

THE CREOLE AT HOME

LIFE IN SOUTHWESTERN LOUISIANA.

Major Vincent and His Political Ambition—A Visit to Hackberry Island.

BEAUMONT, Tex., June 10.—(Special Correspondence.)—I took a trip last week through the pine country of Louisiana, down Hackberry Island, in Southwestern Louisiana, and had opportunity of seeing and visiting with the famous Creole planter and stockraiser on his native soil. In company with W. H. Paulhamus, of Sunset, Wash., I left Beaumont at 7 A. M., and an hour later found us at Vinton, a station across the line in Louisiana, where we were met by Mr. Vincent, with whom we had previously arranged to introduce us to that part of the state. We were bound for Hackberry Island, on the Gulf of Mexico, where we were going to close leases on some old lands. "Major" Vincent (everyone calls him "Major"), although his Army experience was limited to killing steers for Forrest's raiders when they were doing good work for the (lost) cause, is the highest type of the self-made Creole. He is now about 50 years of age, self-educated, and in every way an interesting man. He is rich and influential. Everybody in Louisiana knows Major Vincent. His great drives of cattle graze on his thousands of acres of fertile pasture land, and near his spacious house on this land enterprising Yankees are drilling for oil, and have already struck a flow at 600 feet. Yet, since the war ended, he worked for "four bits" a day. One of many children, whose father had married at 17 (he married at 15), his rise to affluence has been remarkable, and the best thing of it all is that he does not seem to realize his importance.

The Major is in politics, and, of course, he is a Democrat. He has served several terms in the Louisiana legislature, and is a hold-over member of the lower House. He made a reputation at Baton Rouge as a fluent speaker whose voice was always raised against the old "rotary gang," and as a fearless exponent of the needs of the tiller of the soil. He is mentioned frequently for the Governorship next year. He would not be the first Creole Governor, either. In Louisiana has chosen several Creoles from these charming people. All the Major will have to do to carry the primaries in various parishes (they do not call them counties in Louisiana) will be to rally his relatives to his cause and the thing would be a unit in this portion of the state. He has brothers, sisters, uncles and aunts, and cousins by the score. They are as thick as the Louisiana "third party fly."

The Creoles of Louisiana.
The Creoles of Louisiana are probably the most influential class in the state. In New Orleans they have great importance in business, politics and social life. They represent a large part of the wealth, and from the first French settlement, through the Spanish and again the French and finally the American occupation of Louisiana, they have been a constant factor both in the City of New Orleans and the state at large. They represent the oldest families of Louisiana. The Northerners often confound them with the Creoles. There is no connection. No Negro blood is in the real Creole. He is of pure French origin. There may be plenty of octoroons, with Creole blood in them, but no Creole has Negro blood in his veins. It will be remembered that George W. Cable got in to a row with the Creoles, by intimating, in some of his stories, that they were tainted with Negro blood.

Southern Hospitality.
But, to return to our trip. Major Vincent greeted us cordially at the station at Vinton. "Just step into that back seat, gentlemen," he said, as he climbed up in the front of the record wagon and pulled the ribbons tight over the backs of a fine pair of beautiful horses. "We are going to have a beautiful day for our little ride to Hackberry. I sent word down yesterday, by one of my niggers, to inform 'pa' that we would be there by night. I want you to get well acquainted with 'pa'; he's only 13 years older than I, and he's a horse better, even though he's 70 odd."

We rolled off at a rapid pace across the prairie. "That is my residence ahead there four miles," he said, and the Major, pointing towards a big white house with wide galleries among the oak and magnolia trees on a gently sloping knoll. "To the left is the derrick where my friends from the North have struck oil. I wouldn't let them come nearer than a half mile of the residence, for fear a gusher might ruin my shrubbery. I would like a little oil in the proper place, but I wouldn't have my home bespattered with that stuff for all the gushers on earth."

And the Major meant every word he said. That house is his heaven, and I don't blame him, for it is certainly ideal. Driving up to the great gate entering the residence grounds, with thousands of acres extending in every direction which he owns in fee simple, the Major remarked as the portal was swung open by a "nigger" boy:

"I bid you welcome to my home. Here we live close to nature. We have mocking birds in the mulberry and magnolia trees, wild lilacs and hyacinths in the pond over there and the festive turtle and alligator in your bayou. Step in and have a cup of coffee before we continue our journey. I am sorry that the madam is visiting in Texas. She will be disappointed when I tell her you were here, and she was not in her home to make you more comfortable than I or the servants can."

Serving coffee is a great form of politeness with the Creoles. The coffee pot is always kept on the stove and it is brought onto the gallery to every visitor. No matter when you come, if only a few minutes before meal time, it is offered you. And such coffee! It is good enough, but sweetened to death with sugar, and the cup is never but half full. We swallowed it to be sure, for the Creoles, but it would be considered a breach of good manners.

After enjoying our coffee on the wide gallery, we proceeded on our way. The Major soon had his team going at a clipping gait. There were no roads in view. We were on the bosom of the broad prairie, skirting bayous as we flew along.

"We could reach Hackberry in half the distance we will have to traverse," he exclaimed, "if it were not for these impassable swamps and bayous. But we get along very well. You will observe that this ground, although covered with the finest grass a steer ever chewed, is as smooth as a shell road."

In the bushes here and there we noticed quail, pheasant and plover by the hundred. They seemed to be no more alarmed at us than they were at the cattle grazing everywhere in sight. We were startled, however, to see many varieties of snakes. They were vicious, too, especially the big blue racers and the little spotted moccasins. They would hardly creep out of the way of the horses.

"Oh, we don't mind these fellows—when we are sober," remarked the Major with an amused smile. "We have so many of them that the advent of another St. Patrick in our midst would make us lonesome. The moccasin, though, is a dangerous individual. He is poisonous, but not so much so as the rattlesnake, which also abounds here. I never knew anybody to die of a snake bite in Louisiana, although my old friend, Colonel Gray, over at Lake Charles, lost one of his fingers from the gradual sloughing of the flesh after being bitten by a moccasin."

Being thus reassured, we asked no further questions about snakes; but we kept our eyes open and our Seattle flash handy.

"I want to introduce you to an uncle of mine," said the Major, drawing rein in

front of a one-story house. We looked over a ragged fence into a somewhat neglected yard, where several dogs snuffed in the shade, a large pet sheep bleated and a startled chicken, and an old duck strutted under the house, while a buzzard looked down upon us from the huge barrel-like cistern at the side of the kitchen window. A stocky-built man with a gray beard slowly arose from a rocking chair on the gallery and approached us with a quizzical smile.

"Let me present my friends from the North," said the Major. "Gentlemen, this is Uncle Levi."

"You must be warm," replied Uncle Levi. "Come, onto the gallery, where it is cool."

We followed him, and found ourselves seated in low rocking chairs, where the cool Gulf breeze soon made us comfortable. The customary coffee was forthcoming. Uncle Levi having ordered it from the kitchen, and was served by several women. One thing we noticed, wherever we stopped, was that the women of the Creole household were never introduced. The husband is lord and master, apparently. The women folks are the heads of the household, to serve the head of the house and his guests.

We soon observed that the Major was right when he explained that we would be interested in Uncle Levi. We found that he was uneducated, but quick-witted, wise as an owl, and well entitled to the cognomen of "philosopher." He is the head of a large family, of course, but all his sons and daughters are married, the boys with their families, living on pieces of land, a part of the old place, raising corn and cattle.

"Where be you going?" inquired Uncle Levi, settling in his chair with one of his feet planted against a gallery post.

"Down to Hackberry," replied the Major.

There was a moment's silence, then Uncle Levi, apparently wishing to be impressive, said:

"I be trouble down there pretty soon, if you don't keep these oil men away from that island. I see them passin' here every day, and I don't like 'em. They be trouble down there, if they know what good for them. I don't want no oil. I sure would like water—that would be worth something. Or, if some feller would bring a whisky well, that would still be better."

Uncle Levi chuckled, and taking his knife out of his pocket, began to whittle a corn-cob.

"Speaking about whisky, Uncle Levi," interrupted the Major, "what is that I heard about your being before the grand jury at Lake Charles, when they were looking into violation of the Sunday law?"

"Wasn't that last week?"

Uncle Levi looked surprised—then smiled knowingly.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "they sure had me over there as a witness. The boys juror asked me if I had ever bought any whisky on Sunday at Lake Charles."

"That was one of the most scandalous leading questions I ever heard tell on. So I just said, 'Now, boys, you know whenever I come over here for a little sport, I usually arrive about Thursday or Friday, and get so howlin' drunk immediately I doan know when Sunday comes.' They let me go."

At this juncture one of the women of the household appeared and made some kind of a signal.

"Gentlemen," said Uncle Levi, "we will step in to dinner."

A Louisiana Dinner.
We were seated at benches on each side of a long table. We four only. The women didn't appear.

Turtle was the main dish, and it was delicious. Then there was cornbread. No meat is needed to make turtle delicious, but with such cornbread, and Delmonico could take lessons from the creole women on preparing turtle. It is the ideal terrapin stew.

Bidding Uncle Levi "Good-day," we were soon again passing typical creole dwellings, great herds of cattle, wonderful cornfields and ponds and bayous filled with lilies, snakes and alligators.

As we were passing over St. Charles Bayou onto Hackberry Island, the Major stopped his team.

A Scrap of History.
"I want to call your attention to two things at this point," he said, "with which our people are well acquainted. When the carpet-baggers got hold of the Louisiana state government during Reconstruction days, they proposed digging a canal from St. Charles Lake to Sabine Lake. This bayou is the canal they represented as having built. The State Treasury was touched for the job. About 50 years ago a rich Frenchman brought a thousand or more slaves here and put into cultivation a great many thousands of acres in sugar cane. You can see your eye as you will reach that the ground has at one time been worked. I can remember when a boy of being here occasionally and with open-mouthed wonder viewing the grandeur of the place. The planter found, after several years' experience, however, that the soil was too salty for sugar cane, and the ultimate result was bankruptcy and failure. It was many years before the war, when the negroes were sold and the place deserted. Now it is a cattle range."

Hackberry Island.
Hackberry Island is about seven miles across each way, and is fringed with swamp lands on the Gulf side. It is owned by creole farmers, and there are no other inhabitants, excepting natives, known as "Redbones," who own a few acres here and there. The "Redbone" is not found anywhere else. He is a mixture of negro, white and Indian. In color he resembles an Indian, and his hair is straight. The creoles call them "niggers," which term is not relished by the Redbone, but he has great humility, and is obedient to an old-time slave and more energetic. The men are tall and straight, the women have good, strong features, and are good looking. The latter do the washing and ironing in the creole households, and two will work from sunrise to sunset for "two-bits" a day each, and then walk several miles to their humble home. Talk about cheap labor. This beats the Jap to death.

"These Redbones are good people," observed the Major, as we rolled along over the island. "But some of them steal things out of the houses once in awhile. About a month ago my cousin, who lives over there about a mile, missed some things occasionally. An old Redbone, living off here to the left, asked him why he didn't shoot the fellow. 'Oh! I would, but I have never put eye on him,' he replied. The very next evening, when my cousin was sitting on the front gallery, he heard a noise in the kitchen. He grabbed his rifle and ran to the back of the house only to see a Redbone figure in the darkness. He called upon him to halt, but there was no response, and as the rapidly fleeing figure leaped over the fence a rifle ball went after him. My cousin made an examination next day and found blood stains in the grass. This same old Redbone died two days later at his home, surrounded by his wife and children. No cause for his death was made public, but our impression is that the fellow was killed for a time at least."

Hackberry Island is one of the most beautiful gardens I have ever seen. The meadows are covered with wild roses and waving bluegrass, in the fields great stalks of corn wave their tassled heads to and fro in the gentle breeze. The distant swamps are liberally blessed with massive cypress and the perfume of pond lilies and hyacinths, while here and there on groves of giant magnolias with their

glorious snowy bloom. No wonder the Creole mother is noted for her beauty and gentleness, and the Creole children develop such docile and happy dispositions. Such surroundings have inspiration for all that is soft, sweet and tender, and you will find it exemplified in all the people of Hackberry, in their well-mannered voices, their hospitality and exquisite politeness.

A Creole Home.
We stopped over night with a cousin of the Major, Captain Joe Vincent. It would do you good to see his house. It is one story in height, and covers pretty near a half acre of land, with its wide enclosing galleries. "Captain Joe," as he is known, is a big, noble fellow, as strong as an ox, and as gentle as one of his prize Jerseys. His pipe is always between his teeth, and you know to step almost under him when he speaks, his voice is pitched so low. His is the most ideal Creole home on the island. He has 14 children, there being four sets of twins in the bunch. His wife, a Creole, lives with him. She also has nine children, including two sets of twins. Here, too, we met "pa," the Major's father, who makes his home with the Captain. He has nephews, nieces, fathers and mothers and hired help. I was told, there were over 60 people in the house, not to speak of the niggers in the string of cabins on the other side of the great stables.

Near the house in the trees is a small building where "Captain Joe" keeps store. My customers consist mainly of my own family and relatives," he explained. "I don't keep any books. Some of my children parcel out the stuff, and each customer keeps count and settles with me once a year."

I could easily see how Captain Joe was getting flim-flammed, but he seemed to enjoy it.

During the evening, the Captain's neighbors, who had been previously notified, assembled on the wide gallery. We soon disposed of our business matters, and at 9 o'clock were fast asleep in the great house between snowy-white sheets and under the protection of the very necessary mosquito bar.

Returning homeward next day, we found Uncle Levi in front of his house carefully grooming a handsome brown mare, weighing not more than 800 pounds, with clean-cut limbs and quivering knees.

"Howdy, gentlemen," the old man exclaimed. "Walk in and have some coffee."

"How is your mare this morning?"

"Mid-in pearl, thank you. That blue mare over at Lake Charles will have to stretch herself if she heads Ivey next Saturday. You know, I've got a bet on with Colonel Strong. His blue mare is a powerful good galloper and has run away from all of them, but Lucy will head anything in these parts at 300 yards, or I'll turn her out among the steers. There will be a crowd down the road to see the sprint, but the boys know both mares have never been skinned."

"How much have you wagered on your mare?" I asked.

"Oh! not more than a gallon of good whisky. But, I'm not sayin' how much will be on the mare when she toes the scratch. I sometimes gets a little reckless when we get down to business. Lucy will skin the blue mare, easily, even if she adds the old sport, calmly, 'if she has the right man on her back. I guess I'll have to ride her—yes, I guess so. You know, Aladin, (addressing the Major), I can sit on any horse that lives, even if I am a little old. Just give me about three drinks of whisky before I put my feet in the stirrups, and that blue mare will soon be boarding with niggers."

And Uncle Levi smiled self-confidently. I have since learned that Uncle Levi and Lucy won the race by three lengths, and there have been doings in that vicinity. Short-distance horseracing is a great sport in that part of the country.

I could tell of many other interesting things, but will simply say that we reached Vinton again that evening and were in Beaumont for supper. Before bidding Uncle Levi "Good-bye," I asked him if he was a soldier in the Rebellion. "Not much," he answered, quickly. "I sent a substitute. I didn't believe in secession. Not me."

"Then, I guess you are a pretty good Republican," I replied.

"Not by a jugful," he exclaimed. "I'm a Democrat, born, raised and fattened. And this is the way of all the other white men in that part of Calcasieu parish. I didn't meet 'Louisiana Lou.'"

G. U. P.

PERSONAL MENTION.
County Commissioner J. G. Mack will leave for San Francisco, Cal., tomorrow.

Peter Worthe, of Holt County, Missouri, accompanied by John Schranz, who have been making a tour of the Coast, arrived here three days ago, and have been taking in the sights of Portland, under the chaperonage of Adam Klippel. They were delighted with the appearance of the city, and surrounding country generally. The things that pleased them most were the reservoir on Mount Tabor and the flow of Bull Run water into it. The saw mills at the north end, and the logs and lumber they saw there. Mr. Worthe has a son in Gilliam County who owns a large stock ranch there, and he left for Arlington yesterday, where he will be met by his son, who will drive in 50 miles from his ranch to take his father out. Mr. Worthe will probably notice considerable difference between Gilliam County and Multnomah County.

NEW YORK, June 14.—Northwestern people registered at New York hotels today as follows:
From Portland—H. Wolf, at the Raleigh; A. B. Lamerson, at the Morton; Miss D. B. Howard, at the Fifth Avenue.
From Seattle—C. W. Meldrum, at the Grand; J. E. Gilbrath, at the Marlborough.

From Spokane—J. L. Drumheller, at the Victoria.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—L. O. Behm, of Deep Creek; E. L. Darr, of Sumner, and W. E. Porter and sister, of Portland, are at the Hotel St. James.

BUFFALO, June 14.—A. H. Devers and W. H. Chapin, of Portland, dropped in on Oregon delegation at the Pan-American Exposition today to extend congratulations. The Oregonians were highly entertained tonight. The Oregon, Washington and Idaho delegations will visit Toronto tomorrow.

Sheep With Influenza.
Dr. J. Christie, of Pendleton, reports that a band of sheep of 300 head, belonging to Andy Roper, of Butler Creek, has the influenza. Nine of the sheep died, and Mr. Roper, noticing that a great many more were suffering from a disease in the head, became alarmed and sent a messenger to Pendleton to inquire about the ailment, with which he was totally unacquainted, and to secure a doctor. Dr. Christie went and found almost the entire band affected. One hundred and fifty of the most serious cases were separated from the rest and given special treatment. It is thought that few more will die. The veterinarian says that influenza among sheep is very uncommon in the Northwest, but a few cases have occurred in Montana. It is frequently met in the Eastern States and Europe. It attacks the head of the animals much as a cold in human beings, and results in pneumonia and consumption.

Henry B. Hyde Is Safe.
SAN FRANCISCO, June 14.—The American ship Henry B. Hyde, laden with coal, which had almost been given up as lost, has arrived here, 153 days from Baltimore. Bad weather caused the delay.

NEW RATES.
For National Entertainment Convention at Detroit, July 8-12, the O. R. & N. has made a round-trip rate from Portland of \$31.25. Tickets on sale July 2 and 3; return limit, August 21. Call at city ticket office, Third and Washington, for other details.

PORTLAND STILL LEADS

MAINTAINING PRESTIGE AS GREAT-EST WHEAT PORT ON COAST.

Has Over Fifty Cargoes Afloat—Ship Tillie E. Starbuck Sold—Palatinia Clears for Tacoma.

In spite of the poor yield of wheat in the Willamette Valley last year, Portland is still holding her own as the greatest wheat port on the Pacific Coast, and will undoubtedly maintain that lead through the season, not drawing to a close. The arrival of Pacific Coast wheat at European points was very heavy in May, amounting to 6,153,730 bushels, of which Portland shipped 2,792,721 bushels. San Francisco shipped 3,460,909 bushels, and Tacoma combined 624,288 bushels. There also arrived out in May 2,700 barrels of flour from Portland and 24,940 barrels from Tacoma. That Portland will not fall much behind this lead in the future is apparent by the figures showing cargoes afloat from Pacific Coast ports on June 1. At that time there were 53 vessels still on the way from Portland, 41 from San Francisco and 30 from Seattle and Tacoma. On the same date in 1900 there were 31 from Portland, 56 from San Francisco and 12 from Seattle and Tacoma. Two years ago the figures were as follows: From Portland, 37 cargoes, from San Francisco 13 cargoes, from Seattle and Tacoma 22 cargoes.

The delayed arrival of ships will cut down the June sailings from this port, there being but three ships to go from here, compared with six or seven from Seattle and Tacoma, and about the same number from San Francisco. This port will come back into its regular place in July, however, and will turn out nearly as much wheat as was shipped on the opening month of the season a year ago.

TILLIE E. STARBUCK SOLD.
Well-Known Round-the-Horn Trader Purchased by San Franciscans.

The American ship Tillie E. Starbuck, the first iron sailing ship built in America, and for many years sailing out of Portland, New York and Philadelphia, has again changed hands. This time she joins the San Francisco fleet, going into the hands of Welch & Co., San Francisco, has bought up about all of the wooden American ships afloat, and is now beginning on the metal vessels. The Starbuck will probably be withdrawn from the round-the-horn trade and kept in the Honolulu business. She is still in command of Captain Curtis, and as he is now a resident of San Francisco, he will undoubtedly prefer to remain in the Starbuck instead of going into steam, as he expected to when he gave up his Portland residence about two years ago.

The Starbuck came to Portland on her maiden trip in 1831, bringing out among other freight the big railroad ferry now in use at Kalama. She also had about 30 locomotives on board for the O. R. & N. Co. On account of the frequent visits of the vessel to this port, she was regarded as a Portland ship, and the many friends of Captain Curtis will be pleased to know that his headquarters will still be on the Pacific Coast. Lieut. Curtis, a son of the captain, is now running as third officer on the steamship China of the Pacific Mail line.

LUMBER FOR TAKU.
Steamship Palatinia Was Cleared Yesterday With 2,000,000 Feet.

The British steamship Palatinia was cleared yesterday for Taku by way of Vancouver, B. C., with 2,000,000 feet of lumber, valued at \$30,000. She was dispatched by the Pacific Export Lumber Company, and left down the river yesterday afternoon. At Vancouver the steamer will take aboard about 800,000 feet of lumber, which was left over from one of the steamers sent out by the company a short time ago. There has been very brief intervals this season when Portland was without an Oriental steamship at the docks, and the Palatinia will hardly get clear of the city before the Portland & Asiatic Company's big liner, Knight Companion, will be here. The Knight Companion's speed is an unknown quantity, but if she makes as good time across the Pacific as was made by the Indravelli on her first trip, she will probably arrive at Astoria this evening, or early tomorrow morning.

ASSYRIAN GOES TO PIECES.
Leyland Liner Broke in Two and Is a Total Loss.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., June 14.—The Leyland liner Assyrian, on a cargo of Cape Race, went to pieces during the night, and this morning is a total wreck. The after part of the vessel is under water, and the hull is broken in two. A heavy sea is raging, and the cargo is being washed ashore and partly carried seaward. Owing to the fury of the gale and the tremendous sea, little of the cargo has thus far been salvaged.

Cannot Go on Alaska Run.
SEATTLE, June 14.—The new passenger steamer Spokane, under course of construction at the Union Iron Works, in San Francisco, and intended for the Alaskan excursion traffic, according to late advice, will not be completed in time for this season's business. Delivery was contracted for May 1, but, owing to the recent machinists' strike, the contractors will be unable to complete their work. Her owners will fill her sailing dates by the steamer Queen.

Low Water at Salem.
SALEM, Or., June 14.—The Willamette River at Salem is becoming so low that boats have difficulty in getting over the shallow places. The O. R. & N. Co. has but one boat on the river between here and Portland. The steamer Ruth is off duty, while a smaller wheel is being put on board. After this change is made both the Ruth and Modoc will be in shape to make the Portland-Salem run all summer.

Marine Notes.
The United States lighthouse tender Manzanita is at Wolf & Zwicker's, undergoing a few minor repairs, preparatory to leaving for Alaska on her annual cruise.

The German bark Alsterchwan has finished loading, and is in the stream. The Nivelle will finish today, and the H. Hackfeld early next week. This will close the season.

The steamship Columbia arrived up last evening after a good passage up the coast, and a fast run up the river. The Elder arrived in San Francisco yesterday, and the Signal sailed from Knappa-ton for San Francisco.

Domestic and Foreign Ports.
ASTORIA, June 14.—Arrived in at 8:50 A. M., and left at 11 A. M.—Steamer Columbia, from San Francisco. Sailed at 3 P. M.—Steamer Signal, from Knappa-ton, for San Francisco. Condition of the bar at 5 P. M., smooth; wind, south; weather, hazy.

San Francisco, June 14.—Arrived—Steamer Geo. W. Elder, from Portland; barkentine Portland, from Tacoma; bark Levi G. Burgess, from Tacoma; ship Glory of States, from Oyster Harbor; barkentine Northwest, from Tacoma; schooner Lily, from Umpqua. Sailed—Ship Spartan, for Seattle; steamer St. Charles, for Chemainus; schooner Kono, for Gray's Harbor; steamer Tellus, for Chemainus; steamer Mackinaw, for Seattle.

San Diego, June 14.—Arrived—Steamer Coquille River, from Eureka.

Antwerp—Arrived June 12.—British ship County of Roxburgh, from Oregon.

Seattle—Sailed June 12.—Steamer Hydres, for Tacoma; steamer Charles D.

We Have Not Been Talking

About our men's suits the past three weeks for the reason that our sales at \$9.85 have been moving them out right along without any urging on our part. The assortment having become somewhat depleted we have added two new lines.

69 WORSTED SUITS

Taking them out of our \$20 lines and putting them on the \$9.85 tables. Anyone unfamiliar with our methods would consider this an extravagant statement, but remember

WHEN YOU SEE IT IN OUR AD. IT'S SO!

And we will thank you for an opportunity of convincing you that this is a positive fact.

Boys' Clothing

The largest stock in the city to select from, at prices to suit slender pocketbooks.

300 NOVELTY SUITS

Ages 3 to 9; all this season's productions; advertised elsewhere as \$15.00 suits; OUR PRICE \$3.95

Boys' 2-Piece School Suits

Ages 3 to 16 years; all wool, double vents and knees, unfadable fabric, sewed with silk, OUR PRICE \$3.95

WASHABLE SUITS

We continue our sale on Boys' Washable Suits, advertised elsewhere as \$15.00 suits; OUR PRICE \$3.95

COME IN...

And buy four pairs of IRON-CLAD STOCKINGS triple knee, high spliced heel and double toe, at 15c

Always retailed at 25c. We will not sell more than four pairs to one customer, as we wish to distribute this bargain as widely as possible.

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The only good sauce; enriches the taste of all Meats, Fish, Game, Salads, etc., and gives a flavor that imitators utterly fail to produce.

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