

TRIED TO KILL WHEN ARRESTED

LYNN WILLIAMS, THE NEGRO WHO GAVE DETECTIVE HARTMAN A DESPERATE FIGHT, IS THOUGHT TO BE BOUGHT BY THE ST. LOUIS POLICE.

Lynn Williams, the alleged colored thief, who attempted to escape from Detective Lou Hartman Thursday afternoon, Williams was being taken to the police station on suspicion of robbery, when, at Second and Burnside



(Photo by James Brown.) LYNN WILLIAMS.

streets, he struck the officer full in the face and then pulled his gun. But for the fact that Hartman got out his weapon first, Williams might have killed the detective in escaping. The prisoner is thought to be wanted by the St. Louis police and word has been sent to them about the arrest.

MAINE NOTES.

Astoria, Nov. 6.—Arrived down at 2:50 p. m., steamer Elmore. St. Helens, Nov. 6.—Passed at 4 p. m., steamer George W. Elder; at 6:20 p. m., steamer Navaro. Astoria, Nov. 7.—Arrived at 9:25 a. m., a three-masted French bark in ballast. Outside at 9 a. m., six vessels. Arrived down at 10 a. m., French bark Rene. Arrived down at 10:30 a. m., steamer Haydn Brown. San Francisco, Nov. 7.—Arrived, schooner Glendale, from Knappton. Astoria, Nov. 7.—Condition of the bar at 8 a. m., rough; wind east; weather cloudy. Local Inspectors Edwards and Fuller inspected the river steamer No Wonder of the Shaver Transportation company's fleet yesterday.

NAVARRO ARRIVES.

The Navarro, the new steamer which is to go on the Portland-Coos Bay run regularly, arrived last night. She brought from San Francisco 200 tons of cement, which is being discharged at the Mersey dock. She is due to sail tomorrow night at 8 o'clock on her first trip to Coos Bay. A full cargo of freight is now awaiting her at the Couch street dock. She will also have a full list of passengers, almost every berth having already been engaged. It is the intention to have her make the round trip every week. En route to and from San Francisco the steamer Alliance will also stop at Marshfield and North Bend, thus giving Portland better than a weekly service with Coos Bay points. The officers of the Navarro are as follows: H. Webber, captain; H. Hughes, first officer; Charles Peterson, second officer; Hiram Platte, chief engineer, and Fred Peters, first assistant. The schooner G. C. Lindauer, under charter to the California & Oregon Coast Steamship company, is due to arrive tomorrow from San Francisco. She will load lumber for the Bay City.

Pads. "So Reginald is back from college," remarked the friend. "What did you do with the old coats he brought home?" "I took the shoulders and made pin-cushions," replied the fond sister.

Knew the Way. "Women feel where men think," said the female with the square chin. "Yes," sighed the man who had been married three times, "that's why men become bald."

Moneybags—How did your banquet go off, Banklurk? Banklurk—Not as well as it might, you know. The toastmaster called on a gentleman who had lost an arm and a leg to answer to the toast "Our Absent members."—New Yorker.

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty. Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose. Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better. It is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and purer blood, and carries them out of the system. Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking, or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables. Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic. It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh. All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form, or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey. The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but, on the contrary, great benefit. A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat. I also believe the 'Lozenges' is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

Spain Viewed at Close Range by an American

San Sebastian, Spain, Oct. 19.—This is the summer capital of Spain, a beautiful little town just across the Pyrenees of France, where the Pyrenees meet the ocean, and it includes a lovely little bay that seems like a toy, and is almost an exact circle. I wish that some wise man were here to tell us why and how surf can describe a circle, as it does incessantly when it crawls up the sand. The shore has always a delicate white fringe, and, no matter which way the wind blows, or whether the tide is coming in or going out, the circle is as accurate as if the beach had been measured for it, and the maker had made a perfect fit. There are big mountains all around, and grim, old fortresses frown on top of them, with guns loaded to shoot at anybody who dares to come here to disturb the young king in his summer amusements. It might be misunderstood if I should say that they are as harmless as a toothless mastiff, and if anybody wants to land here and capture his youthful majesty and carry him off for ransom there isn't the slightest thing to interfere with them.

The top of one of the mountains can be reached by a trolley car, and from it one can see 40 miles or more into the heart of the mountains, where the hmgiglers used to have their haunts, and where the Carlists hid their arms. The scenery is similar to that around Asheville, N. C., only they have a sea here, and fresh salt breeze, and the mildest, most even climate in Europe. For that reason it was selected some years ago by the doctors as the most favorable place to take the baby king, who was then in very delicate health, and nobody expected to see him in the long-legged, strapping boy he is today at seventeen. A comfortable villa was built of red brick and terra cotta trimmings, and a pointed steeple in the English style, on the hillside, and a small garden and park were laid out around it, and here the queen mother has come every summer for 14 years, and watched the growth of health and vigor of that remarkable child upon whose life so much depended.

I've seen him twice today—on horseback this morning, and in a carriage this afternoon—and while he is still slender and of fair skin, he looks like any other lad of his age. He was dressed in the uniform of a colonel of the army, and had been watching the riders at a sort of gentlemen's tournament that was held in a parade ground near the palace. He took no part in the hurdle jumping and fancy riding himself, although he looked as if he wanted to do so; but, after the show was over he presented the prizes in a graceful way and issued a royal rance, taking the association under the care of the cavalry branch of the army, and offering large prizes for excellence in horsemanship.

He is a graceful lad and carries himself with the dignity becoming a king. He makes a clever speech, too, and those who are about him say that he often surprises them with the extent of his knowledge and the oratorical talent he shows. There was a significant incident the other day. In this part of the country Don Carlos, the pretender to the Spanish throne, found his greatest strength and his most loyal supporters, to whom he gave titles, decorations and medals as rewards for services just like a real king. Two wars have been fought to keep young Alfonso on the throne of Spain, and the Carlist movement has expired.

Don Carlos, as I wrote you from Venice two years ago, has set up a quasi court in that city, and is himself almost his only advocate. The sister of the king of Spain has married the son of the most powerful of Carlos' supporters, the Carlist leaders have returned in peace to Madrid, and several are occupying seats in the Spanish parliament. But if this is not enough to show that the rebellion is over, at the town of Esterle the other day, a man who had served in the Carlist army as a sergeant and who had received a decoration from the hands of his chief, formally presented it to King Alfonso with expressions of loyalty. The young king was taken quite aback but replied in a graceful and tactful little speech that would have done credit to the most accomplished courtier.

But you can't help feeling sorry for him. There isn't a boy in all the world that should envy him, for the crown is heavy upon his little head. A king can't have any fun. He can't enjoy himself like other boys. He is tied down with so much etiquette and formality, and his life is so precious. He can dine out gold plate if he likes, and have servants in livery to attend upon him, but only with great formality; he can have the finest saddle horses in the country, and carriages to suit his taste, but every time he goes out in them he must have an escort—a general, or a tutor, or a cabinet minister—and can never go with other boys. He can play tennis and golf, but only behind the high walls of the palace, with his tutors and aides-de-camp. There is a gorgeous Moorish bathhouse on the beach, especially for his use, but when he goes there he must be surrounded by guards, doctors, aides, valets and other people, who are there especially to watch him and see that he doesn't have a good time. If you will read Mark Twain's "Prince and Pauper," you can get an idea of what a nuisance it must be to be a king; and I can't help being reminded of the incidents in that story every time I see Alfonso XIII. The bathing house of the king is a little apart from the others, but not more than 20 feet from the sidewalk, and whenever he goes there is a great crowd to watch him, of course, and naturally he doesn't go in often.

The other bath houses are in the English style, mounted on wheels, which are drawn up and down the beach by open trawls, and when the tide ebbs and flows, so that they shall be near the water. People rent them by the week or month, and there are some for transients. You go into a cabin, undress, put on your bathing suit, wrap a bath robe around you, and then you take the water, for it isn't considered proper over here to walk about, and play on the sand in bathing clothes, as it is at home. Some American ladies have decided that it is because the bathing suits worn over there are so homely.

San Sebastian is a very modern town, with everything up to date, even a fine new church, which was finished only two years ago. It was an insignificant fishing village when the doctors decided to send the baby king here, but when he came, with the army and the court, lots of rich people followed and built hotels and villas, and the business part of the town improved with its prosperity. It is the center of a progressive and prosperous agriculture, and the people are witty and enterprising, unlike those of Southern Spain; there are several important manufactories, a large and imposing city hall and two of the finest markets I have ever seen, where all the floors are tile and all the counters marble, and the walls of brick and steel. There are excellent hotels, with reasonable prices—I do not know when I have found one more comfortable or well kept than the Hotel de Palais—and several large stores filled with the best of merchandise. If it were France, Germany or the United States this would not be surprising, but it is extraordinary for Spain. There is a casino, with concerts and theatrical performances every evening and balls twice a week, where young gentlemen and ladies visit and dance just as they do in modern countries—which must seem strange to the Spaniards and you can gamble as much as you like.

The people are unlike the rest of the Spaniards, for they are Basques, the most energetic and intelligent of the population of Spain. They claim to be the oldest of races, and to have descended directly from Adam and Eve without the intervention of Father Noah, for this part of the world was fortunate enough to escape the flood. And they have a language of their own, which, they will tell you, is the same that was spoken in Paradise. They are a strong, honest, industrious race, and can always be relied upon. They despise the Castilians and Andalusians in the center and south of the kingdom; but, curiously enough, the latter are proud of the Basques, and you often hear them boasting of their superiority as proudly as the Basques themselves.

There are a good many soldiers here, to guard the king, but they are mere boys, not more than 17 or 19 years old, with stunted forms and beardless faces, who look very weak beside the stalwart Basque fishermen, who loaf around the beach in the corduroy breeches, bright-colored shirts and knitted caps like the Scotch wear. You see them out every rainy day, raking up the seaweed that the tide has left upon the beach, which they haul away on curious carts and sell to the farmers for manure. A splendid esplanade extends all around the bay, with a stone wall and balustrade, nearly two miles in length. From the casino at one end and the royal villa they call Miramar at the other, and under the shade of the pepper trees a procession of people is always passing, some of the most distinguished in Spain, for the court always remains here until the king returns to Madrid. The number of priests is noticeable. This morning I counted 29 in about half an hour, most of them intellectual-looking men. The court is distinctively religious, more so than any other within the memory of men.



That Man or Woman Has Little Pride

Who will go about with wrinkled and care-worn countenances. WE HAVE REPEATED IT OVER AND OVER AGAIN that facial monstrosities are not only not necessary, but rather an offense to polite society.

HAVE THE WRINKLES REMOVED HAVE THE BLEMISHES ERADICATED

No pain is entailed. NO MASKS NEED BE WORN! There is little inconvenience! THE COST IS TRIFLING! And when the task is done THE FACE IS COMELY—not a moving picture of humiliation! It is not a great task to change the hard, tough, stubborn, unyielding, rigid, unimpressionable, rough, coarse, harsh, ungentle countenance into one of smooth, delicate, fine, sleek, glossy, mild, gentle, luxurious beauty. It requires skill and practice to perform these services, of course, but it is well known that

The Saxe Institute of Dermatology Understands Its Business

And that there is not a facial imperfection, spot, blot, flaw or speck that it cannot brush away from the human face. We speedily extricate smallpox pittings, eruptions of the skin, moles, blackheads, freckles, birthmarks, blotches on the face, or any other affliction that makes for spoliation of Nature's handiwork.

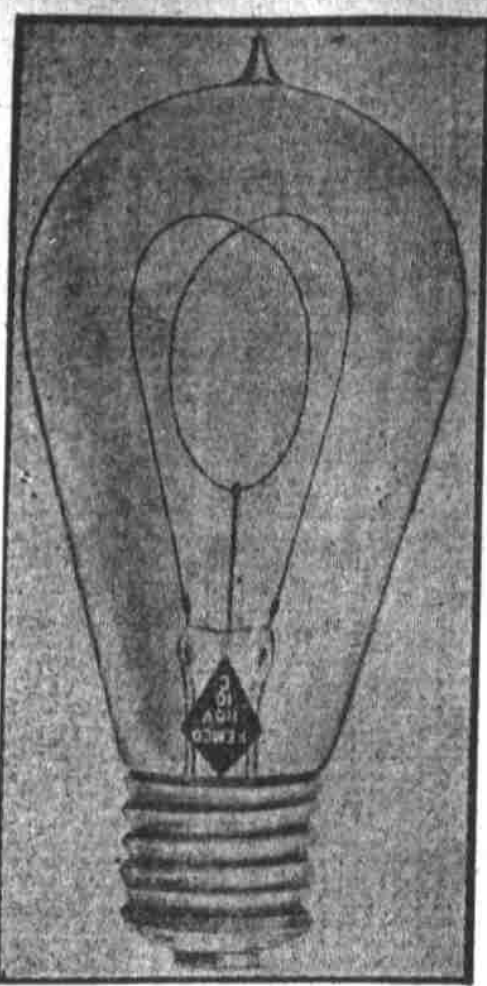
WE DO THESE THINGS QUICKLY! WE DO THEM WELL! OUR WORK IS GUARANTEED! BLEMISHES WILL NOT RETURN!

Madame Saxe

Principal Saxe Institute of Dermatology. 417 Abington Building, Telephone 2593. Office Hours—10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

ROBBED TWICE IN FIVE MINUTES

W. W. Lines of 353 East Couch street had a dime novel experience last night, being robbed twice within five minutes. During the evening Lines became acquainted with a lad of about 16 who, he thought, was a messenger. They had supper together and started across the Burnside-street bridge. As they neared the steps on the east side the boy asked for change for a dollar. As Lines was handing it over the boy snatched the money and ran. Lines caught him by the collar and demanded the change back. As the young fellow was about to comply a man, attired as a sailor, appeared, held a revolver under Lines' nose and told him to hand over his valuables. The victim complied and the sailor walked off with his watch and about \$3 in cash. Police Sergeant Slover investigated the case. Lines said he was glad it was not his good watch he lost.



If You Are Not in Business to Make Money You're Not in Business At All

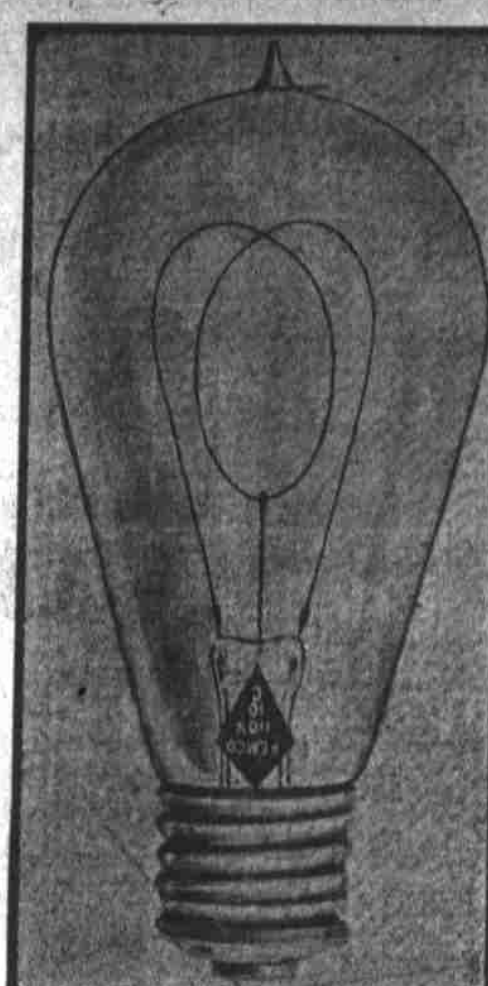
IF YOU ARE IN BUSINESS TO MAKE MONEY

It is up to you to investigate our Lamp Proposition. We can give you the BEST LAMP MADE. It will give you better light, last longer and, if you are on a meter, cut down your meter bill. That's business.

USE THE

N. W. E. E. LAMP

15c each — \$1.75 per dozen. Cheaper in Barrel Lots.



LADIES WHO DO THE COOKING

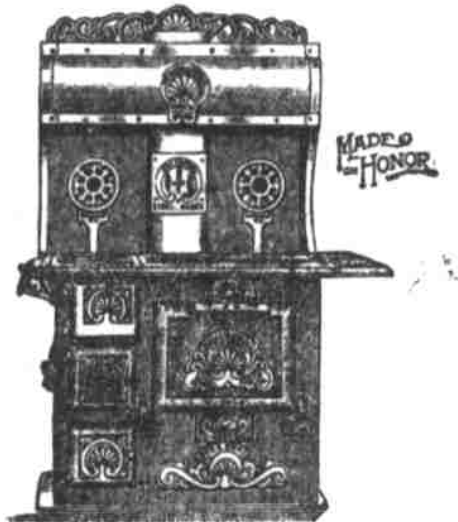
Have a lively interest in the kind of a stove they cook with.



UNIVERSAL STOVES AND RANGES

Have no equal on this earth. They are really the ONLY perfect stoves and ranges made. Anybody who uses them will tell you this. And it don't cost a penny to see them.

WE HAVE OVER FORTY KINDS OF STOVES AND RANGES. And you may bet your boots there is not a poor make among them. We won't handle inferior goods for any one. That settles the stove question in our institution. We also sell a house-heating furnace that has taken first premium at State Fairs in every state of the Union. It is the Champion Furnace of the world SMALL FUEL CONSUMER, GREAT HEAT PRODUCER. A large tin shop is connected with our store. THE BEST SELECTED AND LARGEST LINE OF SHEET AND ENAMEL HARDWARE IN OREGON, AND WE DON'T DO A THING BUT DO BUSINESS ALL THE TIME. Carpenters' tools, kitchen utensils, and the champion washing machines of the earth. You get 'em of



J. J. KADDERLY King Bee in the Hardware World of Oregon ODD FELLOWS' TEMPLE, FIRST AND ALDER

Save \$25.00 THIS WINTER.

From \$15.00 to \$25.00 can be saved each winter by using Cole's Original. Hot Blast Stove



This wonderful stove burns the gas half of soft coal, which is wasted up the chimney with other stoves. Makes \$2.00 Soft Coal Equal to \$9.00 Hard Coal. Even Heat Day and Night, and Perfect Cleanliness. FIRE NEVER OUT. Perfect results also with Hard Coal or Wood.

The Truth Is Mighty and Must Prevail

ENVIOUS TONGUES CANNOT STRANGLE IT



MRS. O'DONNELL, Believed of a network of smallpox pittings and wrinkles by Madame Vaughn.

It is the truth that Madame Vaughn is the ONLY Graduate Doctor of Dermatology in the Northwest. It is the truth that Madame Vaughn acquired knowledge and received Diplomas from the leading New York and Chicago Schools of Dermatology and not from self-styled Beauty Parlor. It is the truth that Madame Vaughn is the ONLY Skin Specialist in the Northwest whose treatment of facial disfigurements is based on scientific principles. It is the truth that Madame Vaughn is the ONLY Skin Specialist in the Northwest who correctly diagnoses disfigurements and permanently cures all cases undertaken and guaranteed. It is the truth that Madame Vaughn is the ONLY Skin Specialist in the Northwest whose treatments ALWAYS benefit and never injure the patient. It is the truth that Madame Vaughn is the ONLY Skin Specialist in the Northwest who unfailingly and permanently removes birthmarks, smallpox pittings, wrinkles, droopings, goitre and all serious disfigurements as well as pimples, freckles, tan, blackheads and other minor blemishes. These are truths that ENVY AND MALICE cannot obscure.

THE "FITTEST" SURVIVES

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DOCTOR OF DERMATOLOGY

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Alba Dentists

WE WILL BE PLEASED TO SERVE OUR PATRONS TO THE BEST OF OUR ABILITY AT THE PRICES HEREWITH QUOTED. SHOULD YOU FEEL DISPOSED TO FAVOR US WITH A CALL, YOU WILL NOT BE CONFRONTED WITH "HIGHER" PRICES FOR BETTER WORK, AS "BETTER WORK" THAN OUR PRICES CANNOT BE HAD, NO MATTER WHAT YOU PAY.

- GOLD CROWNS \$4.00, no more, no less
PORCELAIN CROWNS \$4.00, no more, no less
BRIDGES, PER TOOTH \$4.00, no more, no less
RUBBER-MOUNTED FULL SET TEETH \$8.00—best made
CELLULOID or SILICONE \$12.00 (Looks as Natural as Life.)

