

Prices That Count 65 Mens Covert Cloth Overcoats

Without question the best bargain ever offered. Equal to tailor made garments. Never offered at less than \$13.50.

OUR PRICE FOR THIS WEEK

\$9.25

It Will Pay You to Inspect This Line.

SPECIAL.—Latest pattern Colored Body or Fancy Bosom Shirt, \$1.00

SPECIAL.—Our \$3.00 and \$4.00 Stiff Hats are the Best Values ever offered.

S. DANZIGER,

490 Commercial Street, Astoria, Oregon.

THE FAMINE IN FREIGHT CARS

Trunk Lines Calling Into Requisition all Their Old Discarded Stock.

CAR FACTORIES SWAMPED

Wonderful System Adopted by Railroads to Keep Track of Cars Consigned Over Connecting Lines.

The freight car famine brought about by a sudden revival of prosperity has called into action all the available rolling stock in the country. All the leading railroads, especially in the East, are utilizing rolling stock that had remained unused for years, and was practically discarded. Both the Pennsylvania and the New York Central railroads are adding from 5,000 to 10,000 cars to their equipment, for there are enough advance orders to warrant the belief that the present activity in freight handling will continue for another year. Who keeps track of all these cars that are sent wandering throughout the land over a network of railroads from Maine to Florida, and from Philadelphia to San Francisco? It is very seldom that one sees a freight train with more than two or three cars belonging to the same railroad in it, and many of the cars that go through eastern cities every hour bear the initials of railroads far off on the Pacific slope. How do they ever get back to their rightful owners again?

It is all managed like clockwork by a system of book-keeping that has been developed within the past ten years. Up to that time every railroad had to engage spotters—men who travel on the rear platform of passenger cars, watched the freight trains as they went by and spotted the cars that belonged to the road that employed them. Many men, from long experience, became adept at this business and commanded good salaries. It was very seldom a car they were on the lookout for got by them.

But the day of the spotter has gone and a large force of trained clerks in the central offices of all the great trunk lines have taken up this work. This department is one of the largest and most important of the executive force of railroad management. Take the Pennsylvania railroad, for instance. It has about fifty thousand freight cars constantly rolling all over the country and bound to all sorts of destinations.

But the book-keeping in taking care of them has been reduced to such an exact science that the man in charge of that department can tell at any moment where any car of a given number is. It is very seldom, nowadays, that a car is lost, except through collision or fire. Some of the Western roads have a habit of "retaining" a car much longer than the limitations of business seem to require, and it is often necessary to prod them with sharp telegraphic communication. But the cars come back.

The revolution of this branch of railroading has made the freight conductor or something more than a man who has nothing to do but look after the safety of his train and swap stories in the caboose. He has to look after the cars consigned to him, very much as a purser on a steamship has to look after his cargo. When a car is taken from his train he gets a receipt for it from the person he delivers it to and his responsibility does not end until he has that receipt. Each day he must communicate either by mail or by wire with his office and give an account of the cars in his train. Yard masters of the different divisions are required to do the same thing. A large amount of the railroad telegraph business consists of reports of this nature. A freight car is a hard thing to lose under this system, no matter how far from home it may be sent.

HEAVY SHOES.

A woman who is the victim of the big shoe habit says that when she took a trip West a few weeks ago she wore her "comfortable" heavy-soled, rubber-soled moccasins. In the sleeping car she gave orders to the porter to black them. As her berth was the first one from the little chicken coop place in which the porter attends to his odd jobs, she had no difficulty in overhearing a little conversation that took place between him and two of the men passengers.

"They calls 'em golf shoes, don't they?" the porter remarked. "I guess so," replied one of the men. "They're just strong-minded shoes. The women are getting sensible. High time, too."

"Look lak they made out o' cowhide," the porter commented. "Lawd, look at them soles; 'bout four inches thick." "Must be a mighty big woman," put in the other passenger. "Bet she weighs 200 if she weighs a pound. I never saw such shoes in my life. Think she'd have to have derrick to life them up with."

But the eavesdropper fell asleep right there. In the morning three pairs of eyes looked curiously at her feet and then took in a slender little 103-pound figure. She said it was really very amusing.

Confectioners should make their candy over bon-bon firm.

MEETING WITH GENERAL JOUBERT

BOER LEADER IN ENGLAND

How He Crushed the Zulus and Would "Tra-a-i" to Crush the English Also.

Pall Mall Gazette.

Some twenty years ago I was sitting in a Southampton bound carriage at Waterloo station, when three burly men, evidently foreigners, entered my compartment. They had a lot of luggage, including many cigar boxes. One was dark, saturnine and sleepy. Another fell asleep at once. The third man sat opposite to me. I can only describe him as huge. I had read of Dutchmen, but this man's hands as they rested on his enormous knees were nearly a foot across. There was a sense of elephantine power about him. He looked as if he could have caught hold of me and snapped me across his knee like a carrot if he had wanted to, but, fortunately, he didn't want to—he wanted a light.

I noticed and supplied the want, and he lit up and puffed away fiercely. His cigar and his eyes seemed to glow together, and as he alternately sucked and puffed I got into conversation and found I was talking to a Mr. Joubert, one of the delegates from the Transvaal Boers who had come to England to protest against the annexation of their country, had failed to impress Lord Kimberley, and were going home, seeing Paris en route via Southampton and Harve.

Mr. Joubert was very bitter about his failure with our colonial office, and very frank. To my ignorant mind—as ignorant as, I believe, most Englishmen's were at that time, more's the pity—he seemed a trifle crazy. He denounced the English rule and all its ways, saying we did not understand Zulus, or how to deal with them. "Why," said he, "you are going to war-r (that was how he pronounced the word) with the Zulus now." I said the English were going to crush the Zulus in self-defense, and also to protect the Boers themselves.

"Bah," said he. "You leave us a-lone. Did we not beat Pandah? Ah, yes! And Dinga-ahn? Ah, yes! You do not know. Listen—see (and he leaned toward me, spluttering, while as he grew excited his beard and mustache literally bristled like pinwire). Those natifs, to whom you say we are cruel, came down one time and killed our women and children. We followed them. I

was one who followed, yes. They ran to hide—in caves. We waited, but we could not get them out. We rolled stone to the caves—big stone. And then (he raised himself from his seat) we sit on the stone there he dropped back on the cushion with an appalling plump, and we sit and sit—for six weeks." He paused, and added quietly: "Then we came away."

I fully realized the impossibility of any fugitives, unprovided with gunpowder in large quantities or powerful machinery, raising a stone on which Mr. Joubert might happen at the moment to be sitting, and also the danger of disturbing him, even from above ground, when engaged in his agreeable occupation. I merely asked him what he and his people meant to do.

"We shall wait," he answered, in a cool, businesslike way, as if the affair had been considered before hand, "until your people have eaten up Cete-wayo."

He pronounced the last word "Ketschewal-yo," with a wailing, tonal emphasis upon the "wal-yo" which mere pen and ink cannot vocalize.

"And then?" I asked.

"We shall fight," he said, quite simply.

"Man alive," I cried in sheer amazement, "you can't fight the British government!"

He shook his head, with an easy roll of his ponderous shoulders. "I do not know," was his answer, "but we shall try."

They did "try," as we all know—tried to good purpose, and perhaps I was less astonished than most people when the news of our amazing discomfiture at the hands of a few rebels first came to hand. Assuredly, Mr. Joubert was terribly in earnest when he spoke to me. He said incidentally that they had only one enemy at the Cape. I suggested Sir Bartle Frere, but he shook his head impatiently. "Frere? Not! Pout! He all right. Not! S—S—S—Shepstone?"

I have not yet accepted his invitation, and if I ever do I shall not go, all things considered, just yet. Next autumn, perhaps.

PORTLAND COMBINE BROKEN.

San Francisco Chronicle.

After several years of undisputed sway the Portland combination, consisting of Larry Sullivan, Richard McCarron and the Grant Brothers, controlling the sea business of Oregon, has been successfully broken. Formerly these four men, who ran the Sailors' Home at Portland, had the call on all the seamen and supplied all the northern vessels at practically their own figures, their rate being from 100 to 150 and no advance. It is said that the combination divided \$30,000 as last year's profits.

It is just three months ago that the successful opposition started to do business at Astoria. James Turk of the original Portland combine had died, and Frank Turk his son, thought that his father's partners were not giving him a fair deal, so he pulled out and went 100 miles farther south, forming a partnership with Kenney, a hotel man of Astoria, who was to be the capitalist of the firm. Their first contract was with Captain Crowe of the British ship Muskoka, but the Portland combine drove them to San Francisco for the crew. Runners Drummond and Lynch came here and secured sixteen seamen, and filled up the ship on contract time. After that it was clear sailing. All the going to Oregon anchor first at Astoria, and this gives Turk the advantage of getting in his work first. The Astoria combine put the rate down to \$45 blood money, and it now seems to have a corner on the seamen. Only a week ago McCarron had to come here to get a crew of ten men, so it seems that Astoria has turned the tables on Portland.

It is a poor article that can't get a testimonial of some kind.

"I had dyspepsia fifty-seven years and never found permanent relief until I used Kodol dyspepsia Cure. Now I am well and feel like a new man," writes S. J. Fleming, Murray, Neb. It is the best digestant known. Cures all forms of indigestion. Physicians everywhere prescribe it. For sale by CHAS. ROGERS.

PRAYERS FOR THE TROOPS.

In all the London churches special prayer for times of war is being read, generally in the following form: "Oh, Almighty God, king of all kings and governor of all things, whose power no creature is able to resist, to whom it belongeth justly to punish sinners and to be merciful to them that truly repent, save and deliver, we humbly beseech thee, our troops now in South Africa from the hands of our enemies, abate their pride, assuage their malice and confound their devices, that we, being armed with thy defense, may be preserved evermore from all perils to glory thee, who art the only giver of all victory, through the merits of thy only son, Jesus Christ our Lord."

PENALTIES IN REVERSED ORDER.

Bobby Rich—My pa gave me a watch and promised me a lickin' if I was late to school any more! What did you get?

Johnny Poor—A likin' and a promise of a watch if I was not late any more.

"I wouldn't be without DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for any consideration," writes Thos. B. Rhodes, Centerfield, O. Infallible for piles, cuts, burns and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. For sale by CHARLES ROGERS.

The man who says he hates a liar sometimes only lacks self-esteem.

It will not be a surprise to any who are at all familiar with the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to know that people everywhere take pleasure in relating their experience in the use of that splendid medicine and in telling of the benefit they have received from it, of bad colds it has cured, of threatened attacks of pneumonia it has averted and of the children it has saved from attacks of croup and whooping cough. It is a grand, good medicine. For sale by Chas. Rogers.

To the stockholders in a gas company the silence of the meter is golden.

USED BY BRITISH SOLDIERS IN AFRICA.

Capt. C. G. Dennison is well known all over Africa as the commander of the forces that captured the famous rebel Gallahe. Under date of Nov. 4, 1897, from Vryburg, Bechuanaland, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which I used myself when troubled with bowel complaint, and had given to my men, and in every case it proved most beneficial." For sale by Chas. Rogers.

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J. D. Bridges, Editor "Democrat," Lancaster, N. H., says: "One Minute Cough Cure is the best remedy for croup I ever used." Immediately relieves and cures coughs, colds, croup, asthma, pneumonia, bronchitis, grippe and all throat and lung troubles. It prevents consumption. For sale by CHARLES ROGERS.

The lawyers for the defense are responsible for a great deal of insanity.

CHAMBERLAIN'S PAIN BALM CURES OTHERS, WHY NOT YOU?

My wife has been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm, with good results, for a lame shoulder that has pained her continually for nine years. We have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit from any of them. One day we saw an advertisement of this medicine and thought of trying it, which we did, with the best of satisfaction. She has used only one bottle and her shoulder is almost well—Adolph L. Sillert, Manchester, N. H. For sale by Chas. Rogers.

The bulletin in a government die is always hard pressed for money.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local application, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 25c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

RAILROAD FARE FREE TO PORTLAND AND RETURN. Jones, He Pays the Freight! Jones, He Pays the Fare!

If you don't want to come to Portland, mail your order and get 50 cents allowance for fare. Orders must amount to \$20 or over. No freight paid on flour, feed or potatoes. Freight paid to all stations on railroad between Portland and Seaside. Also all river points reached by Portland boats. Send for the "Buyers' Guide," 24 pages of low prices.

JONES' CASH STORE,
108 and 110 Front Street, Portland, Oregon.