poets and girls love to do; she had to be active have made havor of their fairest beyon.

above all storms, unsoiled by all burdens; but perhaps the strongest love is that which, whilst it adores, drags its feet through mire,

the time for sake of it bood and dug, and hurt-her hands, and tired her limbs, and bowed from the well.

burden of her sixteen years upon her, she tressed herself quickly and fed her fewls and,

happy as a bird, went to sit on her little There had been fresh rain in the night; the arth was sweeter than all perfumes that are

The dripping resobuds needed against her hair as she went out; the starling called to her, "Belsee, Belsee—bon jour, bon jour." These were all the words it knew. It said the same words a thousand times a week. But to Belee it seemed that the starling most ertainly knew that she was 18 years old that

the dawn and thought, without knowing that she thought it, "How good it is to live whom

Old people my the same thing often, but bey sigh when they say it. Bebes smiled. Mero Krebs opened her door in the next a

sottage and nesided over the wall, "What a fine thing to be 10! A merry Marthe, the carpenter's wife, came out from

you are quite a woman no little children of Varahart, the char-

bome up the lane, bringing with them a cube first tretted in like a little dog at Antoine's stuck full of angur and seeds, and tied round books. with a blue ribbon, that their mother had made that very week, all in her honor.

costs, and Christins took the ribbon off for mades. ion cup-all for you-all for you, but you will let us come and cat it too? communitary Lacken, hobbled through the baking head, and smiled at Below. copt my blowing, if you care for that."

and knell down in the wet grass, and bent the angels?

Bebeel Come up, and here is my first dish of her. therries for you; not insted one myself, they will make you a fonst with Varnhart's calle.

Fambour, the old white dog, who had used to drag her about in his milk cart, leaping on her in sympathy and congratul What a suppor we will love!" she crist to

When one is sixteen, cherries and a cake

his door. All those little cabins lie close to-

Ha, too, was very old; a life long neighbor and gossip of Antoine's; he had been a day laborer in these same fields all his years, and

When the chimes began to ring all over had never traveled further than where the the city she could hardly believe that the

made Bebee's heart quicken with expectancy.

"Come in, I have something for you. They were my dead daughter's—you have heard by the storm when it breaks. me talk of her-Lisette, who died forty years. The day was a busy one, and brought in or more ago, they say; for me, I think it was good profit. Believe had no less than fifty sous or more ago, they say; for me, I think it was yesturday. More Krebs—she is a hard we man—heard me talking of my girl. She burst out haushing, 'Lord sake, fool, why, year girl would be sixty now an she had lived.' Well, so it may be; you see, the new mill was put up the week she died, and you call the new mill old; but, my girl, she is young to me. Always young. Come here.

ples and of dried herts that hung from the pered to here roof. There was a walnut wood press, such "Hobes, as t roof. There was a walnut wood pross, such as the peasants of France and the low countries keep their home gun lines in and their own has that serves for the nuptiles and baptisms of half a score of generations.

The old man unbecked it with a trembling hand, and there came from it an oder of dead layender and of withered rese leaves.

"They are all bers," he whitpered, "all in giving her so many friends.
Fra. And sometimes in the whitpered, "all People looked after her as the

you not know! There is nothing changed; and lamps were here and there lit in the bricand the buts, and the pond are all here—why ould she only be gone away?"

yours, and she would run-no lapwing could the street that is named after Mary of Bur-fly faster over corn. These are her things, gundy saw her going thus. He left the balyou see, yes—all of them. That is the sprig of con sweetbrist she were in her belt the day before her. the wagon knocked her down and killed her.

This sun dands on the aliver had first caught
Thave never touched the things. But look his sight; and then he had looked downward here, Bebee, you are a good child and true, at the pretty feet, and like her just a little. I mean to give you great-grandmother's before her. God knows have some little wealth of that sort-and for

think of his daughter, dead forty summers

clasps about her waist, and the tears wet on her cheeks for a grief not her own,

her touch—as cold as though it were the dead girl's hands that held her.

The garlands that the children strung of the stories of the garlands that the children strung of the garlands that the garlan

But little Jeanne, the youngest of the charcoal burner's little tribe, running to meet her, screamed with glee, and danced in the

"Oh, Bebee! how you glitter! Did the Virgin send you that off her own altar! Let me see-let me touch! Is it made of the stars or of the sun !"

And Bebee danced with the child, and the silver gleamed and sparkled, and all the people came running out to see, and the milk even stopped on their way to the fields and paused, with their scythes on their shoulders, and no supportes to bed?

If a dead body bring mischance sometimes." But Dobey bureat with the child, and did

Whose fets day had ever begun like this She was a little post at heart, and should not baye cared for such vanities; but when one is mly 16, and the only a little rough woolen Grock, and site to the market place or the should one to allogother indifferent to a trend contoured, beautiful shield of silver

that sparkled with each step one took?
A quarter of an boar idle thus was all however, that theebe or her friends could amidst them, else drought and rain, and spars at a object on a summer morning, when werm and shall, and blight and frost would spars at a object on a summer morning, when the city was waiting for its eggs, its honey, its flowers, its cream and its butter, and

Tumbeer was shaking his leather barness in impatience to be off with his milk cans. So Beebs, all hollday though it was and hereine though she felt herself, ran indoors, ort up her calles and cherries, cut her two ketfuls out of the garden, locked her but, and west on her quick and happy little feet along the gramy paths toward the city.

or shoulders under the great metal pails always left until she was sitting under the awning in front of the Broodhuis, the same blown as an old sail, which had greel to shelter Antoine Mass from heat and rain through all the years of his life.

Go to the Madelaine, you will make mon

Where she had sat in her habyhood at Anne's feet, she would sit so long as she sold overs in Brazzels—hero, underneath the

Hove Beloe, from a years old, had been is -the old cubbler, who sat next her, and ed all day long like a magple; the who had come up many a summer to drink a glass with Antoine; the p John, who chested everybody else, who had always given her a toy or next at every Pete Dien all the summers cran, who sold reseries and pictures of he hig does who pulled the carts in, and lay chairs on which the egg wives and the fruit sollers sat, and knitted and chaffered; pay, The noty saints keep you, Bebse, why, even the gorgoous huisder and the frowning hirms, was marshaled the folks tate orcoal burder, who were as poor as any mouse or for born unbelorations. She know them in the old churches, rushed out of their little all, but known them all ever since she had or for town mislemeaners. She knew them

nde that very week, all in her honor.

"Coly we, Belsed Such a grand color" all northern Europe, with its black timbers see shoulded, dancing down the lane. "Jules and gibbs coverings, and blacened windows, that the proper and majustic scutcheous, and funtastic pinloved it, and she ast resolutely in front of the day like any other market girl, but at times ins sky, with a look on her face that made What does she see there-the dead people or

The fouth was that even Beboe herself did Trine, the miller's wife, the richest woman not know very surely what she saw-someof them all, called to the child from the steps thing that was still nearer to her than even "A merry year, and the blessing of Heaven, all she could have said had anybody asked

though she should have known better, so poor | and for the angels, the linker and the cobbler as she is Charity begins at home, and three wors of epinion that one had only too much children's stomachs are empty."

Bebes run up and then down again gloss fully, with her lapful of big black cturries it spoken of course. of them andptured about everywhere, and

CHAPPER III.

of the fem mives, and the little cross woman turning summersualts in the dock leaven. Arms, releast red and vellow to the very be and the old Cheap John had they are tasted twice, or thrice at most, in all they are tasted twice, or thrice at most, in all they are tasted twice, or thrice at most, in all they are tasted twice, or thrice at most, in all they are. leaf, and the sweetmest seller brought her a beautiful gilded horn of sugar plums, and the cobbler had made ber actually a pair of shoes -red shoes, benutiful shoes to go to mass in beans, or their hedges of thorn between them and be a wonder in to all the neighborhood, you may ride by and never notice them if And they /pronged round her and adored the you do not look for them under the leaves silver walst buckles; and when Below got fairly to her stall and traffic began, she

When the chimes began to ring all over red mill sails turned among the coles and the cartillon was not saying its "Laus Deo" with "Come in, my pretty one, for a second," some special meaning in its bells of her. "Come in, my pretty one, for a second,"
The morning went by as usual; the noise
be whilepered with an air of mystery that
of the through about her like a driving of

young to mm Always young. Come here. It was a warm gray evening; the streets

Rebec."

Rebec worst after him, a little awed, first comics, and gay colors in all the balthe dusky interior, that smelled of stored ap- old tinker put his tools together and whis-

lavender and of withered rose leaves.

On the shelves there were a girl's set of clothes, and a girl's salots and a girl's come of two for a minute—the saints were so good.

hera. And sometimes in the evening time I | the twisting, picture like streets, where sunsee her coming along the lane for them-de light fall still between the peaked high roofs, of theory is the grass, and the trees, abrae shops and the fruit stalls.

Ber 1810 muslin cap blaw back like the their feet; old Krebs, who had a fiddle, and the buts, and the pond are all bere—why

with a little dreary smile. "But that is absurd, you know. Why, she had cheeks like Some cas leaning tily over a balcony in

gundy saw har going time. He left the balcony and went down his stairs and followed

Bebee made her salutations to the high altar, and stole on into the chapel of the now old they are not. And a girl should | Seint Engraneent; it was that one that she loved best

The old man stayed behind, closing the for all their gifts and goodness, her clasped press door upon the lavender scented clothes, and against her giver shield, her besket on and sitting in the dull shadow of the but to the povement by her, aboveheed the sunset

To be killed just when one was young and light, her hands clasped still, and on her up was loved like that, and all the world was in turned face the look that made the people say, its May day flower! The silver felt cold to her touch—as cold as though it were the dead. She forgot everything. She forgot the engo of the dying entrays are was feeding

unmicrably the tender mercel place and the awful all alone, like a little blue corz the wheat that goes for grist that makes men drunk. friends. Quite aloue scanetimes; for God had been cruol to her, and had made her a lark

When the sun faded and the beautiful case carts were half an hour later for town, and ments but all glow and meaning, Bebee rose the hens cachled loud unfed, and the men with a startled look—had she been dreaming: or fi night f-would the children be sorry

"There is not such another set of clasps in Brahant; old work you could make a fortune seriot, as became the Escrament chapel, of in the curiosity shops in the Montagne," Below leaded up, she did not quite know

By the instinct of habit she sought in her

"I often want flowers," said the stranger, she took the buds. "Where do you sell as he took the buds. yours—in the market!"

'In the Grand place."

"Will you tell me your name, prefty oue?" There were people coming into the church. The bells were beening abovehead for ven-pers. There was a shuthe of chairs and a stir of feet. Boys in white went to and fro, ighting the candles. Great clouds of shadow rifted up into the roof and fild the angels. She nedded her little head to him. "Good night; I cannot stay. I have a cake at home to-night, and the children are wait-

Aht that is important, no doubt, indeed. Will you buy some more cakes for the chil-He slid a gold piece in her hand. She looked at it in amaze. In the green ianes by Laeken no one ever saw gold. Then she gave

"I will not take money in church, nor any where, except what the flowers are worth. He followed her and held back the heavy

It was dark already, but in the square there was still the cool, bright, primrose colored

Bebee's wooden shoes went pattering down the sloping and uneven stones. Her tittle gray figure can quickly through the deep shade cast from the towers and walls. Her dreams had drifted away. She was thinking of the children and the cake. "You are in such a hurry because of the

her blue eyes.
"Yes; they will be waiting, you know, and

there are cherries, too.
"It is a grand day with you then?" "It is my fote day; I am 16." She was proud of this. She told it to the rery dogs in the street.
"Ah! you feel old, I dare say?"

'Oh, quite old! They cannot call me a child any more."
"Of course not; it would be ridiculous. Are these presents in your basket?"
"Yes, every one of them." She paused a

moment to lift the dead vine leaves and show him the beautiful shining red shoes. "Look! -old Gringoire gave me thesa. I shall wear them at mass next Sunday. I never had s pair of shoes in my life."
"But how will you wear shoes without

It was a snake cast into her Eden. She had never thought of it, "Perhaps I can save money and buy some," wered, after a and little pause. that I could not do till next year. They rould cost several francs, I suppose,"

"Unless a good fairy gives them to you?" Believe smiled; fairies were real things to her-relatious indeed. She did not imagine This is only an inner arm of the great "Sometimes I pray very much and things come," she mid, softly. "When the Gloire come," she said, softly. "When the Glory is built of cut granite and good brick, de Dijon was cut back too soon one summer, and is thirty feet wide at its base, twen and never blossomed, and we all thought it

ers are finer than ever." "But you watered it whilst you prayed, I

The sarcasm escaped her. She was wondering to herself whether it would be vain and wicked to pray for a pair of stockings; she thought she would go and sak Father Francis.

By this time they were in the Rue Royale,

and half way down it. The lamps were lighted. A regiment was marching up with a band playing. The windows were open and people were hughing and singing in some of them. The light caught the white and gilded fronts of the houses. The pleasure seeking crowds loitered along in the warmth of the

enddenly roused from her thoughts by the loud challengs of the military music, at my time of life at my time of life him back.
"Sir-I do not know you-why should you come with me? Do not do it, please. You make me talk, and that makes me late."

make me talk, and that makes me late."

And she pushed her baskes further on her arm, and nodded to him, and ran off—as fleetly as a here through tern—among the press of the people.

"To-merrow, hit is one," he answered her with a careless amile, and ies her go unpursued. Above, from the open casement of a cafe, some young men and some painted women leaned out, and threw sweetments at him, as in carelval time.

"A new model—that pretty peasant?" they asked him.

headed girl.

"No danger of that," promptly replied she of the auburn locks. "you are too green to burn."—N. Y. Journal.

Junior Partner—"Our traveler ought to be punished. He told one of our customers in Croydon that I am an ignorant fool." Sentor Partner—"I shall speak to him without fail, and insist that no more office secrets be divulged."

Census Enumerator— (to a citizen

Bebee ran home as fast as her feet would museum.

The children were all gathered about her gate in the dusky, dewy evening; they met her with shouts of welcome and reproach in-termingled; they had been watching for her since first the sun had grown low and red, and now the moon was risen,

splendor of her presents, and she showered out among them Pere Melchior's horn of They dashed into the hut, they dragged

the one little table out among the flowers;

fragrance in the dusk; the goat came and nibbled the sweetbrier unrebuked; the children repeated the Flemish bread grace, with clasped hands and reverent eyes: "Oh, dear n giving ber so many friends.

People looked after her as she went through
your beautiful Mother too; we will not forget you are God." Then, that said, they ate, and drank, and laughed, and picked cherries from each other's mouths like little blackwings of a white butterfly. Her sunny hair could play it, came out and trilled them rude caught the last sun rays. Her feet were fair and ready Flemish tunes, such as Teniers or "Yes. But he was old; my girl is young."
He stood a moment, with the press door open, a perplexed trouble in his dim eyes; the divine faith of love and the mule like stupid that any one tooked; she was simply and gravely intent on reaching 8t. Gudule to say that a little dreary smile. "But that is ab walfage."

"He stood a moment, with the press door open, a perplexed trouble in his dim eyes; the divine faith of love and the mule like stupid like a child, and she was utterly unconscious that any one tooked; she was simply and gravely intent on reaching 8t. Gudule to say her one proper of judgment in it.

"They say she would be sixty," he said, with a little dreary smile. "But that is ab walfage." brook in gossip, or rung like a horn over a jest; Bebee and the children, fired of their play,

Maria Stella Virginis;" a nignungas, the willows sang to the sleeping swans.

All was happy, quiet, homely; lovely also the most barefaced falsehoods.

The work which they announce as frequently in the Dark Continent," I re-The work which they announce as "Heroes of the Dark Continent," I re-

little casement ere she too went to rest.

Through an open lattice there sounded the murmur of some little child's prayer; the She said her proper and thanked the saints wind sighed among the willows; the night-for all their gifts and goodness, her clasped ingales sang on in the dark—all was still.

Hard work awaited her on the morrow, and

on all the other days of the year, rays streaming purple and crimson and golden through the painted windows that are sweep, and spin, and dig, and delve, to get daily her bit of black bread-but that night When her prayer was done she still kneeled she was as happy as a little princess in a fairy there, her hand thrown back to watch the tale; happy in her playmates, in her flowers, in her sixteen years, in her red shoes, in her silver buckles, because she was half a woman; happy in the dowy leaves, in the singing birds, in the hush of the night, in the sense of rest, in the fragrance of flowers, in the drift-

half a poet, because she was wholly a poet. "Oh, dear swans, how good it is to be 161 -how good it is to live at all!-do you not tell the willows sof" said Bebee to the gleam of silver under the dark leaves by the water's side, which showed her where her friends were sleeping, with their snowy wings closed over their stately heads, and the veiled gold and ruby of their eyes.

The swans did not awake to answer.
Only the nightingale answered from the willows, with Desdemona's song.

But Bebee had never heard of Desdemona, and the willows had no sigh for her. "Good night" she said, softly, to all the green dewy sleeping world, and then she lay down and slept herself. The nightingale sang on, and the willows trembled.

(To be continued.)

The Great Wall of Chiun.

The Rev. Wm. P. Sprague, of Kalgan orth China, writes as follows to the North China, writes Missionary Herald;

"I don't sell flowers here, but I will give them to you," she said, in her pretty, grave, childish fashlon.

China's great wall, let him come with me to Kalgan, and see for himself the identical wall built by the first Emperor Chin, in 200 B. C.

Take a steamer across the Pacific to Tientsen then a native boat up the Pel Ho river three days, then pack saddle or mule litter five days more, through mountains and plains to Kaigan. Before you reach the city you see a dark line along the hilltops just beyond the town, and by the time you enter our compound you see the walls stretching away ever the mountains as far as the eye can reach, both east and west, with towers on all the prominent eleva tions. As we pay it a visit for closer in-spection, you find it a windrow or ridge of reddish-brown porphyry rock broken not cut, into irregular blocks. These are so well fitted to each other that the onter surface is tolerably smooth, and has somewhat the appearance of crazy-

It is about ten feet broad at the base and fifteen feet high, the sides sloping to a sharp ridge like a steep house roof. You may follow this wall eastward to the sea, and westward to Kansuh, the northwestern province; and so doing ern frontler of China, fifteen hundred miles. Though you find several hun-dred miles of adobe sun-dried mud wall, yet other hundreds of miles are of goo brick and higher than at Kalgan, B the time you have traced its length yo will be willing to concede not only that China has a great wall, but also that the ruler who could conquer so vast a "You are in such a hurry because of the country, drive out the invading Tartars, cake!" said her new customer, as he followed and build a fortification fifteen hundred her.

Bebee looked back at him with a smile in worthy to be called the first emperor. and to give his name (Chiua) to the

country. If any one laught at the folly of spending so much labor on such a useless de-fense, let him remember that it was a defense only against horseback riders, armed with nothing but bows and arrows. A few guards on the watchtowers could, with their signal fires on the mountain tops, easily rouse the villagers, far and near, to the defense of their homes. And this wall accomplished its purpose for over a thousand years, when the great Gheoghis Khan with his brave Mongol followers broke their way 8004 a

This section of the great wall becomes for half a mile the city wall of Kalgan. A beautiful temple is built on this wall to celebrate Ghenghis Khan's victorious

little known to the world at large, be cause there is another wall much oft-ener visited and described by visitors from the western world. It is near Peking and a far more imposing structure wall, but five hundred miles long, and not so old by seven hundred years. It ty-five feet wide at the top, and thirty was dead, I prayed all day long for it, and feet high. It is a fine sight as it winds never thought of anything che; and by autumn it was all in new leaf, and now its flow-

Phunnygraphs.

She could not boil, nor reast, nor fry, Nor make a mess of pork and tripe; The only time she e'er made pi Was when she went to setting type. "These are cut rates." said the sur-

geon as he sent in his bill. It is not always proper to address the young man behind the soda fountain as doctor," even though he is a fizzician When a man marries he intends to be No, one in the family, but often the period drops of and he is no one.

Book Agent—"I would like to show you the latest cyclopedia." Old Timer— No sir; I could never learn to ride one

"Keep away from me, you will set me on fire!" called out a dude to a red-

"A new model—that pressy asked him.

He laughed in answer, and went up the steps to join them; he dropped the moss roses as he went, and trod on them, and did not writ.

"What is your sex?" Citizen—"You'd take me for a man, wouldn't you? Census Enumerator—"Answer the question. You may be the bearded woman of the

"This butter," said the dealer, "carried off the prize at the state fair."
"Yes," replied the customer as he tasted
it, "Unless the prize was a ship's anchor and a chain cable, I should think the butter could have carried it off easily.

and now the moon was risen.

American Millionaire (in Paris, But they forgave her when they saw the proudly)—My daughter is being waited upon by a duke.
Old Traveller -Well, dukes make excellent waiters, There are several of them in our restaurant, too.

Doctor-Your services are required at Mr. Poorman's late residence. He died this morning. Undertaker—How much did he leave Not over \$1000."

"What will your bill be?"
"About \$400.7" "Well, I'll bury him for he rest."

An Open Letter from Henry M. Stanley. (By the Commercial Cable to the Herald.) Lonnon, May, 16, 1890.-The following notice was mailed last night to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, and I have been shown the original signed copy

NOTICE TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC: I beg distinctly to state that the only Mieris might have jumped to before an ale house at the Kermesse; Bebee and the children joined hands, and danced round together in the broad white moonlight, on the grass and by the water side; the idlers came and sat about, the women netting or spinaing, and the men smoking a pipe before bed time; the rough, hearty Flemish bubbled like a brook in gossip, or rung like a hernover a jest; conduct of a firm calling itself the Hispanian conduct. Conversely, and the conduct of a firm calling itself the Hispanian continuous. Monday, Wednesday and Bebee and the children, fired of their play, toral Publishing Company, who, in the grew quiet, and chanted together the "Ave Maria Stella Virginis;" a nightingale among the willows sang to the sleeping swans.

All was happy, quiet, homely, levely also.

Bebse leaned out a moment from her own little casement ere she too went to rest.

Through an open lattice there exists a contained out a moment of the park Continent," I repudiate entirely. They say it contains all my forthcoming work and a great deal continent. Through an open lattice there exists a contained out a moment of the park Continent, "I repudiate entirely. They say it contains all my forthcoming work and a great deal continent." I repudiate entirely. They say it contains all my forthcoming work and a great deal continent.

I have simply to say once for all that these people can by no possibility pub-lish anything of mine but what they dishonestly appropriated from my pre-vious works; and being an American citizen and therefore holding my copy-right there, I shall in due time take proper measures to protect myself againt such unprincipled robbery. I am aware that several other publishers are announcing spurious works pur-porting to be mine. I therefore think it lightime that all my good friends in America should be put on their guard and bear in mind that my authorized work will be called "In Darkest Africa," in two volumes, and will be published July by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons Henry M. Stanley,

B. J. SHANK, Local Agent. If you want first class job printing, send your order to the ENTERPRISE

Administrator's Notice. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administer of the estate of I. D. Harvey, deceased, All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present the same to me at Milwaukie, Oregon, within six months from the first publication of this notice.

R. SCOTT,

Johnson & Idleman,

Attorneys for Said Estate.

Johnson & Idleman, Ad Attorneys for Said Estate. Dated June 18th, 1890.

Transportation Lines.

STEAMERS

Oregon City & Portland.

DAILY LINE

SUMMER TIME LEAVE PORTLAND. LEAVE OREGON CITY

\* 9:30 A. M. 1:00 P. M. \* 2:45 P. M. \*12:00 \* 6:30 P. M. \* 5:00 P. M \*Steamer Altona—no Way Landings Steamer Latona—Way Landings.

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SHASTA LINE

Express Trains leave Portland Daily. Lv Portland Av | 9.55 a.M. Lv Oregon City Lv | 8.45 a.M. Av S. Francisco Lv | 9.50 r.M.

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This two thousand year old wall is Pullman Buffet Sleepers. TOURIST SLEEPING CARS. BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS. Mall Train, Daily (Except Sunday.)

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> > TO ALL POINTS

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