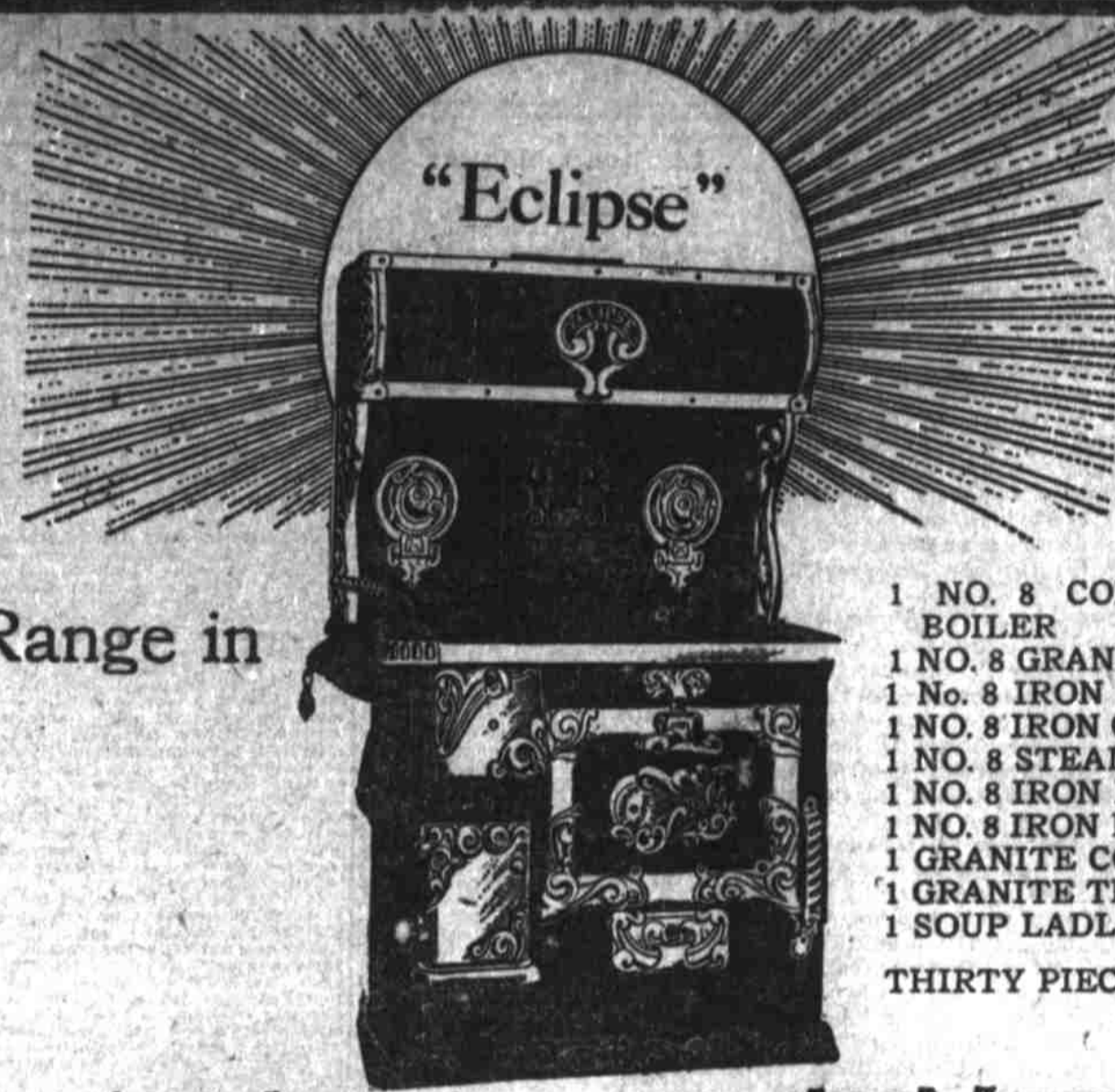


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- 1 NO. 8 IRON KETTLE
- 1 NO. 8 IRON POT
- 1 GRANITE COFFEE POT
- 1 GRANITE TEA POT
- 1 SOUP LADLE
- 1 CAKE TURNER
- 1 EGG BEATER
- 1 FLESH FORK
- 1 NUTMEG GRATER
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ALL AROUND STORIES OF NATION'S LAWMAKERS

By James Evans.
Champ Clark, the distinguished Missourian and representative from the Ninth district, had a private tilt with Representative Dalsell of Pennsylvania, one of Speaker Cannon's floor leaders. "You've got a big majority and still you do not legislate," said Mr. Clark. "Why don't you?" "Because you fellows make trouble. If you would behave yourselves we could get away in early May," said Mr. Dalsell.

"Our forces are so small that I am surprised that you count them," Mr. Clark replied. "You are shooting at a lot of wind and the wind seems to be strong enough to resist you." And then Mr. Clark told a story.

"When the Confederate raiders got into the Cumberland valley," he said, "and approached Harrisburg, they halted at the river and began firing toward the city. Governor Curtin immediately telegraphed President Lincoln, saying that the enemy was near, shooting wildly, and that there wasn't a federal soldier within 200 miles. "Mr. Lincoln answered him, saying, 'If there are no Union soldiers near, what is the enemy shooting at?' " "You are a rich man and a good speaker," answered Mr. Foraker. "With these accomplishments haven't you as yet been drafted by the Taft army?" "No, I haven't taken much about my preference—maybe Taft doesn't know," said Mr. Kyle.

"You remind me of a time I went to a circus when I was quite a youth," Senator Foraker said. "There were some monkeys and baboons and orang-outangs in cages. A negro slave passed along. Never before in his life had he seen such animals. For some minutes he stood before them, saluting them and saying, 'Howdy, howdy, howdy,' but there was no reply. Finally the slave walked away. Soon he was back again, for the monkey cages had possessed him with a strange fascination.

"'Howdy,' he said again to the biggest one. There was no reply. Then he turned away again. As he was leaving he said: 'Dat's right. Keep you all's mou' shut, cause de de wh' folks hear you dey'll put you to pickin' cotton.' " "If you want to help Taft in his field," concluded the Ohioan, "just go

around to his headquarters and talk as you have talked to me. They will corral you."

E. W. Sims, the federal district attorney of Chicago, who prosecuted the Standard Oil cases before Judge Landis, was here, called on the president, petitioned for an addition to his law library, and then went home in the best of humor.

The night before Judge Landis announced the fine amounting to \$29,240,000 for the Rockefeller's violations of the interstate commerce act Mr. Sims called on Landis. The jurist resides at a hotel in Hyde Park, Chicago. The two sat on the porch for a long time. Finally Mr. Sims asked the judge if he had made up his mind as to the amount of the fine to be imposed next morning.

"I have," answered Landis. "It is to be the limit allowed by law."

"What's that?" exclaimed Mr. Sims. "Twenty-nine millions! Why, judge, if we keep on at this rate we can soon put the treasury in such shape as to make a tariff tax unnecessary. We'll wipe out the custom houses."

"Then, concluding, he asked: "When the fine is collected I wish you would let me take the sum to the attorney-general at Washington. I have been wanting a lot of new law books of late and they have been scarce. But I should take such an amount to Mr. Bonaparte, it isn't likely he would turn me down for a few dollars' worth of books."

The fine hasn't been collected and Mr. Sims is still needing the books.

Justice Harlan hasn't been chewing tobacco for some days. His digestive organs got out of order and the venerable jurist was advised to leave the weed alone. He obeyed and is obeying.

Just about the time he forswore the pleasure of tearing off a monster portion of the store, caddy or "home twist," fresh from Kentucky, came for him from an admiring friend.

"Now, if there is anything Justice Harlan delights in more than home grown tobacco, twisted by field hands, put out in the sun to dry and afterward packed away in a trunk covered by rawhide, and deer tongue leaves mingled with the tobacco blades, none of his acquaintances knows what it is.

"But he is saving it, and every day he calls up his doctor to know if it isn't time to take a chew.

"Justice Harlan was traveling in Virginia. He stopped at a newly constructed country hotel. The walls of his room had been freshly painted. They shone white like the lamp was lit. But near the head of the bed was a stain. Some one had thrown a quantity of tobacco on it and it had stuck.

"If I had that Yankee here who staid that wall I would wring his neck," said the judge, in apparent anger.

"Why, how do you know a Yankee did the trick?" asked a friend.

"How do I know it was a Yankee?" exclaimed the Kentuckian. "Why, can't you see it is fine cut?"

No one in the south chews that kind.

The REAL FEMINE

Art and Headgear.
An artful interviewer succeeded in asking Minister Wu Ting Fang of Washington a momentous question, one upon which much of the peace and happiness of the country depends—namely, what he thinks of the new styles in women's hats. The self-possessed and suave diplomat replied, so the story goes, that he thought them only a trifle more hideous than the old styles for men.

This is where the older civilization has the best of ours. No doubt they tried all the fantastic arrangements that we are now exploiting, about the time that the pyramids were etched, and decided that the effect was not worth the bother. Since then their women wear their adornments stuck directly into their glossy locks, and carry umbrellas. Which is much more sensible. The inverted saucer-shaped affair that the men of his country wear has several points of advantage over the headgear of our men folks. For one thing, it stays on where our men's hats blow off. For adornment the Chinese may wear a beautiful peacock feather or a yellow button, while our men wear a uniform, dull, monotonous and unpicturesque head covering.

And Minister Wu thinks our women's hats are hideous. It is an opinion worth considering. The divergence between oriental taste is one not only of latitude, but of centuries of time. Many of the follies and experiments which our infant civilization is exploiting have been tested and discarded by theirs. We have gained our advance by the application of power. China has clung to handwork. Our civilization has been advanced by steam and electricity, theirs by mental application. It is no less astonishing to hear from one who has spent many years among them and who is thoroughly posted on the history of this remarkable nation that socialism which we think is distinctly modern and one of our own brain products, was actually tested by the Chinese government, with all the theories and devices which are now urged, in the eleventh century, by the Chinese.

This with many other facts of intense interest was told by Rev. Frank W. Bible in an address last Sunday night.

Now when Minister Wu says our hats are hideous, there is reason for believing it. What is there, from a standpoint of esthetics, to recommend an oblate spheroid of straw a yard wide, from which rises a straw pagoda, ornamented with bright purple roses, green hyacinths and blue geraniums? What is there to commend a cylindrical affair of straw rising a foot in the air, from which soar up into the sky the tails of deformed birds?

Why must we admire a plateau of straw braid projected like Mercator's maps into wide distances by spreading wings cut from the bodies of harmless fowls?

Stop and look with a critical eye at the next milliner's window you come to. Are they objects of art, these creations of net and straw and cloth flowers? Are glass cherries and preserved bird skins satisfying to the esthetic sense? Does it give one the same sense of pleasure and fitness to see or to wear these tortuous combinations that it does to gaze upon a beautiful picture? Are they objects of art, these creations of art, are they not? Certainly it is not because we crave a head covering that

these things come into being. There are many ways of covering the head comfortably. This is not one of them. Clearly, then, our women's hats express the western idea of art and beauty, why do we wear them, and, moreover, spend so much good, sensible money for them? As has been said, the Chinese women have been delivered from this tyranny. Hasten the time, then, when the women of America may be allowed to wear either some head covering that is hygienic, sane and beautiful, or else none at all, as our fortunate Chinese sisters.

Suffrage and the Woman.
BARNARD-college girls are being instructed on the subject of equal suffrage, by a course of lectures giving both sides of the question.

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt, daughter of William Jennings Bryan, has written from Cairo, Egypt, a formal letter declining to stand as delegate representing the women of her state at the national Democratic convention.

Marie Corelli continues to write and speak against "votes for women" in England, while Beatrice Harraden is busy traveling from place to place giving readings from "Ships That Pass in the Night" and her other books to raise money to help the suffrage cause.

Mrs. Cyrus Pittman Orr is reported as craving information as to how many

women ever lived in this country or any other who, being the mother of seven children or more, wished to cast a ballot.

Several suffragists are at present busy looking into the matter. Mrs. Elizabeth Lady Stanton had just seven children, five sons and two daughters. Mrs. Lowell, president of the Newton Equal Suffrage league, who is at present busy getting up the Easter sale for the benefit of the Woman's Suffrage association of Massachusetts, has 10.

For the Table.
When using olives, if a large bottle is opened and only a part of them used, the remainder, though left in the brine, become comparatively tasteless. To avoid this, pour half an inch of olive oil on the top, and cork well. The olives will then retain their flavor indefinitely.

In one of the tearooms chiffonade salad served in grape juice shells combined with mayonnaise.

The Daily Menu.
BREAKFAST.
Cereal.
Corned Beef Hash. Poached Eggs.
Coffee.
LUNCHEON.
Sardines with Mustard. Saratoga Potatoes.
Apple and Nut Salad.
Maryland Beaten Biscuit.
Cream Fritts. Tea.
DINNER.
Oyster and Vegetable Stew.
Broiled Beefsteak. Baked Potatoes.
Asparagus with French Dressing.
Sliced Pineapple.
Tutti Frutti Cake.

Beaten Biscuit.—Three pints of sifted flour, one cup of lard, one teaspoonful salt. Rub the lard and flour well together, and make into a very stiff dough with about a cup of milk or water; a little more may be necessary. Beat the dough with a rolling pin for half an hour. Make into small biscuits, prick on top and bake till brown.

Oyster and Vegetable Soup.—Cut scraped red carrots in half-inch dice to measure one pint and boil in slightly salted water until almost done. Add one pint of potatoes similarly diced. Boil the water parboiled for five minutes then drained. Season with salt and pepper and keep at a gentle boil until both are tender but unbroken, allowing the water almost to cook away. Pick over, rinse and drain three dozen small oysters. To the vegetables add a pint

of white sauce (made with two table-spoonfuls each of butter and flour and a pint of milk, with salt and pepper); when it begins to simmer add the oysters and continue the cooking until they plump and ruffie. Then add one table-spoonful of butter and one table-spoonful of chopped parsley and serve at once.

Tutti Frutti Cake.—Melt two ounces of chocolate, add one cup of sugar, one half cup of milk and the beaten yolks of one egg, bring to the boiling point, remove from the fire, cool and flavor with one teaspoon of vanilla. Cream one half cup of butter, add one cup of sugar, two eggs beaten separately, one half cup of milk and two cups of flour sifted with two teaspoons of baking powder. Combine the two mixtures and bake in layers. Put half a cup of candied French fruits in a saucepan, cover with boiling water, let simmer until tender, drain, then chop the fruit finely. Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff, add four table-spoonfuls of confectioners' sugar, then the fruit and flavor with vanilla and a few drops of almond. Spread this filling between the layers, and cover the top with chocolate icing.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*

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Genuine **Carter's Little Liver Pills.**
Must Bear Signature of *Dr. Wood*
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

CURE SICK HEADACHE

ITALIAN MURDERED BY HIS COMPANIONS
(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)
Spokane, Wash., April 22.—An unknown Italian was horribly beaten and slain by his fellow countrymen with whom he was working in a grading camp on the Milwaukee, two miles from Rosalia, and died at 10 o'clock today. His murderers, of whom there are three, have made their escape into the rocky country adjacent to the scene of the crime.

The news reached Colfax this morning. Deputy Sheriff Daley was dispatched at once to the scene of the fight, but by the time he reached Rosalia the wounded man had died and his assailants had fled. He at once wired to Colfax for assistance to be sent and a posse of men was organized. About 6 o'clock this evening, with the bloodhounds recently brought from Tennessee, the men who did the killing were located. They shone white teeth and very swarthy, had black mustache and had cut on jaw; Jim Grill, 27 years, smooth shaven, with cut on face just under the eye, is 5 feet 8 inches tall; Tony Bonacatti, 35 years old, 5 feet tall and smooth shaven. They are supposed to have headed north for the main line of the Northern Pacific somewhere between Sprague and Spokane. Sheriff Ratcliff has come to Spokane to keep watch here for them.

Retirement of Major Ives.
(United Press Leased Wire.)
Washington, D. C., April 22.—Major Francis J. Ives, surgeon, was placed on the retired list today on account of disabilities incurred in the line of duty. Major Ives was appointed an assistant surgeon in the army from New York in 1885, and during the Spanish war he was a brigade surgeon of volunteers. Recently he has been stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Cure for Drunkenness
Orrine Treatment to Be Used at Home Without Publicity, or Loss of Time From Business.

The best aid to temperance is something that will strengthen the drunkard's wrecked nervous system and cure his unnatural craving for drink. We believe that any man who really desires to be cured of the liquor habit can cure himself by using Orrine. This remarkable treatment has made so many cures that we are glad to sell it under an absolute guarantee to refund the money if it does not cure.

It is in two forms: No. 1, that can be given secretly, and No. 2, for those who wish to be cured. It is not only the most reliable treatment known, but it is also the most economical, as it costs only \$1 a box, and there is no deduction from the usual duties, while if a cure is not effected, there is no expense whatever. Mail orders filled on receipt of price in plain sealed package. Write for free booklet. The Orrine Co., Washington, D. C., or Clarke-Woodward Drug Co., and nearly all druggists in Portland.

Does 4 Per Cent Interest Satisfy You?

If it does, why put your money in a bank and let it stay there. If it does not, and you wish to get all of the earning power of your money, read the following announcement, and question yourself as to the advisability of keeping your money in bank.

We are offering our stockholders and the general public stock of a par value of \$1.00 per share for TWENTY CENTS. This stock is amply secured by an immense tract of the finest hard woods in the world—Mahogany, Cocabola, Lignum Vitae, Espava, Mangrove, Balsam Capheba and fifty other varieties of hard woods, all of the greatest value for use in the manufacture of the finest furniture, pianos, billiard tables, inside finishing and a hundred and one other necessary uses.

This tract contains over FOUR BILLION feet of valuable timber and every share of stock sold is secured by One Thousand feet, of an average value of at least \$100.00. Can you find better security than this?

Mahogany, of which there is a great amount in this tract, sells in the open market for from \$250.00 to \$400.00 per thousand feet. Lignum Vitae and Cocabola, both extremely heavy woods, (running five to ten pounds to the foot), sell in San Francisco from Twenty to Thirty Cents per pound. Just think of this! At the smaller weight and price this means ONE THOUSAND dollars per one thousand feet, or \$1.00 per foot.

Our cruisers' reports show that this tract is exceptionally well adapted for logging purposes, and that all the timber can be logged to the streams at an average cost of only \$8.00 per thousand feet.

The following is an extract from a letter bearing upon this particular tract and written by W. D. Leadbetter, for years connected with the United States Hydrographic Bureau, and a well known and esteemed resident of Portland:

"I have explored some of these rivers for a distance of 80 to 90 miles in steam tugs, and find sufficient water in them for vessels to ascend for loading, and deep water is found where large vessels can load at a dock. * * * In fact, in all my travels both upon the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, I DO NOT RECALL ANY OTHER PORT WHERE CONDITIONS FAVORABLE TO THE CUTTING, LOGGING AND EXPORTING OF TIMBER MEET THE IDEAL AS DO THE FACILITIES PRESENTED IN THIS PARTICULAR LOCALITY. * * * Conditions that are presented here do not and cannot exist anywhere else in the world. I have not any suggestions to make, as I am leaving this week. * * * I feel, however, that you have brought to my attention a matter of greatest merit and splendid possibilities. If I were to remain in this country I would follow with interest what appears to me to be ONE OF THE GREATEST COMMERCIAL OPPORTUNITIES for capital that I know."

The rivers mentioned in this letter are five in number and cut this tract almost at regular intervals, running from the mountains to the sea. This means a tremendous saving in expense, as the entire tract can be logged to these streams by means of donkeys, and from these streams by rafts and lighters to the mill. Our cruisers' reports show this land to be gently undulating, not precipitous, and with but little undergrowth (not more than occurs with Columbia river timber).

Our market is already established. Our common grades of lumber will all be used within fifty miles of our operations, and the demand for the better grades far exceeds the supply.

As to the earning power of your money, invested with us, and if we cut only 25,000 feet per day, your money would earn for you over Fifty Per Cent per annum. But we want to put in a mill with a capacity of at least twice this amount, in which event your money will be earning for you at least 100 per cent per annum.

Come in and see our exhibit of these fine woods, and let us show you the proofs of the above statements. The price of this stock for the present is TWENTY CENTS, par value \$1.00. The company reserves the right to increase it at any time.

The Northwestern Exploration & Development Co. of the United States
318 Worcester Building, Portland, Oregon