BANDITS AND POSSE

Officers in Battle With Horsethieves in Wheeler County.

CAMPED ON THE SAME RANCH

Deputy Sheriff Is Shot in Mouth and One of the Outlaws Receives Bullet in the Stomach, but Makes His Escape.

FOSSIL, Or., Aug. 6.—(Special.)—A battle between a Sheriff's posse and two horsethieves occurred near Waterman, this county, at an early hour this morning. The bandits had stolen three horses from the ranches of A. Kinsey and Representative J. N. Burgess. The posse struck their trail and camped last night at the Wilson ranch, near Waterman. The horsethieves were also in camp at the same place.

Early this morning the robbers started to make off with the stolen horses and the efforts of the officers to stop them brought on the fight. Many shots were exchanged, and in the melee Deputy Hugh Shields was shot in the mouth. One of the robbers received a bullet in the stomach, but it did not prevent him taking Shields' horse and making his escape, leaving his own at the ranch. While the officers were looking out for their wounded companion, the other outlaw returned and secured the two stolen horses and got away before he could be stopped. He left one of his horses at the St. Johns ranch and was later seen at Richmond, where he demanded shoes and a gun. The wounded robber was not seen after his flight from the Wilson place.

The authorities of Wheeler and Wasco Counties have each offered rewards of $200 for the capture of the men.

FOREST FIRE IN CLACKAMAS.

Farmers Succeed in Getting It Under Control.

OREGON CITY, Aug. 6.—(Special.)—Fifty farmers in the neighborhood of Union Mills, this county, are vigorously fighting a forest fire that is doing considerable damage to farm buildings in that section. The blaze started two days ago and has been burning steadily since. Friday night the farmers managed to save the Union Mills schoolhouse from the flames only by working hard all night.

Jim Mallatt and H. W. Shaw are the principal losers because of the fire which is now under control. The fire started from the burning of brush, getting beyond control.

Burning Within Spokane's Limits.

SPOKANE, Wash., Aug. 6.—Forest fires within the city limits of Spokane have burned over nearly a square mile of timber in the southeastern portion of the city, and a cloudy pall has settled over the town, so that the inhabitants are moving round in gloom. The fire started yesterday morning on the bluffs south of the city, and was fought by the residents until this afternoon. An alarm then called the Fire Department, and despite their hardest efforts, by night the residence districts of Liberty Park and the First Ward were threatened. A change in the breeze and backfiring across the county road finally checked its progress.

Washington Town Narrowly Escapes.

SPOKANE, Wash., Aug. 6.—But for a lull in the wind, the whole town of Chattaroy would have been wiped out by forest fires. The fire reached the edge of town and burned many piles of cordwood piled up for shipment. It is supposed to have started from sparks of a Spokane Falls & Northern train Tuesday. Many of the families have moved their effects into open fields, and are camping beside them at night. Since the lull in the wind the men have backfired the woods on all sides of the town, and it is thought all danger is past.

Fires on Sound Controlled.

SEATTLE, Wash., Aug. 6.—During the past week forest fires have burned 640 acres at Issaquah, 600 acres at Lester, 200 acres at Snoqualmie, 160 acres at Redmond, 140 acres at Renton Junction and probably 1000 acres in numerous other places all over the county. In several places, including Snoqualmie, Foster, Riverside, North Bend and along the lines of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railways the flames are still in progress.

RUN AGAIN SLACKENS.

Falling Off in Catch of Salmon in Lower River.

ASTORIA, Aug. 6.—(Special.)—Again there has been a falling off in the run of salmon and the catches made last night and today were not nearly so large as yesterday. Still, the conditions are not bad and thhe outlook is hopeful. The lighter deliveries enabled all the canneries and cold storage plants to clean up today, some of them having their floors bare of fish by the noon hour.

The report received yesterday afternoon that the Baker's Bay traps were making big catches proved to have been misleading, for while some of them did well, the aggregate returns were not large and the seines did not do as well as was expected.

Why the fish have slackened off is a question that no one is able to answer, but every one believes that the drop off is only temporary. The best argument offered that there will be at least one more run is that heretofore the last big run of each season has been followed by a large number of tules, but these have not made their appearance as yet. Instead, the quality of the fish remains exceptionally fine, with the eggs far from being matured, and, strange as it may seem, the eggs in the fish delivered this morning by gillnetters fishing in the lower harbor were less matured than were those in the salmon caught several days ago.

The price still remains at 5 cents flat, but there is already talk of it being placed back at the figures fixed at the opening of the season, if the supply does not show an increase by tomorrow.

ROCK SUPPLY FOR JETTY.

Ledge South of Tillamook Head May Be Drawn Upon.

SEASIDE, Or., Aug. 6.—(Special.)—A party of Government and railroad engineers left here today on an inspection tour for the purpose of investigating the immense granite beds south of Tillamook Head. Those in the party were: W. G. Bagnall, assistant to Major Langfitt; L. B. Hegardt, assistant engineer at Fort Stevens and in charge of the fort; T. H. Curtis, chief engineer of the Astoria & Columbia River Railroad, and J. McGuire, superintendent of the road. It has been necessary to make new preparations for the supplying of rock for construction of the jetty at the mouth of the Columbia, as the workings at Bugby will have been exhausted within the next few months.

The granite found to the south of here is of a character peculiarly adapted for this work. In fact, Mr. Bagnall pronounces it the best they have discovered. Another feature that is considered advantageous by the Government officials is the shortness of the haul from this place, being only about 18 miles from the jetty, instead of 25 as it is from Bugby.

The plans will be forwarded to the proper authorities at Washington, and if accepted, will mean the extension of the Astoria & Columbia River Railroad to the point some three miles south of this place. Those having the matter in charge feel this will be done and that the road will be in operation next year.

NORTHWEST DEAD.

Rev. Father Benedict a Victim of Apoplexy at The Dalles.

THE DALLES, Or., Aug. 6.—(Special.)—Rev. Father Benedict, a Catholic priest, residing at the farm of the Benedictine Brotherhood, about five miles west of The Dalles, was stricken with apoplexy early this morning, while attending service at St. Peter's Church, in this city. Upon entering the chancel, Father Desmarais, the pastor, discovered his confrere lying before the altar. Medical aid was immediately summoned, but proved futile, Father Benedict expiring this afternoon. It is believed that the early morning drive to town in the sun after the intense heat of the past week brought on the attack.

Henry Wooley.

FOREST GROVE, Or., Aug. 6.—(Special.)—Henry Wooley, who died yesterday in Portland, was one of the early settlers of Washington County, crossing the plains in 1845 and settling two miles north of Hillsboro, where he resided until a few years ago, when he went to Eastern Oregon and later to Portland. Mr. Wooley was a native of Ohio and was 74 years of age. He left the following children: Mrs. E. W. Chandler, of Forest Grove; Mrs. W. F. Breidenstein, of Portland; Mrs. F. Walling, of Forest Grove; Mrs. John Walling, of Amity and Fred Wooley, of Spokane.

Funeral of Mrs. Letitia Holland.

THE DALLES, Or., Aug. 6.—(Special.)—The funeral of Mrs. Letitia Holland, an Oregon pioneer of 1850, who died at the home of her son in Seattle, Wednesday, took place here today. Mrs. Holland and her late husband were prominent residents of The Dalles in its early days, the latter serving as County Clerk from 1866 to 1868. Deceased was a native of Iowa and 74 years of age. Besides two sons at Seattle, she left a brother, W. H. Williams, of this city.

LOOT OF TRAINROBBERS.

Fifty Thousand Dollars' Worth of the Stolen Property Recovered.

MISSOULA, Mont., Aug. 6.—Fifty thousand dollars' worth of securities, cash and diamonds were recovered this evening which had formed part of the loot of the Bearmouth trainrobbers. John Christie, arrested in Hope, N. D., today guided Special Agent McFettridge to the place at which the cache was made, eight miles below the scene of the robbery and on the same side of the river. The securities filled a flour sack. They had been thrown into the willows 20 feet from the river bank.

Three miles farther up the hill, Christie led the officers to where $170 in silver and bills had been cached under a stone. One package of money had been torn in two and thrown away as worthless. One hundred and five small diamonds were found where the package containing them had been torn in two by the robbers and spilled in the sand. Two of the drafts aggregated $40,000. Tonight Christie was taken to Phillipsburg, where he will remain until his trial in September.

DID NOT COMMIT SUICIDE.

Woman Supposed to Have Killed Herself Is Alive and Well.

ASTORIA, Aug. 6.—(Special.)—Considerable excitment was caused here about two years ago, when the announcement was made one evening that Hilda Mustola, a young woman, had committed suicide by leaping into the river from the roadway near Foard & Stokes hall, while temporarily insane through sickness. The assertion was made than she was seen by two persons to jump into the river, and later a large reward was offered for the recovery of her body. Searching parties were organized and the river in the vicinity was dragged for days, but without success.

Today a letter was received stating that the woman is not only alive and well, but has since been married and is living with her husband in Wyoming. No explanation is given as to how or why she left Astoria.

Attaches Clark's Summer Home.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 6.—Charles W. Clark, son of Montana's millionaire Senator, was the recipient of a highly unwelcome wedding present from the Bank of California. On Thursday afternoon about 4 o'clock young Mr. Clark and his bride arrived at the groom's magnificent country seat, formerly the Hobart villa, in San Mateo. Almost at the same moment the Sheriff arrived with a writ of attachment upon the house.

Something more than two years ago young Clark bought the magnificent country home of Walter Hobart, with the 200 acres of land surrounding it. All parties to the transaction were reticent as to the purchase price, but it later developed that the sum of $300,000 was paid for the property. Now the fine property is in the care of the Sheriff of San Mateo County, following a suit brought by the Bank of California to force the payment of two notes of $12,500 each.

Ore Purchasing Company's Answer.

BUTTE, Mont., Aug. 6.—The Montana Ore Purchasing Company and others filed an answer today in the District Court to the complaint filed by the Butte & Boston Mining Company to recover damages in the sum of $1,500,000. The suits now pending on similar complaints aggregate $26,000,000. In the answer, the defendants state that there are suits now pending that would cover the present suits if the complaints had been filed in good faith. These suits, it is asserted, are extravagant and unfounded and are only filed to injure the credit and standing of the defendants in the community.

Completed Service in Alaska.

SEATTLE, Aug. 6.—The United States transport Buford arrived tonight from Nome and Skagway, Alaska, with seven companies of infantry aboard. Companies A, B, C and D, of the Eighth United States Infantry, go to Fort Slocum, N. Y., and Companies I and M, of the same regiment, to Fort Niagara, N. Y. Company I, of the Thirteenth Infantry, will go to the Presidio, San Francisco. All will leave tomorrow, the eight infantry companies going by the Great Northern. These troops have just completed two years' service at Alaskan Army posts.

Mining Town Destroyed.

WALLACE, Idaho, Aug. 6.—Scores of people were rendered homeless and nearly $100,000 worth of property was destroyed by a fire that swept Black Bear, a small town between Wallace and Burke, Idaho. With the exception of a dozen small cottages in each end of the town, which stretched up the canyon for 1000 feet, there is not a building left standing. The fire was started by a defective flue in the Black Bear Hotel, and in an incredibly short time the whole town was ablaze.

Cattle Suffering From Heat.

LA GRANDE, Or., Aug. 6.—(Special.)—Today has been a scorcher in the Grand Ronde, the hottest day by far of the season, the thermometer reaching 100 in the shade. There are no indications of rain tonight, and it is feared that the hot spell will continue for some days yet. There is no report of injury to crops at this time, but cattle are said to be suffering in some places.

CONTINENTAL SABBATH

TO WHAT DEGREE EUROPE RESTS ON THE SEVENTH DAY.

London Is as Quiet as Boston—Paris Takes to Its Bois and to the Wooded Parks.

George Grantham Bain, in the Criterion.

One may appreciate the freedom of the Continental Sabbath the more if he comes to it fresh from a Sunday in London. Even Boston, where one may not buy fruit on Sunday, is not more strict in its observance of the day than the English capital. True, there are things that a traveler may find to interest him. I recall with pleasant memories a trip by underground to Hammersmith; on top of a 'bus by way of Kew Gardens to Richmond; in a waterman's wherry past Twickenham and along the picturesque Thames, and then by 'bus again to Hampton Court; returning through beautiful Beechy Woods to London on the box of a coach beside a driver who might have stepped from a page of Dickens. Or another Sunday in the Long Drive with its wonderful vista and in the picturesque castle grounds at Windsor; by carriage to Eton's famous school, and on to what the driver called "Stowk Powgis," to linger for a moment at Gray's grave in the little churchyard of his beautiful Elegy; and so by train to London and the Blue Posts Inn for supper. Londoners are great "trippers." All the railroads sell "week-end" tickets at half rates, and a great proportion of the population hurries away on Saturday to be gone till Monday morning. But that is largely because London itself is a silent waste through all Sunday. New York is gay by comparison—gay because we have in a small measure transplanted the features of Continental life, and they flourish—under restrictions—in and around New York.

English travelers in America consider Coney Island something unique. Its prototype is in Vienna, where the Wurstel Prater offers all but its worst features to an enormous throng from the city every Sunday. Our open-air gardens are to be found in Berlin as well as in Vienna. But with a difference, of course. In the German capital one may sit at a table in Kroll's Garden or in one of the string of restaurants in the Zelten, or in the huge open-air resort of the Zoological Garden, and order a glass of beer or wine without evasion or subterfuge.

One of our ways of observing the Sabbath is to abstain from unnecessary work. The law compels it. In every Continental city one may work or not on Sunday as he chooses. In Paris the cheaper "department stores" are open to Sunday business and do a lively trade. So they are in Berlin. The smaller shopkeepers in Paris close their doors when they go to church. After service they keep open for the remainder of the day and perhaps the evening. One finds the bijouterie shops in the Rue de Rivoli watching for casual customers until 9 or 10 o'clock.

Paris begins its Sabbath rather late; Berlin very early. There are National contrasts in the observance of the day, though internationally there is freedom to enjoy it. The Parisian rises late on Sunday, has his coffee and roll while still in bed, and perhaps reads his morning paper before rising.

London, by the way, has no morning papers worth mentioning on Sunday; so one may not have there even the entertainment of knowing what the world is doing.

For the churchgoer, the Paris Sabbath may begin according to his preference for late or early mass. The great bulk of the population of Paris goes to church on Sunday. Until the noon hour the streets see few but the churchgoers; but the great boulevards are comparatively quiet. It is afternoon—the hour of the "breakfast with a fork"—that the Paris Sunday becomes lively. Its liveliness is wholly orderly. It seeks expression for the most part in the open air if the day is fine. The 20,000 little victorias or voitures, which are the chief means of conveyance, find constant occupation. Streams of pedestrians flow through the Place de la Concorde and out the Champs Elysees to the Bois de Boulogne. Throngs of men and women and children fill the little iron seats along the driveway and watch the gay crowd passing. The little old woman who collects 2 cents each for the rental of these chairs is kept busy. Booths where children's toys are sold do a thriving trade. Punch and Judy has a large audience; the children's playground just behind the line of booths is quite filled with prettily dressed little boys and girls in charge of their "nounous"—picturesque nurses in all-enveloping cloaks of plaids or solid colors, with broad, bright ribbons hanging down their backs. The little boys and girls play with rubber balls or dig in the sand. They are not noisy—a French child seldom is. They are being brought up to a code of manners. Neither are the crowds of men and women in the carriages or in the chairs boisterous. That is, unless one sees here and there the American traveler of a certain type, whose exuberance finds expression in noise.

In the beautiful Bois de Boulogne ceaseless streams of carriages flow up and down the driveways. The open-air restaurants are filled with men and women, sipping their wine or their sugar-water or their liqueur or coffee. A game of football is going on in an open space. Family parties, carefully carrying their folding-chairs so that they may save the 2-cent rental on the public seats, are picnicking in the woods. Tired men who have walked from the city lie down in the grass, their hats pulled over their eyes, and sleep, while their children play about them. One may see something of this in Central Park, but not the same unrestrained disposition to make the Sabbath, after its religious observance, a day of pleasure.

In the suburbs of Paris one finds small circuses in noisy operation; a group of swings with a Red Cross tent significantly near. The captive balloon goes up every ten minutes, freighted with a load of half-frightened humanity.

There is, of course, the jarring note here and there. In the throng of orderly people who fill the Seine boats on the way to the river resorts one may find now and then a man who has had too much wine or absinthe or brandy.

The Berliners are not a devout people, and they are an early rising people. Hence their Sunday begins much earlier than that of the Parisians. At 6 o'clock the noise of a hurrying crowd fills Unter den Linden. The German family is going for its excursion. It goes in all the circumstance of Sunday attire, laden with baskets. Sometimes it goes by wagon, often on foot, more frequently by streetcar. Its objective is the country. Those who find their entertainment in the city make a later start. At 2 o'clock one finds the electric cars crowded. Excursion boats, too, are filled with family parties going to Treptow. The ascendency of the family in the social arrangements of the Germans is something remarkable. Always in the crowds of pleasure-seekers are the father and mother and the children, down to the baby in arms; and more than likely the grandfather and grandmother as well.

There is a curious feature of life in Berlin which one notices chiefly on Sunday. In the suburbs of the city are great stretches of ground laid out in small plots as kitchen gardens. On each of these plots is a little wooden hut, usually having one room. There may be a porch surrounding this little structure. Above it floats a flag. Each of the little plots belongs to a Berliner. Here he raises a small crop of vegetables. Here he comes on Sunday and cares for his plants and smokes his pipe and sits with his family in shirt-sleeves content under the shadow of his little Summer house.

But this is only one way of enjoying the Sabbath. Off in the woods of Treptow are open-air shows and gardens where tables are spread under the trees, and where one may order a glass of beer and spend the whole afternoon drinking it while he talks to his neighbor.

But not all of Berlin has gone to Treptow to spend Sunday. There is the Thiergarten—that beautiful park miscalled an animal garden—where the walks and drives are crowded all through the afternoon. The artificial lake is thick with boats flying the flags of all nations. On the river, which runs through the garden, are other boating parties.

But the greatest crowd is found in the beer gardens. First comes Kroll's facing the Koenig's Platz and just opposite the Reichstag. One has difficulty finding an empty table there on a bright Sunday afternoon. It is of the general type of German beer garden, with gravel walks, passing iron tables, set around with wooden chairs. At one end is a pavilion with a fine military band playing selections that range from Beethoven to Sousa.

A little farther on is the Zelten—a succession of beer gardens, each with its own band, competing noisily for supremacy of sound; while hundreds, unable to get near the tables, stand outside on the asphalt and try to distinguish one selection from the other.

Lastly, at the other end of the Thiergarten, one comes to the Zoological Garden, where the greatest open-air concert in the world is given every Sunday in Summer. One may stand on an elevation here and look over a sea of heads, ranged around tables—thousands of tables—while a slow, thick current moves along the pathways, and on three islands rise band pavilions. It takes three military bands playing alternately in different parts of the grounds to entertain this enormous throng. While the bands play, the audience drinks beer or coffee, the women knit or do embroidering, the men smoke. There is no disorder, no drunkenness, no rowdyism. The crowd remains until evening, eating a simple supper of sausages and rye bread—and the inevitable beer.

At 9 o'clock you meet in the main drives of the Thiergarten wagonloads of merrymakers returning, singing, from the country. The bands in the Zelten are playing louder than ever. From Kroll's Garden as you pass floats the sound of ragtime—the Kuchen-tanz, the Germans call it. In Unter den Linden and in the Friedrichstrasse the cafes, which open directly on the sidewalk, are quite full of men and women drinking beer and Rhine wine or chocolate and eating little cakes. The streets are thronged. Droschkies—many carrying six where three were intended to ride—are flying up and down the asphalt. Up to your hotel room come the click-click of the horses' hoofs and the shuffle of thousands of feet. At 3 o'clock, if you are still awake, you will still hear the voices of returning revelers. Berlin takes its pleasure very seriously and very long-drawn out.

On Sunday afternoon all Vienna hurries to the Prater. It is the fashionable drive, and it is the pleasure resort of the common people as well. At the very entrance of its long driveway is "Venice in Vienna"—a sort of Luna Park with bands and gondolas and big wheels—and the invariable tables and chairs and beer. Just beyond are the Three Coffee Houses—a succession of beer gardens where military bands play good music all afternoon and evening. Austria and Germany are both fortunate in having such fine musical organizations. In Vienna or Berlin one may hear, at the price of a glass of beer or possibly a few cents' admission fee, the work of the best German and Austrian musicians sympathetically played. If one prefers he may stand outside the Three Coffee Houses and hear the music for nothing.

The fashionable crowd which frequents the Prater spends part of the afternoon going up and down the long driveway, passing and repassing its friends. Beyond the Prater a little way is the racecourse, and Sunday is the fashionable day to attend the races. Or one may drive to the Moikerei in the direction of the Danube, where there is the usual array of out-of-door tables. But the refreshment here is milk and coffee and chocolate, with little Vienna cakes, served by aproned women. It is a great rendezvous, the Moikerei, and one may see some very elegantly dressed men and women there—and a great many who are not so elegant. When one has driven up and down the driveway for another hour one may turn aside to Sacher's restaurant, which lies out of range of the Prater's noise, between the Three Coffee Houses and the Wurstel Prater. There are little round tents in Sacher's garden, each enclosing a single table, electric lighted in the evening, and there are open tables under the trees. In the pavilion very likely a dancing party is being given Sunday afternoon.

But probably the most unique thing about the Prater is the resort of the common people—the Wurstel Prater, as it is called. We have many of its features, as I have said, at Coney Island. But except in Budapest, where there is a tame imitation of it, all Europe knows not its like. A broad driveway at one corner of the Prater passes a series of sideshows and restaurants. In the restaurant are Tyrolean singers, pantomimists, acrobats, giving free entertainment to those who sit down long enough to drink a glass of beer. Before the sideshows men cry the attractions of the two-headed girl and exhibit the "smallest man in the world" for a brief moment as an earnest of what is within. The restaurants are thronged; great crowds listen to the showman's harangue. Up and down the driveway moves a crowd of good-natured people, made picturesque here and there by a Bohemian woman in short, colored skirts and heavy boots. The noise of opposing bands, of shouting showmen, of vocalists, of the chattering, laughing throng is great. Here and there a policeman guides traffic. He is not needed to preserve the peace. For of all orderly crowds, the Sunday throng in Vienna is easily the best.

There is a quick thinning out of the crowd by 9 o'clock. Vienna has a curfew law. One may stay out as late as he pleases; but if he stays beyond 10 o'clock he must pay a fee to the porter who lets him in. The greater part of the Sunday crowd has disappeared before that hour, but there are still enough patrons to keep the more popular resorts busy till midnight.

This is the Continental Sabbath as one finds it in the chief cities of Europe. Rome gives up most of the day to pleasure excursions. In St. Petersburg there is not much merry making—but St. Petersburg is never a merry city. The Swiss of the smaller cities spend their Sundays at the Kurhaus.

Girl's Varied Career.

Louisville Herald.

To have been a lady of great estate, a traveler around the world for pleasure, a model for a Parisian dressmaking establishment, a traveling salesman or art ware and a politician, is no usual number of experiences for a young lady just turned her 24th year. But to Miss Estelle Whitaker, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last night, all of these and even more comprise the history of her occupations since leaving an Eastern college. Miss Whitaker was left a large fortune when quite young. For three years she traveled through Europe with her parents. She is a young woman of spirit, however, and was not content to continue a life of indolence and ease. She gave a big bunch of money to a charitable institution, and then she became active in Colorado politics, where women have their say. She made the race for Assistant Clerk of the General Assembly, and won. Miss Whitaker is one of the most famous models in America. She is known in her Western country home as the "Colorado American Beauty." She is a tall, striking brunette, of excellent carriage and intelligent conversation.

TICKETS FOR OCEAN BEACH.

Season tickets Portland to any point on the beach, $4.00. Saturday excursion tickets good returning Sunday night, only $2.50. Tickets and berth reservations at O. R. & N. City office, Third and Wash.

WE MUST MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL STOCK

Men's $12.50 and $15.00 Spring and Summer Suits at..... $7.50

Men's $16.50 and $18.00 Suits at..... $11.50

Men's $20.00 and $22.50 Suits at..... $14.45

Men's $25.00 and $30.00 Suits at..... $19.85

These garments are made by the best tailors in this country and are guaranteed perfect in fit, material and workmanship; in fact, they are as good as money can buy.

YOUR CHOICE OF ANY PAIR OF SUMMER PANTS IN THE HOUSE

$4.85

Hundreds of pairs of $6.50 and $7.00 Pants to choose from, made from the best material in the latest patterns, by the highest skilled workmen.

Men's $3.50 Outing Pants only..... $2.10

Men's 75c Summer Underwear for..... 45c

Men's $3.50, $4.00 and $4.50 fancy-weave Sweaters..... $2.35

Men's $1.50 and $2.00 Golf Shirts, special..... 95c

Men's fancy Hose at 35¢ pair or three pairs for..... $1.00

Boys' $4.45 Knee-Pant Suits (many of them heavy enough for Winter) $2.85

Boys' Wash Suits, ages 5 to 10, at..... HALF PRICE

SAMUEL ROSENBLATT & CO

RELIABLE CLOTHIERS

Corner Third *and* Morrison Sts.

Oddities and Curios From Various Sources

The Millionaire Machinist.

"IN my time," said an old broker, "machinery was abhorrent to men of fashion. Black grease, befouled hands, revolving wheels and the ugly odor of oil were things unknown in good society.

"Consider the change.

"The motor car, the naphtha launch, the automobile boat and the motor cycle have made machinists of us all. It is as needful for a millionaire today to be wise about spark plugs, oil cups and battery wires as it was needful for him in the past to be wise about cobs, hackneys and highsteppers.

"Machinery plays so big a part in the luxuries of modern life that a rich man today is proud of being a good machinist, just as he would have been proud ten years ago of being a good fencer or a good horseback rider."

A New Kind of Samples.

"THIS is a marvelous age we live in," said a theatrical manager, "and its marvelousness was brought home to me forcibly last week.

"I had written to a French tenor and asked him what he would take to come over here and sing next season. His reply consisted of a letter and two cylinders.

"'I will come for $500 a week,' the letter said, 'and I forward in another package samples of my voice and of my acting.'

"The larger cylinder was a phonographic record of one of the man's solos. The smaller one was a moving picture film of him singing the solo.

"I took the two cylinders to a dealer, and one we put in a phonograph, the other in a moving-picture machine. Then we darkened the room, and we started the machine and the phonograph simultaneously. By Jove, sir, the actor might have been present personally. There he was on the screen, walking up and down the stage and gesticulating, and there was his voice issuing in sonorous notes from the big phonograph horn.

"'I love her,' he sang, and his hand went to his heart. 'Don Diego I'll slay,' and he drew a dagger. 'The stars above her,' and he pointed heavenward. Indeed, it was a perfect representation. I got from it as satisfactory an idea of the man's talent as I could have gotten if he had visited me.

"Manufacturers for generations have been sending out samples of their goods, but only of late has it been possible for operatic tenors to send out samples."

Momentous Discovery and Its Sequel.

"THE most momentous discovery in our history was trumpeted to the world about 20 years ago," said an elderly astronomer. "It was the discovery that there is life upon the planets."

He smiled.

"This discovery," he said, "was announced to the scientific world by a German. The man said, in brief, this:

"'I took a meteorite that had fallen near my town, and I cut the stone into thin, transparent strips that could be examined under the microscope.

"'I studied these strips, one by one, with a powerful lens, and in nearly every strip I found the fossilized remains of little insects similar to our coral insects.

"'Thus I have proved, from the presence of insect remains in meteorites, that there is life where meteorites come from. It is now no longer possible for us to consider the universe of stars and planets uninhabited.'"

The astronomer laughed.

"Naturally," he said, "this announcement set all of us scientists to studying meteorites. We, in our turn, cut the meteorites up into strips, and we in our turn directed upon them the most powerful microscopic lenses.

"In vain. We found neither coral nor any other kind of insects. What had looked like coral to the German we proved to be, in reality, only a certain sort of efflorescent rock.

"Then the scientific world, in a thousand magazine articles, ridiculed and reviled and hooted at the German; and he, poor fellow, came out humbly with a retraction, admitting that he had been mistaken, after all.

"The German, it seems, was only an amateur scientist, anway. All the same, he held, for a few months, a tremendous place in the world's eye. What a place he still would hold if, with his ingenious microscopic test, he had discovered life in meteorites really."

A Dog Story.

They were discussing the marvelous power whereby lost dogs find their way home unerringly from great distances.

The clergyman in the party leaned over and patted the muzzle of his bull terrier.

"Here is a dog," he said, "that, getting lost, got home again in the strangest way you ever heard of.

"Vixen and I are constant companions in town. We are together all day, and on account of my lame foot we always ride in hansoms. Vixen seldom walks, but every morning you may see her in a hansom on Fifth avenue, and every afternoon you may see her in another hansom on Broadway.

"Well, one day she got lost—how I don't know. At any rate she was lost from 8 o'clock in the morning until 7 o'clock in the evening, and she came back home, as large as life, in her hansom, like any lady.

"The driver of the hansom said he was standing in front of Sherry's, when he saw Vixen jump into his carriage and seat herself on the cushions calmly.

"'Here, get out o' that,' he said.

"But Vixen, without moving, gave an odd, fretful bark.

"'Get out,' he repeated, drawing nearer.

"She barked again.

"Now the driver perceived that she was no ordinary street cur. He patted her on the back. Her handsome collar caught his eye, and he read on it her name and her address.

"'You're mighty far from home, doggie,' he said. 'I believe you are lost. On a chance I'll drive you to this here street and number, and maybe there'll be a ten-spot in the job for me.'"

"He drove Vixen home, and out of the job he made two ten-spots."

The clergyman laughed.

"Did you ever hear a stranger dog Vixen, anyway? What do you think of a little dog that, when she gets lost, just takes a hansom home?"

Physician's Funny Fee.

Philadelphia Record.

"The queerest fee I ever had offered me was by an old farmer up in Monroe County," said a prominent physician who is also something of a sportsman. "I was up there last year for the trout fishing, and one evening I was summoned from the hotel where I was stopping to attend an old woman in the neighborhood who had suddenly been taken ill. After I had fixed her up her husband said to me: 'Doc, I don't know what your charge is, but I ain't got no ready cash about me. I'll tell you what I'll do, though. See that well over there? There's one of the finest trout that you ever see in that there well, an' if you can catch him he's yourn.' I had no tackle with me, and as I had to return to the city next morning I missed the opportunity to collect my fee."

SCROFULA

Swollen glands, tumors, white swelling, sores, pustular or scaly skin eruptions, flabby muscles, brittle bones, weak digestion, emaciated, illy-nourished bodies, are some of the well-known earmarks of Scrofula. Scrofula is inherited. Parents too closely related by the ties of blood, or tainted with consumption or blood poison, may look for signs of Scrofula in their children. The middle-aged often have it, but children are the chief sufferers. Scrofula breaks down the vital forces, and the blood becomes so weak and poor that it does not nourish the body. The remedy in all scrofulous affections must be one that purifies the diseased blood, builds up the weak digestion, increases the appetite and gives new energy and strength to all life's forces. No medicine has won so much fame as a blood purifier as S. S. S., and its tonic effects upon the system are not equaled by any other remedy. It makes the weak, tainted blood rich and strong, and drives out of the circulation all tubercular deposits and morbid matter that cause the glandular swelling, sores, abscesses, tumors and other horrible symptoms that make Scrofula so dreaded and dangerous.

Cleveland, Ohio, August 11, 1903.

I inherited Scrofula from my parents, and this means, of course, weak, impure blood and a run-down, debilitated condition of the system. I have been under treatment of physicians for quite a period at different times, but their treatment did not do me anything like the good S. S. S. did last winter when I took it. It promotes appetite and digestion, gives strength and energy, builds up the general health in every way, and in addition to being an excellent blood purifier, it adds to its success as a remedy for Scrofula. It did more for me than any thing I have used, and with pleasure I commend it.

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