

EUGENE CITY GUARD

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

L. D. Rose, the ticket forger, pleaded not guilty at Independence, Mo., on the 13th and was bound over in the sum of \$750 for trial next month.

The steamship Parthia with Melville and other survivors of the Jeannette and Capt. Berry of the Rodgers on board arrived at New York on the 13th.

The Lorne party arrived in San Francisco on the 13th. They were detained at Port Costa by a collision, which smashed the engine. None of the party were injured.

The examination of Mrs. M. E. Wilson and her son for alleged poisoning of Jas. Wilson at Columbia Hill, was held on the 13th and resulted in the discharge of the accused. A chemical analysis of the contents of the stomach failed to show the presence of any kind of poison.

Miss Clara Fitch, oldest daughter of Geo. K. Fitch, one of the proprietors of the San Francisco Bulletin, died on the 13th at Hotel Del Monte at Monterey. Her death was the result of the accidental overturning of a carriage in which she and some friends were riding along the lighthouse road at Monterey, eight weeks ago.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg to the New York Herald of the 13th says: At a council of ministers held on Saturday it was definitely determined that the emperor's coronation at Moscow should be postponed till next year. Official notifications of this decision will be sent to the ambassadors accredited to Russia.

It is now definitely decided that neither Gerster nor Campanini will visit the United States during the coming season. During his tour through Italy Col. Maleson visited Gerster at Bologna and Campanini at Parma. To the prima donna he made an offer of a two year's engagement at the rate of \$1000 a night for a season of sixty nights each year, in this country, but this offer she declined, accepting instead an engagement to sing in Paris during the winter of 1892-93. To Campanini he offered no less than \$6000 a night, in accordance with a determination made before leaving this country last spring to return to America this season, but Campanini declined this very flattering and seductive offer.

A dispatch from Poughkeepsie relating to the very grave condition of S. J. Tilden was published in a Boston paper on the 14th. A Times correspondent, after very careful inquiry, has the best reason to know the dispatch is correct. Tilden has been attacked by a disease from which his physicians have said he cannot possibly recover. He may linger awhile, but his early death is certain. The present trouble is mental, being, in medical terms, avary, or disorder of the nerves, and in plain fact an incident in his progress toward softening of the brain. Mr. Tilden has been spending the summer at Graystone, his handsome country place, under the care of physicians, who advised perfect rest of mind and body. They hoped quietude would restore him, but it did not, and the acute condition has come on, completely disabling him. A consultation of physicians has been held and the hopelessness of his case is now understood alike by medical men and the patient. Mr. Tilden was some time ago made aware of the danger he was in and the erection and decoration of his magnificent new house in New York city were meant by him for diversion to keep his mind from more engrossing subjects. The Times correspondent has it from a gentleman in intimate relationship with Tilden that in consequence of the development of this necessarily fatal malady he has resignedly laid down his life work and put himself in waiting for death. As yet his mind is clear, but he has scarcely any control of his nerves, and the physicians say that the brain is already seriously affected and will speedily degenerate. He may live several months and he may die within that time.

The New York Herald of the 14th has the following from Noros, one of the sailors who last saw DeLong alive: "When our food began to give out and we found no game, the captain one day asked Ninderman and me if our feet were all right, and if we felt able to go ahead on a forced march to seek help. We told him that; we thought we were strong enough to undertake it. Capt DeLong then changed his mind about sending us forward to look for help, as when Ericson died he decided that we had best remain together. He seemed to have little hopes. Two awful days with absolutely no food followed. We saw no vestige of game and we were all down hearted. On the night of the second day, October 8, the captain asked Ninderman if we still felt strong enough to push on ahead. We told him we were able to try, and he then asked if we had to stand any watch that night. I told him that I had not. We kept up a regular watch every night to see to the fire. The captain then gave orders that we should bunk near the fire where we could have a good sound sleep all night, so as to be bright and fresh the next day. I asked no questions, but I knew that the captain as a last resort, had resolved once more to send us ahead on the desperate chance of finding relief. I shall never forget the scene of our last parting with the comrades whom we were never to see again alive. It was in the cold gray of early morning, we were all weak and despairing, but Ninderman and I had resolution enough to try and keep our appearance of hope and courage. They all gave us, one after another, a farewell grasp of the hand and gathered about us in a mournful group, charging us with messages and appeals for help, and urging us to hasten on our way. There were tears in all our eyes, and I think there was not one of us who did not feel in his inmost breast that we were separating never to meet again; but we tried to appear hopeful and confident, and Ninderman and I tried to cheer up those who were leaving. I shook hands with Collins last of all, and as we did so he said sadly: 'Noros, remember me when you get to New York.' I replied: 'I will, Collins, if I live to get there.' This all took place down on the edge of the river, and as we started on our way they all climbed up the hilly bank and gave us three cheers. They were given with right good will, and DeLong and his men stood there watching us until we had gone some distance on our way."

Emil Plantamour, the Swiss astronomer, is dead.

In the great 2:17 race at Beacon Park, Boston, on the 14th, for \$10,000, Edwin Thorne won in three straight heats; best time, 2:18 1/4.

One of the buttresses of St. Patrick's cathedral in Dublin fell on the 14th, killing four women. They were completely decapitated.

The treasury department on the 14th purchased 310,000 ounces of silver for delivery at the Philadelphia, New Orleans and San Francisco mints.

Norvin Green's statement to the Western Union directors, makes a flattering statement of the finances of the company and its increase in value the past five years.

Vanderbilt's pair, Early Rose and Aldine, made a mile on the 14th over the Charter Oak course, Hartford, in 2:16 1/2 without skip or break, the best time on record.

A Taylorsville, Ill., dispatch of Sept. 14th says: Miss Emma Bond is in a dying condition. Last night it required four men to hold her. Her death which is hourly expected, may again rouse the population to a violent outbreak.

An Ottawa, Ill., dispatch of Sept. 14th says: The supreme court at Ottawa has refused to interfere to prevent the execution of Tracy here to-morrow. His counsel went to Springfield to-day to secure a pardon or reprieve. Preparations for his hanging are completed, but Tracy still calmly protests his innocence.

Engineer Melville of the Jeannette Arctic expedition was given a public reception at the city hall, New York, on the 14th. As he entered the G. A. R.'s room he recognized an old friend, Chief Engineer Danby, U. S. A., and rushing up to him and clasped him in his arms and kissed him again and again. Two thousand citizens paid their respects to Melville, who shook hands with each visitor.

Charles L. Wright, as representative of a number of capitalists, has taken steps towards organization of a new steamship line to run between New York and Liverpool. They hold patents for a newly invented steamship which, it is claimed, will cross the Atlantic ocean in a day and a half days. C. D. Lounsbrough, of the Swedish navy, is the inventor of this new ship, which is to have concave sides and two screws.

Gen. Henry Kersted, one of the oldest retired merchants of New York, died on the 13th at his residence in that city, 200 West 129th street, aged 89 years and 6 months. Gen. Kersted was born in Chamber street, which at that time was one of the suburbs of New York. Later, when the first directory was published, his name did not appear in it, because residents of Chambers street were not regarded as residents of the city proper. On the breaking out of the Mexican war, Kersted organized two regiments.

A special to the Lincoln, Neb., Journal of Sept. 14th states that a band of four or five hundred Indians have appeared on Beaver creek, on the Kansas line, south of Dundy county, and are stealing horses and murdering settlers. Superintendent Holdridge of the B. & M. railroad, in response to a request, has sent an order for a large amount of ammunition to be sent out by train. They are in the same route followed by the Cheyennes when they escaped from Fort Sill some years ago. Intense excitement prevails on the spot.

Acting Secretary of the Navy Walker has appointed a board of officers to examine vessels at the Mare Island, Cal., navy yard enumerated on the navy register as unserviceable and others whose serviceable condition is questionable, and report whether they are fit for further service. The board is composed of Captains John Irwin, C. S. Norton and W. P. Cook, Naval Constructor G. W. Meech and Chief Engineer H. S. Davis. The vessels to be examined are the Independence, Narragansett, Nyack, Saco, Freda, Monterey, Mohican, Old Monandnock, Cyane, Benicia, Tuscarora and Monongahela.

A St. Louis Post-Dispatch special from Chattanooga, Tennessee, of the 14th says: Six months ago two sisters named Meriweather, daughters of a well known citizen of Huntsville, Alabama, eloped to this city with two men and were married. One of the sisters, whose husband's name was Davis, discovered he was a gambler and opium eater. He mistreated her and she left him. He dogged her footsteps, and on Tuesday night told her to return to him or a murder would follow. He had a pistol in his hand at the time. She was also armed and in an instant shot him through the bowels. He died at 2 A. M. to-day, asking that she be not arrested, as she did it in self defense.

A Chattanooga dispatch of Sept. 14th says: The sheriff and deputy of this county were shot and killed to-day while en route to Knoxville with a prisoner, the most daring murder in the annals of crime. John Taylor two years ago killed Capt. Fletcher on the Tennessee. He escaped at the time, but was finally captured and brought to this city. He had several trials and at the last term of court was sentenced to ten years at hard labor in the penitentiary, but he got an appeal to the supreme court. The court is now in session at Knoxville and to-day at noon Sheriff Cote and Deputy Conway took the East Tennessee train, having Taylor in charge. He was handcuffed. Several men boarded the train at Sweetwater, about 75 miles from here, and while the train was between Philadelphia and London shot and killed Cote and Conway, wounded another man, released the prisoner and took charge of the train, running it through London. At Leona station John Taylor and his brother Bob, and Andy got off and forcibly took horses and left for the mountains. John Taylor was wounded in the arm. The city is in intense excitement and a posse of 30 men with Springfield rifles left on a special train for Kingston. Another posse will leave overland. A posse had already left Kingston and another left London. Cote had been sheriff two weeks to-day. He was one of the most popular men in the city. He was about 50 years old and leaves a large family. Deputy Conway was about thirty years of age and a prominent local politician. Such excitement never has been known in Chattanooga since the war. A special train bearing the dead bodies leaves here to-night. The shooting occurred about 4 o'clock.

Facts Worth Remembering.

Sudden deaths do not come from heart disease, one case in twenty, but from congestion of the lungs or brain, or from apoplexy. More die from congestion of the lungs than of the brain, and more of congestion of the brain than from apoplexy.

Sudden death from heart disease is unusually caused by rupture of some large artery near the heart; from congestion of the lungs by instantly stopping the breath; from congestion of the brain, by causing pressure on the brain which paralyzes and instantly destroys life; from apoplexy, by hemorrhage in the brain.

Heart disease most frequently results from neglected or improperly treated rheumatism. It more often follows mild rheumatism than the severest kind, because severe rheumatism receives prompt treatment, while the mild form is often neglected and left to work its way to the heart.

Persons who suppose themselves suffering from heart disease because they have pain in the region of the heart, or palpitation, seldom have any disease of that organ. In nine cases out of ten they are sufferers from dyspepsia—nothing more. Congestion of the lungs is most frequently caused by a sudden change from the heat of an ill-ventilated room, or railroad car, or horse car, to the cold air outside, without being protected by sufficient clothing; hence, many persons thus seized, drop dead in the streets.

Congestion of the brain most frequently results from trouble and anxiety of mind, producing sleeplessness, followed by the engorgement of the small blood vessels of the brain, sudden loss of vital power, and almost instant death. Apoplexy may be an inherited disease, or it may be induced by too free living, or its opposite, too great abstemiousness. Paralysis may affect only a small portion of the body, from a finger or toe to an entire limb, or it may disable half the body, or the whole body, when death soon follows. When half the body is affected by paralysis we may be certain that the seat of the disease is in the opposite side of the brain, because nerve fibres cross. Partial paralysis is often temporary when caused by the rupture of a small blood vessel, if the clot is got rid of by absorption or otherwise. Although this is a disease that all classes of people are liable to, its most destructive work is done among the depraved and dissipated. There is no doubt that the habitual use of tobacco is one of the most prominent causes of paralysis and other nerve diseases.

A severe cold can be soonest cured by remaining within doors, in a warm room and near the fire, until all signs of it have disappeared. Then care should be taken to prevent a relapse by having the feet warmly clad and the whole body, and particularly the chest and the back of the neck, well protected when going out.

A recent cough will almost yield to the following treatment within two or three days: Mix in a bottle four ounces of glycerine, two ounces of alcohol, two ounces of water, two grains of morphine. Shake well. Dose for an adult, one to two teaspoonfuls every two or three hours. Half this quantity to children from 10 to 15 years old. It is not safe to give it to infants or children under 10 years of age.

To stop bleeding, if from a cavity in the jaw after a tooth has been extracted, shape a cork into the proper form and size to cover the cavity and long enough to be kept firmly in place when the month is closed. This, we believe, is our own invention, and we have never known it to fail. It has served us in desperate cases.

When an artery is cut, the red blood spurts out at each pulsation. Press the thumb firmly over the artery near the wound, and on the side toward the heart. Press hard enough to stop the bleeding, and wait till a physician comes. The wounded person is often able to do this himself if he has the requisite knowledge.

Simple fractures may be adjusted by almost any one. Get the limb as nearly as possible in the natural position, and then send for the doctors. There is no great urgency in such cases.

In fracture of the skull, with compression and loss of consciousness, examine the wound, and, if possible, raise the broken edges of the skull so as to relieve the pressure on the brain. Prompt action will often save life.

In a case of poisoning the simple rule is to get the poison out of the stomach as soon as possible. Mustard and salt act promptly as emetics, and they are always at hand. Stir a teaspoonful in a glass of water, and let the person swallow it quickly. If it does not cause vomiting within five minutes repeat the dose. After vomiting, give the whites of two or three eggs, and send for the doctor.

Burns and scalds are soonest relieved by an application of cold water. Dry carbonate of soda, or baking soda, sprinkled over the burned spot is the latest remedy, and it is said to be effective. These means are only temporary. In severe cases a physician should be sent for. [Hall's Journal of Health.]

Adulteration has become a science. We water our stock and sand our sugar, and dilute our prayers with many words, and have fallen so low that we use glue in our icecream. What an appetizing combination is glue and cream. We don't know what the glue is made of, and for that matter we don't know what the cream is made of, though we have a strong feeling that any self-respecting cow would repudiate the idea that she had anything to do with its manufacture; but when the glue and the cream are properly compounded, one is able to buy a heaping plate of the refreshment at the old price, while the profits of the saloonkeeper are indefinitely increased. The beauty of the glue is that it makes the icecream frothy, and deludes the unwary into the belief that he gets a great deal more than he pays for. There may, however, be a moral side to this matter, and if glue be taken internally will make some men stick to their word, and make others stick to their business instead of spending most of their time attending to other people's, it will cease to be an adulteration and become a boon.

An Illinois exchange says: "Peoria distilleries are now feeding 16,350 head of cattle." And furnishing drink to as many more no doubt. —Peck's Sun.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

There are 2750 languages.

Two persons die every second.

The average human life is thirty-one years.

Slow rivers flow four miles per hour.

Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour.

A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour.

A storm moves thirty miles per hour.

A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.

A rifle ball one thousand miles per hour.

Sound moves seven hundred and forty-three miles per hour.

Light moves one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles per hour.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7.

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

The first printing press in the United States was introduced in 1620.

The first almanac was printed by Geo. Von Purbach in 1460.

Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning wheel.

The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1763.

Measure 208 feet 8 1/4 inches on each side and you will have a square acre.

An acre contains 4840 square yards.

A square mile contains 640 acres.

A mile is 5280 feet, or 1760 yards in length.

A fathom is 6 feet.

A league is 3 miles.

A Sabbath day's journey is 1155 yards (this is 18 yards less than two-thirds of a mile.)

A day's journey is 33 1/4 miles.

A cubit is 2 feet.

A great cubit is 11 feet.

A hand (horse measure) is 4 inches.

A palm is 3 inches.

A span is 10 1/2 inches.

A pace is 3 feet.

A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.

A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.

A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.

A barrel of powder weighs 25 pounds.

A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.

A tub of butter weighs 84 pounds.

The following when sold by weight per bushel are:

Wheat, beans and clover seed, 60 pounds per bushel.

Corn, rye and flaxseed, 56 pounds per bushel.

Buckwheat, 52 pounds per bushel.

Oats, 32 pounds per bushel.

Barley, 48 pounds per bushel.

Bran, 35 pounds per bushel.

Timothy seed, 45 pounds per bushel.

Coarse salt, 85 pounds per bushel.

Woman in the Fields.

Americans visiting some parts of Europe are apt to be shocked by the labor imposed upon women who work in the fields, load dung carts, and sometimes, harnessed with a dog, help to draw their produce to market. But, very often, "things are not what they seem" in this matter more than in any other. A remarkable illustration of the attraction that field labor has, was afforded some years ago in England. A contractor for various kinds of agricultural work formed a gang of young women, whom he took from place to place in the eastern counties to perform hedging, ditching and draining for farmers. This went on for several years, until at length the rumors of the evils from it assumed so serious a character as to result in a parliamentary inquiry. The evidence was remarkable. It all went to show that the women positively delighted in this free, active and nomadic life, and one of its chief charms was the astonishing health and strength they attained. Their limbs became muscular, they had the digestions of ostriches, and aches and pains were unknown to them. They, in fact, enjoyed the most exquisite of all human sensations—perfect health. How many American ladies enjoy that for every five years of their lives after 15. The other side of the matter was that the moral well being of these agricultural amazons was by no means on a par with the physical. They bore children, whom they regarded as an intolerable incumbrance, inasmuch as they kept their mothers from work, and, consequently, it was ascertained by a volume of evidence they put these children out to nurse. The nurse with whom most children died was the prime favorite, and a significant feature in the evidence was that of druggists, who testified to the enormous consumption in the district of those soothing syrups which so effectually succeeded in soothing infants out of their existence. It was in view of the dreadful infant mortality that Parliament interfered and suppressed the gang system. But the case of the German, Flemish or Dutch women who help husband or father in the field is not open to this objection. If the labor be not excessive it is desirable. It produces the strong, hardy women who rear a stalwart race. Half the fine ladies who now find a few turns on the piazza all the better for a graduated scale of garden work. Beginning with a quarter of an hour a day, they would find at the close of a month that they could easily do their two hours, and that they ate and slept as they had never done before, while they forgot that such evils as blue devils and nerves had any existence.

Most too Briny.

"Father," began the boy as he looked up from his First History, "are silver mines very fresh?"

"Fresh! What do you mean?"

"Why, they have to put salt into em to make 'em keep don't they?"

"What nonsense! I don't understand you."

"Well, I heard some men in the car say that you salted a silver mine and made a hundred thousand dollars, and I wanted to ask what the salt was for."

The way that boy was hustled off to bed made him dream of cyclones all night.

A work on the brain by Swedenborg which for 140 years has lain unnoticed in the library of the Royal Academy of Stockholm, has just been translated into English by Professor Tafel.

Married Women and Property.

The incapacity of a married woman to be rated even in respect of her own house in which she lives with her husband is due to the fact that, except to the very limited extent allowed by the Married Women's Property Act, a wife is still unable to hold property without the intervention of trustees. The owners of a house settled to the wife's separate use are, in contemplation of law, not the wife nor the husband, but the trustees, who allow the husband and wife to live in it. The effect of this permission is to constitute the husband legal occupier. Such occupation as the wife has, is, in law, the occupation of the husband; and although the trustees hold for her, yet when, with their sanction, she and her husband live in the house, the effect is the same as if the trustees were strangers to her. The wife is thus excluded from offices for which rating is a qualification, but under some circumstances the parish might seriously be embarrassed. The husband being the rate payer, the wife's furniture cannot be seized for the rates, although it is in the house rated; so that if the husband has no property, the only way open to the parish of enforcing the rates is to put the husband in jail until the wife pays them. Such are the anomalies which arise from retaining the shadow of the old rule by which husband and wife are one, and that one the husband, while the substance has long departed. All that is required is a simple enactment making married woman capable of holding property. [London Law Journal.]

Stamping a Deed.

Blinker, a farmer of means who does not take the papers, nor read the laws, but who thinks his wisdom boundless, sold a pasture for \$300. The purchaser, having counted out the money, and looking at the deed, said:

"Mr. Blinker, you must put a fifty cent stamp on this deed, to make it lawful."

"What! stamp a deed; it's all folly; there is no such law," said Blinker, on his dignity.

His friend explained, but failed to make Blinker see it, and was obliged to say:

"Well, if you don't stamp the deed, I shall not pay you the money."

"If you are so darned particular," said Blinker, I suppose I can stamp it fifty cents' worth, but I hate to spoil the squire's writing."

The deed was handed him; he off with his coat, stepped back into the room, laid the deed on the floor, and commenced stamping it with his foot. The purchaser, the squire's witness, turned all colors, and finally laughed hysterically.

"What are you doing, Blinker—are you crazy?"

"Doing? Why I'm stamping this darned fifty cents' worth, and I calculate 'twill take me five hours, reckoning time at ten cents an hour."

These Horrible Primary Colors.

"Miss Lightfoot, of Baltimore," says the Washington critic, "tells a funny story of Oscar Wilde. When the aesthete was introduced, she made conversation as she would for any other stranger. He had mentioned at the club that he was going to New Orleans to look up some property left him by a relative, and when she had exhausted the ordinary 'any' nothing she asked: 'When do you go South, Mr. Wilde?'

"South? South? Why, ah! what do you mean, Miss Lightfoot, by South?'

"Why, you know, Mr. Wilde, you are only on the border of the Southern States!"

"Ah! What are the Southern States?'

And then she entered into a little account of the subdivision of the country, to which he responded so stupidly that at last she laughed and said:

"You have never studied geography, Mr. Wilde?"

"Oh, no!" was the response; "never, never, I could not, for the colors on the maps are so discordant, and they distress me. I never could bring myself to look at them!"

A Yankee Reporter's Vacation.

There is but one way to take a rest, and that is to take it, and to take it we must flee from the scenes of routine and drudgery. There are those who are always idle—these never have rest. Horace talks of his "strenuous idleness," and Grotius confesses his habit of "laboriously doing nothing." Those who have nothing to do, do not have a fair chance in the world. But we speak to more who have overmuch to do, and who must rest or die, and if they do not take care, rest and die, and then run the risk of getting where there are no sea breezes and spring water. Such persons should pick up their grip satchels and deliberately go to the shore or to the mountain. Recently a Journal reporter took an hour's vacation on one of Minot's haycocks, with the sparrows and swallows coquetting in grass and sky, and he regards that nap as really the divinest moment of a nearly perfect career. Charles James Fox used to say there was only one thing better than lying on the grass with a book, and that was lying on the grass without a book. We concur. [Lewiston (Me.) Journal.]

Way Old Maids Multiply.

Hair cut short in the neck and parted in front on the side, is the latest novelty in the fashions of English women. To say that it imparts an expression of strong-mindedness and most unladylike mannishness to even the most delicate features and complexion, very faintly describes the disfigurement of this new craze. When surmounted by the Derby hat, and accompanied by the Newmarket coat, now so generally adopted, the woman who wears it is as much unsexed as if she were seated astride of a horse or on the box of an omnibus. It is said that the hunting women have introduced this odious fashion because so many of them have suffered the loss of their artificial locks in taking a stiff jump or in the head-over-heels cropper which they not unfrequently get. If women would be content to look like ladies, and to behave a little more like ladies than many of them do just now, it might chance that old maids would not multiply over the country as they have been doing of late.

Isn't this country about ready to lynch the manufacturers of toy pistols?

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