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### MOTOR TIME TABLE.

7:30 a m

Leaves Independnce for Monmouth and Dallas
1:10 a m

T:15 p m

Leaves Monmouth for Airlie
50 a m

Leaves Monmouth for Pallase—
1:20 a m

Leaves Monmouth for Dallase—
1:20 a m

Leaves Airlie for Monmouth and Independence—
5:00 s m

Leaves Dallas for Monmouth and Independence—
1:20 p m

Leaves Dallas for Monmouth and Independence—
1:20 p m

8:30 p m.

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The Kind You Have Atways Bought, and which has been in use for over 50 years, has borne the signature of Chart Hitterist Sonal upervision since its infancy.
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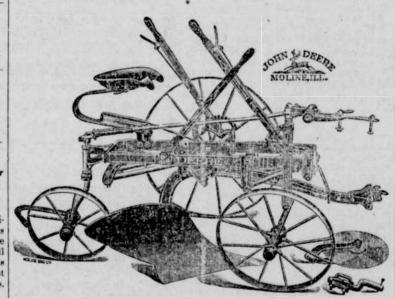
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MARTIN BROS., PROPRIETORS.

All kinds of rough and dressed lumber on hands or cut to order. We can fill any order for lumber of any length

Slab wood for cook stoves or harvest engines at 50 cents

## SAMPLES FREE Our Immense Stock of

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Send for samples of paper from 5 cents to 60 cents a double roll. We pay the freight on \$10 orders.

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## BUREN & HAMILTON THE LOW Price Furniture House There is little to fear, they contend, row a bit of string and to borrow a since they can and do lock themselves safely in their towers at will. and there ed away about his clothing. He is kind

### WOMAN'S WORLD.

SHE KILLED TWO ALLIGATORS AND SAVED THE FAMILY.

Girls at the Semaphores-Her Ar-Woman's Opinion-Bernhardt's Influence-Queen Victoria's Wealth. The little town of Tunis, Tex., has a

heroine, and the Bayou Sarah, on which the village is located, is mires two dangerous saurian inhabitants. Miss Savannah Walston is the brave

girl. Her mother and baby sister are safe because she could and did use her brother's rifle in the right way at the right time. When she was through firing, the

dead bodies of two big alligators lay on the parlor floor, to the amazement of neighbors who gathered for what they took to be a battle with burglars. The alligators undoubtedly came from an irrigation ditch which runs near the



MMS SAVANNAH WALSTON. Walston front yard. They were out on moonlight forage for food and pushed their way through the gate and up to

Awakened by an alarm from her mother, Miss Savannah, who had been sleeping on a cot on the front porch, put her hand directly upon one of the monsters. Her pet dog just then disappeared between the jaws of the othor gator. With a leap the girl gained her moth-

er's bedside in the parlor. The saurians followed, and one of them overturned the baby's cradle. Savannah jumped and grabbed the child. Then, while the angry alligators tossed the furniture around, the three trembling the bedstead.

Every few seconds one of the gators vould make an attack on the bed, and Savannah knew the siege must soon prove successful. Taking advantage of brief opportunity, she jumped down and got her brother's magazine rifle from the wall. Selecting the larger of the two enemies, she fired several bullets at his eyes, and at last be rolled

The remaining creature made a wild dash for the bed. Savannah thrust the rifle into his wide open mouth, pulled the trigger, and a fortunate bullet ended the combat right there.

A terrible incident of the night struggle, before the brave girl got her weap-on, was the chewing up of a little negro boy who had been sleeping under a tree and who ran into the house de-Miss Walston has been made queen

of the local hunting club and mascot of the Tunis military company, and the young men of the place gave a grand ball in recognition of her brave

Girls at the Semaphores.

When the suburban, through and freight trains which run out of the Unon station on the Chicago. Burlington and Quincy railway fly past certain of the watch towers of "signal blocks" scattered along the way, the levers controlling the semaphores which direct the train engineers how to proceed are Gaines is the day and Miss Teresa Drew the night operator at Berwyn. Ills., with Miss Lizzle Allen as alternate, or "extra." Miss Alice Furniss is "block operator" at Grossdale, being on duty at night. Miss Helen McKirhan looks after the telegraph key and Miss Adele Wurz keeps guard at the 'X" block, which is near Aurora. The "block operator," whether man

or weman, must be, above all, an expert telegraph operator. Then a rather severe and searching medical examis allowed to "post up" for the "extra Women are employed by the railroad whenever this seems possible because the sainries they command are a little smaller than those paid to men for the same services. The new operthe day jobs, as most desirable, failing venient article. He doesn't have to be by right to the older employees. Each of the young women mentioned has the day jobs, as most desirable, falling passed many a long night in the lonely the world of sleeping men and women. situation. Although each girl operator works 12 hours a day and seven days them. in the week the year round, with the Women in their helplessness envy

You know all about it. The worry, the exhaustion.
You go about with a great weight resting upon you. You can't throw off this feeling. You are a slave to your work.
Sleep fails, and you are on the verge of nervous exhaustion.

What is to be done?

For fifty years it has been lifting up the discouraged, giving rest to the overworked, and bringing refreshing sleep

to the depressed.

No other Sarsaparilla approaches it. In age and in cures, "Ayer's" is "the leader of them all." It was old before other sarsaparillas were born.

Ayer's Pills aid the action of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. They cure bilious-ness. 25 cts. a box.

many advantages. Above all, they in a great degree their own superndents, and there is no one at hand

e are alone and comparatively inndent in our own little offices," Miss Gaines, who has been a

"hus being able to find a great many spare moments for reading, writing, and even fancy work. We also have the opportunity of making our surroundings as neat and homelike as we

There are musical instruments and piles of music in several of the "block towers" over which girl operators reign. Growing plants flourish in the windows nearly all. The girl operators, in the intervals of keeping a record of all trains passing in either direction. watching and changing the signals, making notes of the numbers of all en-"clearing" their particular section of track and performing all the other light but important and multifarious duties which fall to their share, take great pride in keeping their quar-

The Northwestern railroad at one time employed women in a similar capacity, but the six women on the Aurora branch of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railway are the only ones now doing this work in or about Chi-

Her Arrested Development. Man is a perfected marsupial. He is

a creature of pockets. With him the necessity of a pouch simply develops The first we read of him as a pocket bearing animal he was on a level with

the kangaroo. He then had one pouch fastened to his belt. Now look at him and compare him to woman, for whom, in his chivalry, he is truly sorry. She, in her helplessness, is usually behind the kangaroo and at her best only equals him with the one pouch fastened at her waist. She has not evolved through the laws of na-

ture, but under the sterner decrees of

the dressmaker. What a difference between no pockets and a score of pockets! The first woman, the other man. Woman is literally fettered for want of pockets. She must carry in her hands whatever not a part of her clothing, while man's arms, palms and fingers are free-free to help his unfortunate sis-

Think of five pockets in trousers, five in vest, five in jacket and five in overcont-an exact score in all! Some men have more than this, When man took up the handkerchief

He made a pocket for his knife and a signal box high above the tracks and pocket for his watch, a pocket for his keys and a pocket for his letters, a None will admit having been at all pocket for his tobacco and a little pockscared, nervous or timid when in that et for his car tickets, and he kept on making pockets as fast as he needed

exception of a two weeks' vacation, him. They reach out to him to borrow the block operators like their work. his knife, to borrow his pencil, to bor-

and lends, for he is sorry for them in Tribune

An English Woman's Opinion. Mrs. Alec Tweedle, a prominent English woman of letters, who has been visiting the United States, has been writing home her impressions of the

Every one, she says, does not chew gum in the States, as is commonly supposed, but a great number of people do, and it is really remarkable to an cud. What a funny custom it is and

one which makes it necessary to lift one's skirts on high when walking in the streets! If the gum habit and its results are objectionable, how delightful are the American women! They are bright, clever and amusing, well dressed, "too well dressed," Max O'Rell says, but always smart and entertain-

The American man works from early morn to dewy eve making money "down town," and his wife spends it for him "up town." The men encourage their wives to dress well, and certainly the result is charming, added to which they are intellectually as smart and well groomed as they are in their gowns. They dress plainly in the streets, the exigency of necessity. Cabs cost a fortune and the only mode of transport is the car. It is high to jump up or down, it barely waits a second, the passenger often has to stand, and the only kind of garment suitable is a plain tailor made. The American has realized the fact and adopted the habit. More than that, long skirts are in the way, and on wet days or in the morning she sensibly wears quite a short one, like a short bicycle skirt, even in the city. The skirt is most practical and neat, but, alas, her boots are not in keeping. Thin shoes, with Louis Quinze heels, often appear below the business

When considering the wonderful things which the dying century bequeathed to the new, it might be well to bear in mind Sarah Bernhardt.

like skirt.

The lady is 55 years old. She has a son who is over 30. She looks upon the stage the slender girl whose part she portrays, the boy

whose garb she assumes. Not Maude Adams herself in "L'Alglon" looks more the boy of 20 than did Sarah Bernhardt, grandmother as she is, when she produced the play in

She is the greatest influence today over all the fashionable women of the

world. Every woman who dresses in the ode anywhere on this oblate spheroid follows styles which Sarah Bernhardt has set, not those set by any younger woman, by any princess or great wom-

en of the aristocracy. In "L'Alglon" Bernhardt has convinced women that graceful, sinuous curves are more beautiful than the bulging rolls of fat which escape above

and below a "short" waist laced ten nches too small. By appearing as a wonderfully grace ful boy she has convinced women that a figure somewhat like that designed by the Almighty for womankind is

more beautiful than the artificial idea of the corsetiere. Fashion forlows her by placing one slavery on top of another. The short corset doesn't give place to freedom, but to the long corset, big at the waist and running from the tip of the bust nearly straight to the point of the ab-

The fashion might be a great gain for health as well as beauty. If it is not, that's not the fault of Sarah Bernhardt, 55, actress, grandmother, won-

Is doubtless the highest human good. It is especially so to women, to whom it means the preservation of beauty, happiness in the home, and the enjoyment of social duties. There can be no good health for a ny woman who suffers from womanly disearen. Her complexion fails. Her flesh loses its firmness. Her eyes are dull. She has no home happiness, no social enjoyment.

Favorite Prescrip-tion cures the dis-eases which de-stroy the health.

neals inflamma-tion and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It gives good health to women, which means tranquil nerves, a good appetite and sound sleep.

good appetite and sound sleep.

"I was a great sufferer two years ago with female trooble and I wrote to you for advice," says Mrs. Mattle Hays, of Tribulation, McDonald Co., Missouri. "You outlined a course of treatment for me. I followed your directions, and now feel like a different person. I never expected to hear from you when I wrote to you. In three days after I commenced taking your medicines I began to feel better. I took twenty dollars' worth of the 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I bought it five dollars' worth at a time, and also four vials of Dr. Pierce's Pellets. I would not take one thousand dollars for the good the medicine has done me. I can't praise it enough. I wish all who suffer with such troubles would give Dr. Pierce's medicines a fair trial. I can work all day—doing anything, walk where I please, and feel good. Many thanks to you for your kind advice."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, in paper

# Bicycles

"THE MASY RUNNING NOISELESS WHEEL

Roadsters, \$35 and \$40. Light roadsters and racers \$50. Chain-less \$60 and \$75. Tribune cushion frames \$56 and upward. Tribune coaster brake models \$5 extra. I am having the best Tribune trade I have ever known, due to the fact that the wheels due to the fact that the wheels have proven themselves to be all that was claimed for them. Come and see the line.

F. A. WIGGINS, Opposite postoffice, Salem

## SEEING A SHOT

My regiment was attached to Smith's brigade, Blair's division of Grant's army at Vicksburg. We had made our assault of May 19 and were now reforming our lines and preparing for another assault on their works.

Two days had lapsed, and we were ready for our task. On the 22d we were ordered to occupy one of those waves of hills that offered such excellent opportunities for the defense of Vicksburg.

The crest was about 500 yards in advance of our artillery line and about an equal distance from the Confederate intrenchments. We advanced in good order and reached the crest with slight loss and lay down to await orders for the final assault.

As we lay upon our backs gazing upward we looked into an Italian sky, cloud-less and serene. It was a typical "sunny south" day, warm without discomfort, the air balmy and fragrant; not a leaf stirred; all nature seemed to be peacefully resting, in strong contrast to the roar of war that now was rending this peaceful vale, only to be equaled by heaven's thundering guns when the storm king is abroad in his power.

Being located midway between our artillery and that of the enemy, with the roar of the guns on either side and hissing, screaming shot and shells hurtling over our heads, made our position a hell of demoniacal sounds, but so protected that we carefully listened to the roar and philosophically contemplated the chances

philosophically contemplated the chances of victory or defeat.

Our reverie, however, was soon rudely aroused by a thud and a little cloud of dust but a few feet down the hill from

where we lay.

Comparatively safe from the enemy's fire, our blue lines in plain sight of our gunners, we confided in the correctness of their aim.

But here comes a shot from our guns—Waterhouse's battery—plunging into our line. Colonel Hoge sent an orderly, acquainting the gunners with their care-

As the shot had struck but a few feet below where I lay it is needless to say I watched the further firing of that gun with interest. Ten minutes elapsed, and shots passed safely over. I was lying

resting on my left elbow. Corporal Bird, a manly soldier, lay upon his back close to my side.

to my side.

I was watching that gun.

A white puff of smoke, and instantly the top of a tree standing in a hollow about 100 yards in advance of the gun toppled over.

The activity of the human mind is phenomenal. In the next few seconds I lived an experience seldom given to mortals. The gun, tree and myself were in direct line.

The shot, before obstructed by the tree, had been sufficiently elevated to go over. But what now?

Would the obstruction lower its eleva-

Would the obstruction lower its elevation and plunge it into our line?

What is that I see? It is coming straight at me! Like a bee in its flight I see it. What will it do—take off an arm or a leg? Will I go home to wife and babies on crutches, or will they bury me on youder slope? There was a whirl of its and possibilities about this life and the next rushing through my brain. Why not turn over, dodge it, jump up, anything to get out of range of coming death? Was I doomed to be a witness of every detail of my own death? The mind outran the speed of the cannon ball a thousand times, but there was not time to telegraph the danger to the dull muscles for action.

In the midst of this mental confusion there came a heavy spat, a tremor of the

In the midst of this mental confusion there came a heavy spat, a tremor of the ground, a sprinkling of something warm in my face, and I jumped to my feet unharmed, to look down on the mangled form and face struck with death of the young comrade at my side, whose left side had been carried away by a six round shot.

side had been carried away by a six pound shot.

Observing that his lips moved, I kneit down and heard the faint words twice repeated, "Mother—water." And the soul of Corporal Bird, a good soldier, a clean hearted boy with whom for nearly a year I had touched elbows in line and on the march, took its flight.

We buried him near the fatal tree that caused the accident, and a year later I furnished a detail to exhume his body, that it might be laid beside his kin at his northern home on the banks of the beautiful Kankakee.

The death of this young soldier ever has a weird interest for me. Why should it strike him and leave me? Did the fates decree it, or was it for some wise purpose of him who numbers the hairs of our head and notes the fall of a sparrow?

I have seen the smile of inserdulity on

of our head and notes the fail of a sparrow?

I have seen the smile of incredulity on the faces of friends while relating this incident of seeing a cannon ball in its flight. I reply I know it is true, but I deem it possible only to close observers, a strong eye and favorable atmospheric conditions. I doubt if it is possible in the hazy atmosphere of the coast. At Mobile I watched for nine days, but saw none. At Arkansas post I saw several. The flight of honeybees far above the tops of trees has been frequently observed. Sherman's corps on the march to join Grant at Port Gibson witnessed a bright star at noonday.

In 1860, in going down into the Platte valley from O'Fallon bluffs, the writer, with the natural eye, plainly saw the garrison flag at Fort Kearney. The distance is said to be six miles.—Exchange.