,000—4 lots, in Terminus add., unimproved; would trade for Lewis river farm.
$1,800—Good house and 85x100, corner, in University Park.
$2,100—100 feet square, on 10th and Broadway sts.; one of our best bargains.
$300—Unimproved lot, in Central Albina, on St. John's motor.
$700—House and lot, in Center add; easy terms.
$5000—100 feet square, on First and Wasco sts., unimproved.
$1,200 to $1,800—Houses and lots, in Woodlawn.
$1,500 to $2,000—Houses and lots, in Sunnyside.
$5,250—11th and East Davis sts., 7-room modern house and 2 lots; corner.
$2,000—Quarter block, unimproved, East Eighth and Hancock sts.
$700—Best vacant lot in Woodlawn.
$700—6 lots, in Chicago add., unimproved.
$1,700—House and lot in Willamette add., near car line.
$1,300—House and lot, in Willamette add., near car line.
$1,000—House and lot, in Willamette add., near car line.
$1,500—5-room house and quarter block, East 26th and Sandy road.
$350—Unimproved lot, Church and Edison sts., corner.
$4,100—3 lots, on East Seventh and Harrison sts.; will divide.
$900—3 lots and 1 house, in East Lynne add., near car line.
$2,000—4 lots, on Monroe and Mitchell sts., unimproved; will sell separately.
$2,000—½ lot and 2 stores, on East Washington st., bet. 9th and 10th.
$6,500—1 lot and 1-story building, on Union ave., bet. Oak and Pine.
$4,000—2 houses and 1 lot, 13th and E. Pine sts.
$350—1 lot, unimproved, in Cloverdale.
$2,000—Corner lot and 7-room house, 32d and East Pine sts.
$7,000—100 feet square and large house (unfinished), Weidler st., near 17th.
$1,700—50x50 feet, on corner, 5-room modern cottage, Cherry st. and Vancouver ave.
$3,250—9-room house and 33 1-3x66 2-3, on cor. East Davis and 12th sts.
$5,300—2-story modern house and 2 lots, cor. 19th and East Weidler; will divide.
$4,500—100 feet square, on East Ankeny st.; choice location.
$7,500—2 houses and 2 lots, on East 13th and East Belmont; will cut up or will trade.
$5,000—40x100 and 2-story frame building, on Russell and Starr sts.
$2,000—133 1-3x100, on 35th, near Hawthorne ave.; 6-room house.
$3,200—28x75 and 1-story frame building, on 20th and East Morrison; will trade equity for farm.
$2,500 to $3,500—Magnificent building sites, in Belmont Villa.
$1,200—5-room cottage and lot, on Haight st., near Mason; can be bought on installments, if desired.
$125—Lots in Tremont, unimproved.
$1,300—66 2-3x100, unimproved, on 25th and Tillamook.
$1,800—5-room house and corner lot, on East 34th and Main; will trade equity for farm.
$2,100—2 houses and 1 lot, on Knott and Kirby sts.
$1,400—2 houses and 1 lot, in Edan add.
$2,750—9-room house and 33 1-3x66 2-3, on East 12th st., near Couch.
$4,500—100 feet square, unimproved, on East Eighth and Morrison sts.
$60 apiece—Lots in Burfield.
$1,100—33 1-3x100 and 4-room cottage, East 34th and Washington sts.
$350—1 lot, in North Albina, unimproved.
$250 apiece—2 lots, in Glenhaven Park, unimproved.
$325 and $425 apiece—Lots in Lincoln Park.
$800—Lot and 7-room house, in Sellwood.
$4,500—100 feet square and 3 small cottages, easy terms, 10th and East Clay sts.
$1,300—80x100, on cor. 30th and East Salmon streets.
$175—6-room house, standing on leased ground.
$3,000—2 houses and 1 lot, on 11th and East Ash streets.
$1,700—6-room house and 25x100, on 14th and Beacon sts.
$100 apiece—Unimproved lots, in Mount Tabor Villa.
$6,000—½ block and 2 houses and store, on 10th and East Grant sts.
$3,500—2 lots, on East 6th and Ellsworth sts., unimproved.
$2,000—1 lot, on East Sixth and Haworth sts., unimproved.
$3,400—9-room house and lot, in Irvington; cost $5,000.
$3,000—100 feet square, on Margin and McMillen sts., unimproved.

FARMS, ETC.

$2,700—30 acres, in Lafayette, Yamhill Co.; 25 acres cultivated.
$2,500—10-acre tracts, at Beaverton; all cultivated.
$600—80 acres, 7 miles southeast of Oregon City; 10 acres clear.
$2,750—15 acres, at Mount Scott; 8 acres clear; 480 young trees.
$8,800—351 acres, on Nehalem river, in Tillamook Co.; fine dairy farm.
$1,400—128 acres, 4 miles from Damascus; 14 acres cultivated.
$4,000—200 acres, near Scio; half in cultivation.
$3,000—120 acres, near Scio; one-third in cultivation; good land.
$6,005—205 acres, near Scio; all cultivated; house, barn, etc.
$8,000—200 acres; near Scio; 50 acres hops; 100 acres more in cultivation.
$9,100—259 acres, 6 miles east of Washougal, Wash., on Columbia river; $2500 can run for several years.
$2,250—36 acres, 6 miles from Forest Grove; half beaver-dam in cultivation; $800 can run.
$2,500—160 acres, 9 miles from Goble; 25 acres in cultivation; hay land.
$10,000—327 acres, 4 miles from Salem; $3000 cash, balance on time; 90 acres in cultivation.
$1,000—7 acres, near Beaverton; part clear.
$2,000—106 acres, near Goldendale, Wash.; 20 acres cultivated.
$20,000—400 acres, at Farmington, Washington Co.; 180 acres cultivated; $8,000 cash, balance can run.
$7,200—600 acres, at Viola, Clackamas Co.; 200 acres clear, 400 acres timber; saw mill on place.
$6,000—160 acres, 7 miles from Hillsboro; 45 acres prunes, balance timber; $2000 can run; will trade equity.
$17,000—1900 acres, near Oakland, Or.; 450 acres cultivated; 1000 fruit trees.
$5,000—40 acres, at Mount Scott; 10 acres orchard; terms easy.
$260 per acre—250 acres, adjoining city limits on south.
$15,000—1520 acres, 40 miles south of Pendleton; 200 acres cultivated; also 200 head of horses, if desired.
$7,500—495 acres, at junction of Cowlitz and Coweman rivers; 235 acres bottom land; easy terms.
$4,150—41 acres, at Grant's Pass; light timber.
$650—40 acres, in Columbia Co.; 8 acres cultivated.
$1,100—61 acres, near Gale's creek postoffice; 8 acres in cultivation.
$2,100—166 acres, in Nebraska; 100 acres in cultivation; $800 can stand; will trade equity.
All prices—Farms in Yamhill Co., for sale and trade.
$5,000—200 acres, at Carrollton, Wash.; 100 acres bottom land; will trade for part cash.
$2,000—11½ acres, 1 mile from Raleigh station, in Washington Co.
$6 per acre—2720 acres, in Morrow Co.; all can be cultivated.
$2,750—45 acres, near Woodburn; 30 acres cultivated; some hops and prunes; will trade.
$10 per acre—Water-ditch land, in Eastern Oregon; in tracts to suit.
$3,000—120 acres, in Cowlitz Co., Wash.; 35 acres in cultivation; fully stocked.
$850—13 acres, 11 miles from Portland, on Base Line road; 3 acres in cultivation.
$1,000—160 acres, in North Dakota; will trade.
$10,500—460 acres, ½ mile from Wilbur; 150 acres have been farmed.
$600—25 acres, 5 miles from Scappoose; some livestock.
$125 per acre—55 acres, 8 miles out on Powell's Valley road; 40 acres cultivated; will cut up to suit.
$2,750—162 acres, 22 miles from Roseburg; 35 acres cultivated; some stock; will trade.
$600—80 acres, 3 miles from Summit station, in Benton Co.; 8 acres cultivated.
$1,200—66½ acres, 4 miles from Gaston; 23 acres cultivated; some stock.
$12,500—300 acres, at Holbrook's, in Columbia Co.; 100 acres in cultivation; $6000 can stand; will divide.
$5 to $200 per acre—Sundry lands, near Eugene.
$3,500—33 acres, at Beaverton; 4 acres cultivated; will cut up into tracts.
$1,700—160 acres, 6 miles east of Oregon City; house and some cleared.
$4,000—80 acres, 1 mile from Tigardsville; 25 acres cultivated; some hops; will divide to suit.
$1,920—48 acres, adjoining above; 12 acres clear.
$3,000—45 acres, at Lincoln, Polk Co.; 26 acres orchard; $2000 can run.
$5,000—61 acres prune land, at Canby, Or.
$900—Homestead relinquishment, in Columbia Co.; 5 acres clear.
$7,200—240½ acres, 10 miles southwest of Hillsboro; 38 acres cultivated; would trade for house and lot in part payment.
$1,800—160 acres, 3 miles from Grant's Pass; 15 acres cultivated; some stock.
$10,000 — Fine farm, 275 acres, near Forest Grove; will trade for Portland property.
$3,300—66 acres, in Lane Co.; hops and fruit; easy terms.

UNIMPROVED AND TIMBER LANDS.

$960 — 160 acres timber land, in Lewis Co., Wash.; fir and cedar.
$2,880—480 acres timber land, at Hood River, Oregon.
$1,000—160 acres rich bottom land, in Linn Co.
$1,500—160 acres, between Yaquina and Alsea bays; some open, some timber; will trade.
$700—40 acres, on railroad, in Jackson Co.; some has been cleared; easy terms.
$800—160 acres timber, 8 miles from Chehalis, Wash.
$4,800—320 acres timber, 3 miles from Kalama, Wash.; some cleared.
$400—85 acres timber, 3½ miles from Astoria.
$2,100—320 acres timber, in Michigan; hard maple; will trade.
$3,000—480 acres timber, in Chehalis Co., Wash.; fine fir and can be logged on river or hauled to railroad.
$525—21 acres timber, 3 miles west of Linnton.
$1,000—120 acres, 6 miles from Taylor's landing, on Columbia river; down timber.
$1,200—95 acres, 3½ miles from Scappoose; good wood timber.
$750—40 acres, in Washington Co.; on road from St. Helens to Hillsboro.
$1,600—160 acres, 28 miles from Portland; 12 acres clear; [illegible] house and some fruit.
$900—320 acres timber, in Linn Co.; 4,000,000 feet, mostly cedar.
$1,500—40 acres, 3½ miles from Holbrook's; good timber.
$1,500 — 4[illegible] acres, 2¼ miles from Hillsboro; slashed [illegible] burned; some fencing.
$3,300—220 [illegible]es, in Tillamook county; 75 acres bottom; [illegible] trade.
$720—80 acres, just back of Linnton; good fir and some cedar.
$800—5 acres, adjoining Ashland; fine peach land.
$640—160 acres, in Marion county; part timber and part pasture.
$500—160 acres, 10 miles from Columbia; good timber, fir and cedar.
$4,800—240 acres, being near Canby, on the Molalla river.
$1,200—120 acres, on Scappoose creek; 30 acres slashed, and has been cultivated; fine soil.
$1,100—80 acres, in Lewis Co., Wash.; good timber and coal land.
$720—320 acres, on Upper Klamath lake.
$1,200—320 acres timber, at Hood River.
35 acres, near Port Discovery, Wash.; price, with lots in Port Discovery, $1,000.
$800—147 acres, in Clackamas Co.; part has been cultivated; very cheap.
$1,200—160 acres, in Whitman Co., Wash.; fine farming land, and dirt cheap.
$650—29 acres, 1¼ miles from Tualatin station; 5 acres slashed.

SMALL TRACTS NEAR PORTLAND.

$1,500—10 acres, unimproved, 1 mile from Bertha, 3½ miles from Portland.
$3,000—5 acres, in Fruitvale; all fenced and in fruit; on Mount Scott motor.
$4,000—5 acres, ½ mile from Clackamas station; highly cultivated.
$5,000—10 acres, all cleared, adjoining Kennedy's add.
$3,000—12 acres, clear, adjoining Willsburg.
$800—¼ acre, at Ziontown; house and barn.
$260 per acre — 120 acres, adjoining Carson Heights.
$1,600—2 acres, clear, at Palatine hill.
$4,200—21-acre prune orchard, 6 miles east of Vancouver.
$2,000—40 rods of ocean front, at Long Beach.
$850—13 acres, 11 miles out on Base Line road; 3 acres improved.
$125 per acre—10-acre tracts, 8 miles out on Powell's Valley road.
$1,100—10 acres, at Hazelwood, 6 miles out on Barr road; will sell on installments.
$1,300—5 acres, on Mount Scott motor; entitled to 5c fare.
$2,600—18 acres, at Beaverton; 7 acres in cultivation.
$2,200—20 acres, at Gresham; all clear; house, etc.
$650—10-acre tracts, uncleared, at Beaverton.
$250 to $400 per acre—Tracts in Lewellyn Park; part of it in fruit.
$4,000—12 acres, at Milwaukie; 7 acres clear; a snap.
$700—7 acres, ¾ mile from Dayton; in hops, fruits and berries.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

$300—Restaurant, doing good business.
$2,500 — 30 - room lodging - house, well located; $1400 can run.
$1,650—½ acre, house, complete, and good business, in thriving town down river.
$6,500—Best-paying hotel in city; 140 rooms.
$1,300—Banking fixtures, safe, stationery, etc.; good site for small bank.
$1,700—Good 32-room hotel, in lively country town.
$1,000—Drug and general merchandise stock, on Tualatin plains; good location for physician.
$600—Good photograph gallery, on East Side; teach purchaser the business.
$2,500—Best private rooming house in city; a splendid chance to start a private boarding-house.
$2,000—Fine lodging-house, in Astoria.
$750—Dyeing works, in city; good business; will teach purchaser the business.
$25,000—4 lots and planing mill, on East Side; complete plant; cost $50,000.

IN OTHER TOWNS.

$3,200—½ block, 10th and C sts., in Vancouver, Wash.; fine house.
$2,500—2 lots Eighth and West C sts., Vancouver, Wash.; 2-story house.
$650—1 lot, Ninth st., bet. B and C, in Vancouver, Wash.
$400—4 acres, uncleared, 1½ miles from river, west of Main st., in Vancouver, Wash.
$10,000—9 houses and 6 lots, in Vancouver, Wash.
$3,000—House and 3 lots, in St. Helen's.
$2,000—Wharf property, in thriving town down Columbia river.
$2,900—2 houses and 2 lots, in Warrentown, Or.
$1,300—Residence, store and block, in Greenville, Washington Co.; will also sell stock of goods.
$1,000—House and lot, in Toledo, Wash.
$1,000—36 blocks, in Port Discovery; this also includes some land.
$3,500—1 block, in Oregon City.

DeLASHMUTT & SON.

The above is a partial list of the property we have for sale. For further particulars call on or address

DeLASHMUTT & SON, - 209 STARK ST., PORTLAND, OR.

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