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L. N. WOODS, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

Dallas, Oregon.

T. V. B. EMBREE, M. D.

DALLAS, - OREGON

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Will practice in all courts.

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House, sign and ornamental, graining, kalsoming and paper hanging.

DALLAS. - - OREGON

MOTOR TIME TABLE.

Leaves Independence for Monmouth and Airlie—
7:50 a m 3:30 p m
Leaves Independnce for Monmouth and Dallas—
11:10 a m 7:15 p m
Leaves Monmouth for Airlie—
7:50 a m 3.50 p m
Leaves Monmouth for Dallas—
11:20 a m 7:30 p m
Leaves Airlie for Monmouth and Independence—
9:00 a m 5 p m
Leaves Dallas for Monmouth and Independence—
1:00 p m 8.30 p m.

R. C. CRAVEN, President. R. E. WILLIAMS, Cashier.
W. C. VASSALL, assistant Cashier

DALLAS CITY BANK

OF DALLAS, OREGON,

Transacts a general banking business in all its branches; buys and sells exchange on principal points in the United States; makes collections on all points in the Pacific Northwest; loans money and discounts paper at the best rates; allow interest on time deposits.

VISIT DR. JORDAN'S GREAT

MUSEUM OF ANATOMY

1051 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Largest Anatomical Museum in the World. Weaknesses or Any contracted disease positively cured by the oldest Specialist on the Coast. Est. 36 years.

DR. JORDAN—DISEASES OF MEN

SYPHILIS thoroughly eradicated from system without the use of Mercury.

Trusses fitted by an Expert. Radical cure for Rupture. A quick and radical cure for Piles, Fissure and Fistula, by Dr. Jordan's special painless methods.

Consultation free and strictly private. Treatment personally or by letter. A Positive Cure in every case undertaken. Write for Book PHILOSOPHY of MARRIAGE, MAILED FREE. (A valuable book for men.) Call or write

DR. JORDAN & CO., 1051 Market St., S. F.

F. H. MUSCOTT,

TRUCKMAN.

Dallas: Oregon

A fair share of patronage solicited and all orders promptly filled.

Dallas Foundry!

—ALL KINDS OF—

IRON WORK TO ORDER.

Repairing Promptly Done.

ED. BIDDLE, - PROP.

A Washington man complained bitterly to the District commissioners of the pasting of advertising labels on loaves of bread and wanted them to stop the practice, but the commissioners assured him that the official chemist's opinion was that the use of these labels on bread is in no way detrimental to health.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

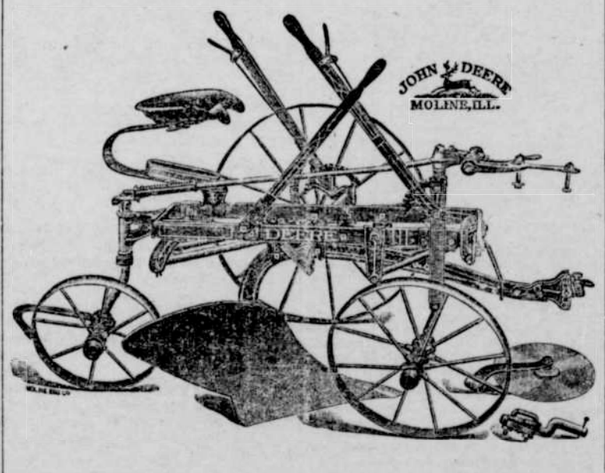
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

J. PERRY CALDWELL

—DEALER IN—

VEHICLES AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

DALLAS, OREGON.



UPPER SALT CREEK SAW MILL

MARTIN BROS., PROPRIETORS.

All kinds of rough and dressed lumber on hands or cut to order.

200,000 Feet in Stock.

Slab wood for cook stoves or harvest engines at 50 cents a load.

BUREN & HAMILTON

THE Low Price Furniture House

Special Offers on

WALL PAPER

Special Offers on

CARPETS

In order to make room for the new stock now on the way from the factories we will sell carpet and wall paper at a big reduction. The roads are good and it will pay you to drive over. The Big Store with Little Prices.

BUREN & HAMILTON, Salem, Or.

HER STRATAGEM.

Every person said I was a queer little girl.

One day all except myself and our servant girl were invited to a dinner party. I confess I dreaded to have them go. Finally I resignedly bade them "get out of my sight."

Sally and I were good friends. She told me stories and sang songs till I began to think it was quite a fine thing to be left at home. Tired of staying in the house, I sauntered down the front walk and amused myself by indulging in a forbidden pleasure—swinging on the gate.

Looking down the road, I spied a man coming along. I flew to the house, and, satisfied that he was coming in, I ran to Sally. Seizing her dress with both hands, I exclaimed:

"Oh, Sally, there is a dreadful looking man coming in!"

Sally picked up the poker and walked to the door, while I, imitating her example, snatched a stick of wood. Suddenly Sally cried:

"You little goose, it is Bill McCarty."

Sure enough, it was Sally's beau. Her mother was very sick, and McCarty was sent to bring Sally home immediately.

Here was a dilemma. Sally didn't want to leave me, and unless she started home then she might not see her mother alive. It was nearly time for the rest of the folks to come home, so I managed to raise courage enough to say I was willing to remain alone.

In a few minutes Sally was off, and I was left in possession of our great house. I remembered that none of our doors could be locked. Papa, who had a few strange ideas, declared locks were a nuisance. I felt that I was doomed.

On each side of our yard was a brook, pretty and peaceable in pleasant weather, but a very little rain transformed them both into raging torrents. As I stood at the window I saw first one bridge and then the other swept off. I knew now that I must stay alone all night. It would be impossible for my brothers and sisters to get home. Travelers, or, as Sally called them, "tramps," often stopped at our house overnight, as there was no public house near. To my horror, I now saw one of them coming across the fields. Without stopping to knock, the great, rough man walked in.

"Can I stay here all night?"

I dared not refuse him, so as firmly as I could I answered, "Yes." He seemed surprised at seeing no one but myself and questioned me much. I told him my brother was up stairs writing; that we two were alone. That was the first thing that entered my head to tell him. Such a villainous countenance as that man had!

Bedtime came, and I directed the man to a room up stairs in the servants' apartment, where I said my brother was. Now that there was real danger I was calm and reasonable. I fastened the door that led up stairs with my embroidery scissors, which happened to be in my pocket, so as to guard against surprise, and, hurriedly collecting our silverware, carried it to mamma's room and hid it in the bed.

I was elated at my ingenuity.

I then hunted up what few jewels the girls possessed and, placing them, with what money I could find, in a box, tied them in my pocket. After doing this I stole down stairs and removed my scissors from the door. Those scissors were counted among my most valuable treasures. I had had them many years and had no intention of losing them now.

Only one plan for escape that I originated seemed feasible. I determined to wait till I heard my lodger in the rooms below and then wrap myself in papa's shawl and jump out of the window. I was not kept in suspense long. The peculiar squeak of the sitting room door warned me that it was time to act. Quietly I raised the window, and just as the steps approached the stairs I jumped to the ground. Fortunately, there was a bed of lilies directly beneath the window, and they softened my fall.

It was as dark as Egypt. The rain was pouring down in torrents, but this was nothing in comparison with the horror within the house.

Half a mile back of our house lived a friend of papa's—Mr. Vincent. I resolved to go there. I ran along, stumbling against fences and falling into ditches, thinking I never knew such a long half mile.

Finally I reached the house and managed to tell my story. Several young men happened to have been delayed there by the storm, and, headed by Henry Vincent, a young man of some 22 years, they prepared to capture my visitor.

When we came within sight of our house, we saw a light flitting from room to room, and a few words of boisterous song floated to us on the breeze. Silently my friends surrounded the house, guarding every avenue of escape. Henry and I (I would not let him leave me a moment) entered the house. We found the vagabond searching papa's desk.

He had found several hundred dollars that I had not seen when preparing for flight. He started to run when he saw us; but, finding men and revolvers on all sides, he was obliged to surrender.

He was safely bound and then questioned. It appeared he was a noted thief who had long baffled the police.

Lifting me into his lap, Henry Vincent called me the "bravest little woman he ever knew." All the others praised and flattered me till I began to think men were greater talkers than women. All night we staid there, but before morning I was "raving like a madman." Three long weeks I remained unconscious.

When I became sensible, anxious faces were bending over me. Papa, mamma and all the folks were at my bedside.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

In a moment that dreadful day came to my remembrance.

"Oh, I know," said I, with a shudder. I was the heroine of the neighborhood. Henry Vincent never tired of descanting upon my bravery and devoted himself to me in a manner that would have been aggravating to his young lady friends had I been a few years older.

My "lodger" was sent to prison to meditate for some years.—New York News.

Some Reasons

Why You Should Insist on Having

EUREKA HARNESS OIL

Unequaled by any other.
Renders hard leather soft.
Especially prepared.
Keeps out water.
A heavy bodied oil.

HARNESS

An excellent preservative.
Reduces cost of your harness.
Never burns the leather; its
Efficiency is increased.
Secures best service.
Stitches kept from breaking.

OIL

Is sold in all
Localities

Manufactured by
Standard Oil Company.

HEALTHY

HAIR

A man with a thin head of hair is a marked man. But the big bald spot is not the kind of a mark most men like.

Too many men in their twenties are bald. This is absurd and all unnecessary. Healthy hair shows man's strength. To build up the hair from the roots, to prevent and to cure baldness, use—

Ayer's Hair Vigor

It always restores color to faded or gray hair. Notice that word, "always." And it cures dandruff.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"My business calls me out among strangers a great deal. I would actually feel ashamed every time I would take off my hat, my hair was so thin and the bald spots showed so plainly. I began the use of your Hair Vigor less than three months ago. Today I find I have as fine a head of hair as I ever had. I tell everybody what I used, and they say 'it must be a wonderful remedy.'" GEO. YEARL,
Dec. 14, 1898. Chicago, Ill.

We have a book on The Hair and Scalp which we will send free upon request. If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the Doctor about it. Address,
DR. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.

Familiar With Law.

First Tramp—I owe that old couple in that house a grudge, an I'm goin ter slip in an kill one of 'em.

Second Tramp—Why don't ye kill both?

First Tramp—One's enough. The neighbors has heard 'em say sharp things ter each other, most like, an if I kill one the other'll be hung fer it.—New York Weekly.

Home Protective League.

A Rochester organization which may have many imitators is the Home Protective league. It is organized along the lines of the many law enforcement leagues, but with a broader scope. Its objects are to protect its members against the invasion of private rights, both as citizens and property owners, by telephone, telegraph, street railway and other corporations, who "without right or consent use property as though the owner were not a factor to be considered," to co-operate with the municipal government to bring about the enforcement of ordinances, to look after the public health by insisting, for instance, that garbage be collected regularly and to protect the morality of the home by its surroundings. It is also hoped to bring about better street car service, better lighting on some of the streets, the abatement of nuisances, and so on. An attorney is to be employed, and each case of invasion of rights is to be litigated.

The Cardinal Fault.

The cardinal fault in most advertisements is that they say nothing. They are like a traveler walking into a place of business, laying his card down and walking out again. Why cannot an advertisement be made to talk to the reader of a newspaper as a traveler or a shopman talks to his customers?—Newspaper and Poster Advertising.

Keep It Going.

When a merchant stops advertising, people get the idea into their heads that his business is "going down."

How to Get Wealth.

Early to bed,
Also to rise,
May make a man both healthy and wise,
But if of wealth
He'd gain the prize
He mustn't forget to advertise.
—Printers' Ink.

A YOUNG COMPOSER.

Mai Bonfils of Denver, Who Writes Operatic Scores.

The youngest operatic composer in the world is a girl, little Mai Bonfils, just past her seventeenth birthday.

Since Miss Bonfils was 6 years old she has evinced a remarkable musical talent, which her parents have endeavored to encourage. When she was 11 years old, her first composition was sung in public. The words "Tell Me Why" were composed by a newspaper man in Kansas City and sang by one of Frohman's companies while playing in that city.

Miss Bonfils is now in New York completing her musical studies. Her home is in Denver, where her father, Fred G. Bonfils, owns and conducts a large daily paper.

Although her parents, who are among the wealthiest people in Colorado, are very proud of their young daughter,

MISS MAI BONFILS.

they have never had published for her any of her compositions. She has sold them herself on their own merit—and spent the money. Her first operetta, soon to be produced, she has disposed of at a royalty.

Not only is little Mai Bonfils a genius, but a beauty as well. She is of medium height, full figure and of the blond type. Her blue eyes are large, innocent and childish in their expression. Her mouth as yet is a little unformed. The full red lips usually wear a pouting semblance, which does not reveal her true disposition. Her fluffy golden hair is nearly always in careless disorder. She has something of a stage appearance and has said on several occasions that some day she would like to sing in one of her own operas.

Although heiress to a fortune amounting to something over $1,000,000, she is frugal in her tastes and devotes most of her time to study.

Underwear as a Protector.

The old idea that wool is the only proper protection for the skin is exploded. In my opinion, the skin, to perform its functions normally, needs but little such protection, says Melville Black, M. D. In fact, the less the better. By petting the skin and overprotecting it with woolen underwear we make it tender and hypersensitive, thus rendering it unable to withstand sudden atmospheric changes without paralysis of some portion of its vasomotor control; hence the frequent "catching cold," the bete noir of our existence.

To me it seemed incredible that I could cast aside my flannels and not feel the chill of winter's blast. My patients say to me, "I will catch my death of cold." When I show them that I am wearing linen mesh and have not had a cold for over a year and am perfectly warm and comfortable, something that I could not say when I was wearing heavy flannels, they are amazed. Some are not to be convinced—no amount of reasoning will convince them—that the condition of their skins is responsible for their cold and catarrhal noses and throats.

Decorating the Arm.

Bracelets and every device for decorating the arm are again seen, the heavy bangle being first in popular favor. The flat band of velvet is worn around the arm and is trimmed with mock jewels and other decorations. These velvet bands are becoming to the skin and, once in style, quickly become favorite articles of arm dress, says the Denver Times. You see them beautifully embroidered with pearls, and again they are found a veritable armored band, covered with steel scales of dazzling brilliancy. Jets, overlapping each other, cover other bands. Again, you see a mess of tiny jet scales of all kinds—gold and silver, jet and steel, mingled in wild profusion, mixed and overlapping each other beyond all powers of separation. Just dainty little trifles are these, but much of the success of dress depends upon them.

For Bachelor Girls.

A new sort of cozy corner, which girls are affecting just now, is formed by the use of a hammock strung across a draped corner and piled with the usual gay pillows. A low wicker stool takes the place of the regulation tea table, being of a more convenient height for the lazy occupant of the hammock. If the hammock be a handsome one—and it can be made such by the artistic use of oriental drapery and pillows—it will be an addition to the room and a favorite loafing place for the owner and those of her girl friends who are admitted into her sanctum.

Christine Nilsson's Novel Idea.

Mme. Christine Nilsson has discovered a novel use for old receipted bills and sheets of music. Both of these are made to serve the purpose of wall papers. A survey of the walls of her dining room, on which are displayed the receipted bills of hotels and shops all over the world, soon convinces the beholder that though great singers are very highly paid they are obliged to live at a most extravagant rate. Mme. Nilsson's bedroom is papered with the music of the songs and parts which she has sung during the course of her career.

Silk Stockings.

The girl who never wore silk stockings wears them this season. It is in the air—a statement less improper than it sounds. Women have suddenly developed a mania for fancy and beautiful hosiery, and the stocking counter of a good shop would make a rainbow feel faded. The openwork stockings have reached a point of filminess that is more marvelous than beautiful, and the most modish women prefer fine silk in solid color, hand embroidered or with inset lace or applique over the ankle.

One woman at Newport has started a fad for plain silk stockings in one solid color and with the owner's monogram exquisitely embroidered on the ankle, and stocking embroidery is becoming a favorite fancy work of the summer girl.

It is prophesied, too, that next Christmas, instead of a deluge of embroidered suspenders and dress shirt protectors, men will receive dainty boxes of silk hose, each pair embroidered at the tops in front with elaborate monograms. Of course the men would rather, far rather, have bright purple hose zigzagged with scarlet lightning, but they will have to endure the affliction the best they can.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Real Business Woman.

Miss Balfour, the sister of Arthur J. Balfour, government leader in the house of commons, is noted for her devotion to her brother's interests, and she manages most of his affairs so as to leave him entirely free for his political work, says the Detroit Free Press. She not alone superintends the household in the conventional way, but looks after outside details which are usually left to the supervision and direction of the master of the house. Mr. Balfour is never bothered when the chimney needs attention, the roof retiling or any matter of this kind. Miss Balfour attends to defects and gives the orders herself. She also buys the horses and carriages and is said to be well qualified for the work and a good judge of both horses and carriages. Recently she had a special brougham made for her brother's use, attending to the details herself. As an instance of her care and interest, it is said that if there is a possibility of her brother needing a conveyance and she desires to take a drive the best carriage and the first coachman will be left for Mr. Balfour, and she will take the second carriage and second coachman.

An Indian Cotillon.

A recent debutante's dance took the form of an Indian cotillon. Partners were chosen by means of colored pictures of Indian chiefs and princesses. Beneath each pair, the Indian and his princess, was written a tribal name, as the Apaches, Senecas, Iroquois, Seminoles and more. The man who drew a Mohawk chief paired off with the girl to whom the Mohawk princess had fallen and so on. The favors were genuine Indian trinkets gathered for the purpose in a summer trip through Canada and the northwest and included bows and arrows, moccasins, canoes of many styles, baskets innumerable and varied, toboggans, shovels, snowshoes, lacrosse sticks, paddles, pipes and the rest of the list of Indian belongings. The ices were served as tomahawks, canoes and pipes, and the decorations of the table carried out still further the Indian scheme.—New York Post.

THE NEW BABY

Opens up a new world to the loving mother. If it is a strong, healthy baby that new world is a world of happiness. If it is a weak, fretful child the new world is full of anxiety. It has been proven in thousands of cases, that the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes all the difference between strength and weakness in children. Healthy, happy mothers have healthy, happy children. "Favorite Prescription" gives the mother strength to give her child. It makes the baby's advent practically painless and promotes the secretion of the nourishment necessary to the healthful feeding of the nursing child.

"I have been using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and can say it is just what you advertise it to be," writes Mrs. Victor J. Hadin, of Leonardsville, Riley Co., Kansas. "I began taking it just two months before baby came and was greatly benefited by its use. The doctor who attended me said I did about as well as any one he had seen (as I was sick only about three hours), and also that your 'Favorite Prescription' was 'one patent medicine' which he did have faith in. We now have a darling baby boy, strong and healthy, who weighed nine pounds when born. During this month he has gained three and one-half pounds. Have never given him one dose of medicine."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.