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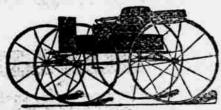
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And see their large and extensive factory at Corvallis, Oregon, where you can buy BUGGIES, CARRIAGES AND SPRING WAGONS which, with proper care, will last a life-time. They are made of the finest second-growth timber and the best of other material by that factory, where each piece of material is taken from the rough and shaped in this factory by machinery designed for the purpose. Each vehicle is finely painted in the most elegant style.

ALL JOBS ARE MADE AND PUT TOGETHER IN DRY SUMMER WEATHER when the timber is thoroughly dry, which is not done with Eastern jobs, as most Eastern figs shipped to this country are built in winter and early spring when the weather is damp. The beauty of all these jobs is that they are all FULLY WARBANTED and sold at such REASONABLE PRICES

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This advertisement cut out and sent to us with a request for Catalogue (English or German)

[Written by B. S. Martin, Corvallia, Oregon.] Continued from last week.

Beyond these high mountains which watches the coast.
Lies a fine valley, whose inmates well boast
It to be the fairest of earth.
Within this bright land, culling roses in play,
May be seen a fair form, or at close of the
day;

Scated around the stone hearth. 'Tis Midinia the fair, the nation's high pride, The idol of all, Chief Comptow's young

bride.
The chieftain of Mions' cold slaughter, He the leader of those, white on one of their trips, Slew Mondan the Great, then with deceit on

his lips. In trembling tenes he besought her. In tender, soft tones he spoke of the strife, Of the woo and of death; of the tortures of life That were fast shading the land.

Long has the Calipoola's and Umpqua's, strong heart Felt the hatchet's deep gash and the arrows swift dart;
As dealt from an unerring band.

"But shall not this cease? By Him that's above, By ali that is dear, by the ties of your love, I pledge, this shall happen no more. Yes, friendship and love shall then reign in its place, Smiles, pure as the morn, shall then beam from each face; As they tread along the shore."

But ah, scarce had the moon, which rose on Screne in her course, in a full robe of light Had her being yet changed for the new, When Comptow, the chief of the Umpqua's

strong clan, Called forth the flerce heart from high mountain to strand; Then to Rogue River valley he flew.

With untiring nerves he has moved their low minds. To follow his steps in his fiendish designs, The Calipooia nation destroy. His numbers are strong and as swift as the

With keen piercing eyes and undaunted by fear; Each does well in his employ.

'O rise from thy couch, at the dawning of Speed swift on thy way, let them know of the

The danger o'er hanging the blithesome. Yes tell them of him, who they thought to be good.

How long he has planned the dark spilling of blood;

The blood of innocent victims. Go fight for their homes and Midinia the fair, Lead forth their strong host, that dark de-

mon to dare. And as a reward for the good you have done, Take her whose bright eyes oft out sparkles the Sun.

Take and love her forever. But if they deny thy petition to grant, And scorn at thy words as though spoke by

List for I'm the Spirit that's speaking,

Destruction shall full on all men of the tribe, On children and youth, on the old aud the

Low shall the land bend weeping." The stranger ceased, all was silent, Not a zephyr stirred the lea, Nor the bird his notes of sweetness,

Sang within his native tree. Hearts that late beat high with pleasure Sank within their human form; lev fetters coiled around them.

More than noon-day's sun could warm. Calm as night's mysterious reigning

On some distant moonlit shore: Dark as woe's most gloomy shadow, Live and moye, but do no more.

Silent till the ancient father Broke with accents the wild spell, Words that many years thereafter Parents would their children tell.

'Stranger, Calipooia listened While your solemn message spoke; But its fall so mighty heavy

Has his heart of iron broke. But while flows the Mighty Rivor Onward to its mother sea, Warriors must defend their living,

Until death they must be free. Therefore stranger, take Midin a. Take her to your native land, Love and cherish and protect her

Till you pass beyond the strand. But e'er you divide forever, Child from round its parent stem;

Help to save from darkest ruin Those who live and die like men." Fast they gather from the valley,

And war whoops ring loud and clear, Calling forth all men for action, Some with bow and some with spear.

Close they gather round their chieftain, Whose thin form is bent with age. Restless they to meet the foemen, Like a beast within a cage.

In the midst stands Masidarias, With calm brow awaits the pray, Like the hawk that's long been waiting, Swoops at last upon its prey.

See who comes? 'tis Umpqua's warrior, Comes to meet Midinia true, Tells her how he longed to see her, E'er while Shasta came to view.

Hark! the Calipooia raving. See, they come, like a wild blast: Death's red blade in hands of demons, Paint with blood the velvet grass. Low has fallen Umpqua's warrior,

Pierced by Masidarias' spear; See, Midinia kneels beside him-Bathing his pale brow with tears.

But a sound more deep and awful. Breaks on Calipooin's ear,

A LEGEND OF THE WILLAMETTE II. Yonder dart from out the heavens-Smile the stranger on the brow, He's laid low, all life is over, Death reclames his being now-

is good for fifteen cents on your first order.

"List man, I who hold dominion-Over all things great and small, Have watched this dark deed of horror, And my curse on you shall fall.

Nevermore shall Calipooia Live in peace as it has done. But be doomed to writhe in sorrow-Till by all life's race is run.

Nevermore shall love' ssoft pinion, Nor the warmth of friendship's smile, Light life's way through peace and danger, But instead shall be life's bile."

The spirit ceased, and Midinia, Rising from the loved one slain, Glided on through restless regions, Gave back to earth this wild strain.

"You who all the earth did love, You who the Great Power above Gave bright thoughts, true as the dove, Cherished, precious treasure, Fondest of all earthly things, Dearer than the birds that sing. Sweeter than the flowers of spring; Yours, beyond all measure.

Shall I not never more behold That form which now lies stiff and cold. Which soon shall lie beneath the mold, Smile, that smiled so often? Shall I again that tone not hear. Which fell so softly on my ear, And first in tender tone so dear, Caused my heart to soften?

Shall never more the setting sun Behold you, bright as when you won My heart, we pledged to be as one. Beside the flowing river? Must I now live and see and feel The pangs of woe that will not heal; Deeper than man in flesh can deal, But stays and burns forever?

Cursed be the fiend that wrought this woe! Cursed be the one who pity show This demon black, that laid him low! Cursed be the ground where lying! For, long as time persues its course, As long as streams rotain their source, Or torrents dread their way shall force, My grief shall last undying."

Slowly dips, upon the mountain, The sun's rays of mellow light: Calm as love, yet set in beauty, Bids adieu the horrid sight. Strangely, as though woke from dreaming

Where some huge scene held them fast, Saw and knew, but not as real, As around their eyes they cast. Then as silent as the shaddow ht's curtain, hovering o'

Each retreated to his wigwam, With burning brain and heart sore. But not there did peace await them. Rest on wings had taken flight, And the mouning of Midinia

Rode, the horror of the night. Morrow's sun rose fair and pleasent, But it cheered not this blighted land. Low in sorrow sat her people;

Which was once one happy band. Morn on morn the sun rose smileing, But its brightness could not melt

Hearts that had froze deep in sorrow, Which none can know until felt.

At last they sat around their chieftian, Beside his campfire burning low, While he sang of fair Midinia; Which seemed from his heart to flow.

"Midinia, my dear, I shall never forget thee, Though dark be the road that leads to the tomb: Or broken the heart, and doom overtake me,

That kindles a fire that never consumes. You, who that once sported upon the broad prairie.

Free as the light winds that faned thy young brow. With dark sparkling eyes and lips of the

O, Spirit of all say, where are they now. You, who once free, loved by the river to

wander. Pauseing to catch the clear notes of the bird Till enrapt by the scene, you often would

ponder. And burst into song, the sweetest e'er heard. How oft have I seen, when the daylight was

closing, And the birds of the wood had sought their

You spring from a log, your hands o'erhead throwing, Plunge in the dark flood and sing as you rose Then, as years glided on and crowned you a

With beauty's true gems, and as mild as the Like a wild flower with perfumes deep laden.

None knew but to feel the sweet rays of your And when in deep study, I on my couch ly Oft tempted by vice, life's troubles seal,

Your arms in true fondness around me entwining. Would dispel away gloom and arouse me to But, alas, a dark demon has blighted my

Has snatched from my hearth its life giving Has drawn from our homes the last glmer of ploasure.

And left us to pine, till earth recalls its ow Though sad the heart, Calpooia's pining, And shattered the hopes of his fondest desire You shall live in his memory as strong and undying

As cherished and dear, till the last one ex pire." Lonely, drear, the campfire fading; Moon far down the summer's sky;

Summer waned, then followed autumn, Autumn by the winter's snow, And again came spring in duty; Year on year did come and go.

Calipooia broken hearted Wandered long the quiet shore, Till at last in age and sorrow,

Snapt life's chord and were no more. But for many years thereafter, E'er child seased its lisping words, Mothers would in tones most solema, Sing to them the mystic dirge-

And the stranger on his journey, Passing by this lovely spot, Oft beheld a gasly vision, One with frightful actions fraught. Long has rang the post's lyre,

O'er the seene of Troy's doom, But their fate as far surpasses, As the sun excels the moon. And the tale of Dido dying, Pierced by Cupid's merciless ray; Wanes before that of Midinia,

As the stars before the day. Though we hear fantastic legends, From wild Broken's ancient seat, Of wild lide, the laughing maiden, Who glides down the rocky steep.

Or from Norway's deeping shadows, Where the mystic imps hold reign. None approach the Calipooia's, None have lived with burning brain.

And not till time's rushing billows. Sweeps from off the mortal shore Every vistage of the Indian, S sall be ceased this tale of woe.

Ah, farewell, farewell Midinia, I have caught thy passing sigh; I have learned thy tale mysterious, Of thy grief that cannot die. So farewell, night's shades are falling, ! But thy tale I oft shall tell: Tell it o'er in solemn breathing,

Yes, Midinia, fare thee well. [THE END.]

LIFE OF JAMES G. BLAINE.

The melancholy death of Mr. Blaine has caused a shock to every citizen of this great republic, regardless of political allegience, and every intelligent man, woman and child will be eager to know the secrets of the success of this truly great man. They will also be eager to know how it has been possible for a man of such humble origin and pretensions as the deceased statesman to rise to the point of playing so important a part in wislding the destiny of his country as he has done. As is always the case when a great man dies, the market will be flooded with what will be termed his "biography. Many of these will be, as they usually are in such cases very little more than a collecion of clippings from old newspapers, ar we warn our readers against so-called "blographies" of this description, because they are comparatively uninstructive and generally unreliable, if not misleading. Whenever there are several books writter on the same subject, and particularly when that subject is the life of tome noted public man, there is always one of such books that stands out head and shoulders above all the others and that is superior to them in every This particular book becomes th "standard work" upon the subject treated of. We think that "The life and work of James G. Plaine," published on the Pacific coast by the Dominion Publishing Company, of Seattle, Wash., is destined to be the standard work on the subject of which it treats. We unhesitatingly express this opinion from the magnificent authorship associated with it, The book itself is writ-ten by Prof. John Clark Ridpath, L. L. D., who is unquestionably America's greatest living historian, and who has been engaged on this work for over a year. In his great and laborious work Prof. Ridpath has been ably assisted by General Selden Connor, ex-governor of Maine, who has been a lif-long personal friend of Mr. Blaine, and is the one man through whose instumentality Mr. Blaine was first sent to the United States senate. Others scarcely less distinguished than the illustrious statesman himself have been engaged on the work, by which means the book is replete with illustrations and material that could not other wise have possibly been secured. The illustrations are beautiful, and constitute of them selves a National Portrait Gallery of the leading men of our time. The book is al together magnificently gotten up, and both in literary and artistic merit and mechanical skill, it does ample justice to the great American, James G Blaine. The book is sold only by subscription, and the pub-lisher's advertisement will be found in another column.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Willing to Be of Service. Judge Hutchinson was called upon to marry a young couple. Julius Wolpe, aged twenty-one, and Dora Alberti, a young miss of nineteen, appeared in the county clerk's office and procured a license. After securing the paper the the young man was embarrassed and did not know exactly what to do. The couple walked through the building arm in arm, and attracted the attention of a lawyer with an eye open for business. "What can I do for you?" he asked.

"We want to get married," returned the young man. The lawyer led the parties before Judge Hutchinson, and without hesita tion the judge started in to tie the knot. "Do you take this woman"-

"Yes sir," broke in the young man.

"Don't be in a hurry," said the Judge.
"Just wait until I get through with the Wolpe was then asked if he would take Dora for better or for worse and forever and forever, etc., and he said he would. Dora made the same promises,

and the ceremony was over with.

"I hope you people will never want a divorce," spoke up the lawyer as the parties were leaving, "but if you do, why here is my card."—Chicago Times.

GOVERNMENT

Lake

Heney Lake Valley Land and Water Co.

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he beautiful Honey Lake valley contains a surrounded and sheltered by mountains, and has a fine, mild climate at the year arounded and sheltered by mountains, and has a fine, mild climate at the year around. Honey Lake is a body of fresh water covering one of hundred square miles. The N. C. O. Raitroad has recently been built into the Valley, and the Great Salt Lake road through Beckwith Pass will also a cross it. The land is easily cultivared and produces extra large crops—wheat, oats, barley, hops, corn, alfalfa, vegetables, fruit and stock. Wood and water are plentiful and lumber cheap. The land can be taken up with so out readence under the Desert Act, in tracts of 40 to 320 acres, by a man or woman, married or single.

We are building a large Water System for the irrigation of this land. We want to get customers for she water we will have to rell, so will holp by you to get a piece of it. The kind will cost you \$1.25 an acre to the Coverant of the control of the stock of the land of the stock of the company. Start down and \$5 co on delivery to the land for its inigation. All land office business the restrended to for customers by us alchout extra charge, and the filling water the Desert Act as recently amended by Congress, faust show a water supply before they will be accepted. HONEY LAKE OILY, the town we are establishing, offers good & chances for the establishment of new businesses, and is well worth in a vestigating.

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Under the Desert Act, affording a chance for the speculator as well as the homesecker.

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