

Boscow's Second Annual Clearance Sale

Men's Stylish Suits, Reduced Prices

All \$25 00 Suits are now reduced to	\$19 50
All \$22 50 Suits are now reduced to	\$18 00
All \$20 00 Suits are now reduced to	\$16 00
All \$18 00 Suits are now reduced to	\$14 00
All \$15 00 Suits are now reduced to	\$12 50
All \$13 00 Suits are now reduced to	\$10 00

Gaberdine Overcoats and Raincoats

All \$20 00 Gaberdine Overcoats are now reduced to	\$17 00
All \$18 00 Gaberdine Overcoats are now reduced to	\$16 00
All \$15 00 Rain Coats are now reduced to	\$12 50
All \$10 00 Rain Coats are now reduced to	\$8 00

Youth's Fine Suits from 14 years up

All \$14 00 Youths Suits are now reduced to	\$11 50
All \$12 00 Youths Suits are now reduced to	\$10 00
All \$11 00 Youths Suits are now reduced to	\$9 00
All \$10 00 Youths Suits are now reduced to	\$8 00

Sweaters of Superior Make and Finish

Regular \$6 50 Sweaters are now reduced to	\$5 00
Regular \$3 50 Sweaters are now reduced to	\$2 00

Sat. Jan. 10th. Until Sat. Jan. 24th

POST AND CORPS IN JOINT INSTALLATION

Officers Are Installed for the Ensuing Year, Last Saturday

BIG PROGRAM WAS VERY ENJOYABLE

J. L. Crow Inducted into Office as the Post Commander

General Ransom Post, Grand Army of the Republic, and the Woman's Relief Corps, of this city, met in the Odd Fellows' Hall, last Saturday, and held joint installation of officers for the ensuing term. The Post officers:

Commander, J. L. Crow; Senior Vice, Franklin Doughty; Junior Vice, R. K. Simpson; Chaplain, B. K. Haines; Adjutant, E. F. Sias; Officer of the Day, A. W. Barber; Sergeant, W. S. Tilton; Guard, Chas. Bevier; John Huntington acted as installing officer, and L. C. Cornell was the officer of the day.

Corps officers—President, Mrs. Agnes Norton; Senior Vice, Mrs. Mary Ledford; Junior Vice, Mrs. Mary Sabin; Treasurer, Mrs. Orpha Carlile; Secretary, Mrs. Elizabeth Crandall; Chaplain, Mrs. Mary Jackson; Conductor, Mrs. Nancy Haines; assistant, Mrs. Amelia Simpson; Guard, Mrs. Johanna Jones; assistant, Mrs. Sarah Grabel; Patriotic Instructor, Mrs. Sarah McNutt; Press Correspondent, Mrs. Nettie Jeffers; Musician, Mrs. Bessie Jones; Color Bearers, Mrs. Esther Cook, Mrs. Emma Wann, Mrs. Jack Roy, Mrs. Sarah Farnham; Mrs. Elizabeth Crandall officiated as installing officer.

After installation, in behalf of the Corps, Mrs. Elzora Magruder made presentation of gifts, expressive of esteem of the organization, as follows—Mrs. Carlile, cut glass mayonnaise set; Mrs. Norton, brass fern bowl with tray.

The veterans with their wives and friends enjoyed a splendid banquet, which is an annual affair at this time. After the repast there was a reunion in the hall, and the following program was rendered:

"Marching Thru' Georgia," by the assembly; duet, Mr. and Mrs. Butler, of Forest Grove; Mrs. Bessie Jones, instrumental music; Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Elizabeth Crandall and E. P. Sias, quartet; Miss Ella Magruder, reading; B. K. Haines and Raymond Beeler, instrumental duet; Mrs. Bessie Jones, piano

solo; J. L. Crow, reading; Miss Lenora Jeffers, solo, Sam Magruder, solo; Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and Lenora Jeffers, trio; Vance and Glen Norton, Sefer Jeffers, Francis and Philora Wilkins, recitations; Mrs. Mary Sabin, reading; Miss Myrtle Grabel, piano solo; Mrs. Whitmore, Orenco, reading; "America," by assembly. The session closed with prayer by Rev. Cook. The Corps and Post will again meet Jan. 17.

Beauty and The Beast

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

A scientist has made the statement that, while beauty in women is highly prized by men, beauty in men is not prized by women. Whether or not this is true, the fact remains that a great many very pretty women have married painfully ugly men. It does seem to be the case that women are captured by men in an entirely different way from what men are captured by women. Perhaps if the subject were followed out scientifically it would be found in the fact that the man is snared by weakness, while the woman is snared by strength.

Rosalind Thurber was a very pretty country girl at the age (eighteen) when most girls are at their prettiest and was a great favorite with the young farmer boys, who were her natural associates. She was about to please her father and mother by accepting Gus Walker, the son of one of the most prominent farmers in the neighborhood and commonly considered rich. Young Walker was as handsome as Rosa was pretty. Indeed, he was considered the best looking young fellow in all that region.

Farmer Gordon, about that time having crops to get in, hired a hand, Joe Green, a man about thirty years old, who was a sight to behold. He had a birthmark on his neck and when a baby had fallen into a fire which had scorched his whole face. Added to this, he was freckled, and his hair was a sort of red sorrel. One night at a barn dance this scarecrow was present. The girls would not dance with him. He invited Rosa among the first, and she turned her back on him without even deigning him an answer. That ended his invitations for partners. One of the young men asked him why he didn't go through the whole list, and he replied that since Rosa Thurber would not dance with him he would never dance with any other girl. Of course this was repeated to Miss Thurber, who said that she was pleased to save the other girls the pain of being invited to dance by such a scarecrow.

The next thing that Rosa heard about Joe Green was that when twitted about flinching, or rather not flinching, a girl to marry him he had said that the only girl in the world he would care to marry was Rosalind Thurber. On hearing it she said that he had so

much chance of marrying her as he had of marrying the empress of Germany.

One day when Rosa was walking on the road she met Joe. Her only notice of his presence was to make a face at him. He lifted his hat politely.

Joe used to hang around the Thurber farm in hopes of getting a sight of Rosa. All the family noticed this and used to twit her about it. One day when Joe had been sitting on a fence for an hour, looking up at the house where she lived, she astonished all present by going out on the porch and throwing some feed to the chickens.

Even then no one suspected that the girl had been touched by Joe's devotion and had gone out to reward him with a sight of her. But under Joe's homeliness was a keen insight into a woman's nature, and with great satisfaction he got down from the fence and went away.

The next time she met Green was in the evening when he was taking the horses to water.

"When are you going to stop making a guy of yourself about me?" she asked.

"I'm not making a fool of myself," he replied. "Of all the men hereabouts I'm the only one that appreciates you. You can't stop me from loving you, no matter what you do."

"What do you love me for?"

"'Cause you're the only girl in the world worth loving."

"How long have you loved me?"

"Since the first night I ever saw you at the barn dance."

"How long are you going to love me?"

"Till the day of judgment."

There being no more information on the subject to be derived, Rosa passed on, leaving Joe to attend to the rest of his chores.

After awhile Joe Green and Rosa Thurber were seen occasionally walking together. Then they began to be spoken of as beauty and the beast. Gus Walker, who had been expecting soon to be engaged to her, met her one evening on the road with Joe. Joe attempted to smile and made such a horrible face of it that Gus forgot to bow to Rosa. The next time Gus and Rosa met he asked her where was her scarecrow lover and received a reply that some persons were scarecrows on the outside and some persons were scarecrows on the inside. Then she turned on her heel, and that was the last there was of courtship between the two.

One day it became reported that the pretty Rosa Thurber was going to marry that homely Joe Green. No one would believe it at first, but after several of Rosa's friends had asked her about it and she had admitted it was accepted as a fact. They were married, and the most astonishing part of the matter followed in a crop of beautiful children. Most of them resembled the mother, with her raven tresses and rosy complexion, and the "red headed ones," as those who inherited from the father were called, fortunately did not fall in the fire as he had done and were therefore without his bluish mark in this respect and without his birthmark.

SIRES AND SONS.

F. M. Purdum, aged sixty-four, is a

student in night school in St. Louis.

Dr. S. S. Sherman of Chicago, former college president, has celebrated his ninety-eighth birthday anniversary.

General Clinton L. Riggs, one of the Philippine commissioners recently selected by President Wilson, is prominent in the Maryland militia. He is a Princeton graduate and lives in Baltimore.

Doctor Arthur Yager, who has just been installed as governor of Porto Rico, is a native of Kentucky and was educated at Georgetown college, of which he afterward became president, a position he has held for the last five years.

Lord Hendley, who is an Irish peer having a seat in the house of lords and whose conversion to Mohammedanism is announced, has been a representative peer for Ireland since 1883. He is sixty-eight years of age and has a distinguished military record, having served while a major as aid-de-camp to Marshal Oyama through the Russo-Japanese war.

State Lines.

The highest point in Nevada is Wheeler peak, which, according to a chart published by the United States geological survey, is 13,068 feet above sea level.

Arkansas is first among the states in the production of two minerals, barite and novaculite, the former being the ore of aluminum and the latter the source of the larger part of the oil stones produced in the United States.

New Jersey is the only state of any importance as a mineral producer in which the utilization of the clay resources constitutes the chief industry and represents over 50 per cent of the total output of the state. The clay products of the state have included every variety of brick and tile and every variety of pottery produced in the United States, as classified by the federal survey.

JOE BAKER'S GIRL

By M. QUAD

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That was the way she was referred to in a general way—"Joe Baker's girl"—and there were plenty of soldiers, teamsters and others who did not know that her name was Mary.

A girl of about eighteen when I knew her—slight, blue eyes, short, curly hair, a strong face, dressed for climbing, riding and walking, and one who commanded both admiration and respect the moment you laid eyes on her. She had a handshake for officer

and private alike, and to us and all others who came that way she was a border queen.

For weeks the Indians of Idaho had been sulky and sullen and threatening. We had not seen the girl for a month when a sergeant's guard was dispatched to East Butte to cut and haul telegraph poles for the line which was to connect the fort with the outside world.

Two miles east of the cabin we made our camp and began work, but the Indians were ready sooner than we had planned for. On the second night of our stay we were fired into at midnight and routed out of camp with the loss of two men killed. We were falling back in the direction of Baker's cabin when we were joined by Mary. The Indians pressed us every foot of the way, and but for the darkness of the night and the girl's familiarity with the lay of the ground not one of us would have escaped.

We were no sooner sheltered by the cabin than it was clear that we must stand a siege before the door could be opened again.

"Well," said Joe Baker's gal when we had canvassed our situation and his chances, "we must put up with things as they are and do our best. The Indians have encircled the cabin and will be on the watch the rest of the night, but they will make no move till daylight comes. Let us sleep if we can."

She went to her room, and the four of us lay down on the floor and napped until daylight came.

In the larder there were about five pounds of bacon, nothing else. There was no telling how long we should be cooped up to live on those scant rations, and by common consent we went without breakfast. The Indians cooked their morning meal in a leisurely manner, and it was some time after sunrise before they made their first move. It was a band with Chief Charlie in command, and he knew Baker and the gal even better than we did. Baker had hunted with him and on one occasion had saved his life, and he called at the cabin on various occasions and had been hospitably received. He was therefore probably in earnest when he advanced alone and unarmed to within a few feet of the cabin and said to Mary:

"We are on the warpath against the whites, and we mean to kill, kill, kill until all are dead or driven away. Your father saved my life, and an Indian never forgets. I do not want harm to come to you, and you shall take your horses and ride away to the fort in safety."

"But what about the soldiers?" she asked from one of the loopholes.

"They cannot go," he replied. "The soldiers are here to make war on us to shoot us down, to make us obey orders we do not like. We have only hatred for them. I know how many there are in there—four. They have their guns and will fight, but we shall kill every one. Come out, and we will send you safely away."

"I shall remain here and help the soldiers to fight you," answered the girl. "Then you will be killed with them!"

The chief turned away and went back to his warriors, and ten minutes later there was a circle of fire all about the cabin. It was not long before two of the soldiers were dead.

With only three of us left to guard the cabin, another attack must overcome us. It was hours before we heard from the Indians again, and we were almost certain that they had drawn off when, an hour before sunset and with out the slightest warning, they rushed for us as before. The demons were on the roof and battering at the door and firing in upon us from some of the loopholes, when suddenly things turned dark with me.

There was no more fighting that night. Consumed by thirst and racked with pain, I remember nothing except that Mary spoke hopeful and sympathetic words now and then, and that she had the guns distributed around us as to cover as many loopholes as possible in case of an attack. When morning came the Indians asked for a parley and offered to send her to the fort. I did not know it, being out of my head with fever. She scorned the offer, and for three hours the cabin was under a heavy fire. A rush would have followed the fusillade, but as they were gathering for it a half troop of cavalry from the fort, headed by Joe Baker, came galloping to the rescue, and the Indians were routed. It was ten days before I knew all about it.

A great Indian war was upon the land, the girl had been sent hundreds of miles away for safety, and when peace came again she did not return. It is like a dream to me—three dead men, one grievously wounded, a white faced girl moving about and making ready to fire a last shot, the crack of rifles and the fierce warwhoops—but I know that it was all real, and a humble private soldier whispers:

"God bless Joe Baker's gal wherever she may be!"

Flippant Flings.

A Wisconsin professor says that hens will not lay unless they are amused. Well, doesn't the egg strike amuse them?—Cleveland Leader.

A Pennsylvania astronomer thinks the world may last 15,000,000 years longer. This is longer than any public utility has yet asked a franchise for.—Kansas City Star.

The Equal Suffrage league complains that school histories ignore woman's part in the world. Why, there's Eve and Xantippe and Lucretia Borgia and lots of others!—Washington Post.

"What shall we do for gasoline?" asks the New York Outlook. Well, stand off the butcher, the baker, the electric light maker, owe the doctor, the lawyer, the chief dressmaker and pay the oil trust cash.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Science Siftings.

By inventing delicate apparatus a Russian scientist proved that light waves exert a measurable mechanical pressure.

Astronomers contend that there is another system beyond Neptune, which is the most distant of all the planets in our system.

Professor Michelson has found that the rigidity of the earth is virtually that of steel and that the surface of solid earth is distorted by the action of the sun and moon about one-fourth as much as water.

Her Rival

By OSCAR COX

Mrs. Ver Beck was sitting in her boudoir sewing when there was a ring at the doorbell, and a few moments later a maid handed her a telegram addressed to her husband with the

book for abolition. Having read and the maid departed, Mrs. Ver Beck began to look at the envelope curiously, holding it up to the light so that she might read what was written on this was merely doing something to gratify her curiosity without her husband knowing it. She wanted to see and draw forth the envelope sealed and read the contents. The look on her face as she saw the lines of any husband's name would have been a cold chill to any brave. The envelope of her name drawn down, and her lips were tight together. This was what she read:

"You can't see the widow's name, Mrs. Ver Beck, the 18th, 1814."

The message was signed with initials of Mr. Ver Beck's best mate friend, of whose influence her husband the wife was sure, a citizen, a man about town, with the reputation of being a good fellow. "Thursday, the 18th," she read. We shall see about this.

Replacing the telegram in its envelope and pressing down the doorbell took it down stairs and left it in a salver for mail on a table in the hall. Then she returned to her boudoir like Mrs. O'Rourke, spent the afternoon "musing" her way, "keep it warm." But shortly dinner, realizing that it was late to her plan that she should dress, she dressed with her usual care by the time her husband came had steeled herself to receive the usual. She heard a knock on the hall while he read the telegram, he came up and gave her the ordinary marital kiss.

"Anything new downtown?" he asked carelessly.

"No, nothing special. The weather better today. Have you seen hand for next Thursday night?"

"It's coming," mused the wife, "thought so."

"Yes," she replied. "I've got it. I'll go over and lay it on your chair. Shall be alone."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I was going to pose that we go into the city, to go to the theater."

"The theater?" said Mrs. Ver Beck. "He was not going to pose any such thing. He said question to find out whether he was able to get rid of me. If he had seen his widow he'd have me along with him."

"I'm sorry," she said, and promised, "I wouldn't do it. We'll have to go to the other night."

Mrs. Ver Beck was standing dresser putting on finishing. Forgetting that her husband was behind her and a mirror before her, she spoke the words so softly, she expressed her belief her confidence. Her husband and wondered. Something about twenty gone wrong. But he had when things had gone wrong, his wife to let her alone if she had known over. So she took his chair, went downstairs to the evening newspaper of the service.

The next Thursday morning, going to business Mrs. Ver Beck said, "My dear, are you going to night?"

"I am."

"Then I think I'll remain at home. To so by all means. It will do for you here alone."

So Mrs. Ver Beck remained city, little dreaming that her mouse on whom the cat was to dine at his club, and she went he would go from then on, not for her there was a letter sent opposite the clubhouse, she went for dinner, sitting close by a window. The friend meant not having any and spent half an hour at the window waiting. Then the husband came out to the stand a moment looking for thought they still slowly strove. Leaving the room followed him. He went to the district.

"He's going to meet her at the thought the shadow."

Mr. Ver Beck turned in at the theater. His wife, keeping her behind to permit him to go forward and asked for a signed clerk gave her an envelope, had just been returned. Mrs. Ver Beck drew down her veil and saw would watch her husband walk away unrecruited. When she saw she was thunderstruck next her husband. He had curiously, but did not at size her through her veil.

Then suddenly she saw the play on her program—"Widow." A light broke in the "Jim?"

"Sally!"

"I thought I'd surprise you."

But it is questionable if she had, though he pretended to be surprised.

Oh, Jean's the girl that I saw the willful maid I was. But she is hoodwinking me. She's very heartbroken.—

"An army bride always goes with her husband's name." "A pretty countess. What?" "But the present account heavy for brides." "That's bad. We'll postpone the party to have a lighter."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

They say that diet is the key for vocalists to hold. I suppose that I could have upon canary notes.—Kansas City Star.

"John, did you read about millionaires giving up on Monday?" "No." "It's in all the papers, you keep posted on current Pittsburgh Post."

I drew her close. I saw the lovely maid I was. I drew her close. I saw the lovely maid I was. 'Twas only with my eyes.—