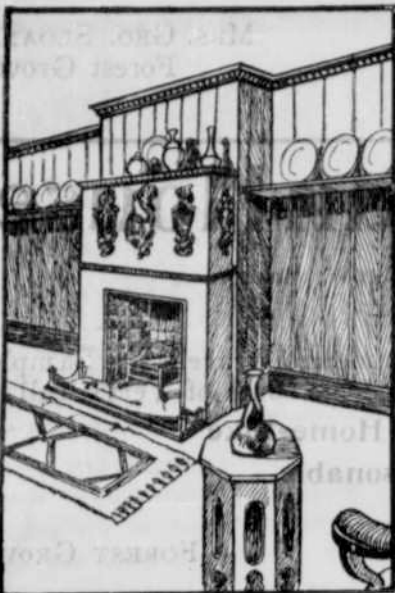


TREATMENT OF WALLS.

A Hint For the Woman Who Wishes an Artistic Effect.

If the walls are tastefully decorated, a room is more than half furnished. Wall papers are now produced in such endless variety that something artistic may easily be found for a very small amount.

Perhaps one of the most popular methods of treating a wall consists in papering it in two colors, or, rather,



BLUE AND WHITE.

two shades of the same color, the upper section being lighter than the lower, as a rule.

The dividing line is concealed by a shelf which runs around the room and which holds china, books, bric-a-brac, etc.

The illustration shows just such a treatment of a wall. The color scheme is in two shades of blue, harmonizing prettily with the white woodwork and the blue and white china.

R. DE LA BAUME.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF WOMEN

They Waste Many Little Things Which Count Up.

Are women extravagant? An English paper discusses this at great length in its usually ponderous fashion.

I say they are and they are not. In household and many important matters the majority of women are not extravagant; for, as a rule, they are not well off according to their position in life, their allowances are small and they have many expenditures.

Then, too, they have been trained to know the price of things, and they usually get their money's worth.

Woman's method of earning money has usually been to save it, and although we are beginning to change this yet it is still so to a great extent, for to men is given the privilege of earning the larger incomes.

But there are many small things in which woman is most extravagant.

She will wear her best tailor made out in the rain, thereby impairing its freshness forever and a day, and this simply to make an impression on some woman who doesn't really care two cents about it.

She will likewise hold up her umbrella in a rainstorm using a hand incased in a white glove. She might at least remove the glove, for one spot of water absolutely ruins it.

She will buy a dozen veils at one time, wear each once or twice and then throw it in a little heap in the bottom of a drawer. If the veil had been rolled lengthwise, it would have lasted four times as long, and why use so many at once?

Then she will put rough bindings on the bottom of her skirts and ruin her expensive boots, or, worse still, put on no binding at all, which ruins the skirt.

Yes, and she will waste money for neck ribbons which are mussed and don't look half as well or last as long as a regular collar and buy fancy belts and novelties, which go out almost as soon as they are "in" and which eat up her money so wonderfully that she wonders why she has none left to purchase the important pieces.

On the whole, I am sorry to say, women are apt to be penny wise and pound foolish. HELEN CLIFTON.

For Half Mourning.

Half mourning is not now so rigidly insisted upon, but white voile with black silk mull trimmings or with chiffon ruckings and other garniture are allowable. When such a gown is to be worn with a hat, the latter should be trimmed with mauve tulle mingled with white and with bunches of white violets. Mauve is used now instead of the unbecoming lavender. Few people put their children into mourning now except for the funeral and for church for a few weeks, as it is thought too depressing for young minds.

Women Who Manage.

Mrs. Hearst and Mrs. Stanford, who have given away millions of money, understand the detail and management of their own business better than any of their agents. As for Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in the world, would Hetty Green trust to any "mere man" to invest and control her money for her? Not she!

An Old Favorite

BABY MAY

By William Cox Bennett

WILLIAM COX BENNETT, English poet, was born at Greenwich Oct. 14 1830, and died at Blackheath March 4, 1895. Many of his songs enjoyed wide popularity, and, according to one critic, "his work shows facility of execution and considerable range of feeling." Mr. Bennett's activities were mainly educational and reformatory. Americans are indebted to him for his successful efforts to have a bust of Longfellow placed in Westminster abbey, the repository of the ashes of England's greatest sons.

CHEEKS as soft as July peaches;
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies' paleness; round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise;
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness;
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness;
Happy smiles and wailing cries;
Crows, and laughs, and tearful eyes;
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on wind-swept Autumn corn;
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion;
Catchings up of legs and arms;
Throwings back and small alarms;
Clutching fingers; straightening jerks;
Twining feet whose each toe works;
Kicking up and straining risings;
Mother's ever new surprisings;
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under;
Tiny scorn of smiled reproving.

That have more of love than lovings;
Mischief done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning;
Breaking dire of plates and glasses;
Grasplings small at all that passes;
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silences—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations
Breaking into wisest speeches;
In a tongue that nothing teaches;
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing;
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings;
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure;
Pleasure high above all pleasure;
Gladness brimming over gladness;
Joy in care; delight in sadness;
Loveliness beyond completeness;
Sweetness distancing all sweetness;
Beauty all that beauty may be—
That's May Bennett; that's my baby.

COL. ORMSBY'S MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS.

In the month of December, 1606, three vessels might have been seen leaving the harbor of London, and turning their prow across the Atlantic. On board were 105 emigrants, going to seek their fortunes and found a colony in the new world. Of them history says: "But they possessed very poor material for such an enterprise—there was no family among them, and only twelve laborers and a few mechanics. The remainder were so-called 'gentlemen,' idle, dissolute, and many had been criminals." The voyage was long and tedious, and not until April, 1607, did they sight the shores of the new world. A storm drove their vessels into Chesapeake Bay, where they found the mouth of a broad river, and sailing up this river for about 50 miles, they landed on a beautiful shaded peninsula, which they chose on sight for the capital of the new empire, and named it Jamestown. Here let us leave them for a time to their own troubles and dissensions, and return again to the old world.

On the 6th day of September, 1620, a single vessel was leaving the harbor at Plymouth. On it were 41 men and their families, 101 in all. "These were they who came to the new world to enjoy the liberty of conscience and freedom of action and to lay broad and deep a portion of the foundations of our happy Republic." History says of these: "For 63 days the little vessel was tossed about upon the ocean before it finally sighted land and came to anchor off the rock bound coast of Massachusetts." Before proceeding to shore the little company assembled in the cabin of the Mayflower and drew up and signed the first constitutional form of government ever subscribed to by a whole people, and the first republican government inaugurated in America.

These pilgrims landed on Fore-fathers' Rock and there laid the foundation of that civilization which has controlled the destiny of a continent and has been seen and felt by every nation, and tribe and tongue on the face of the earth. But the outline of our story would not be complete did we fail to notice another vessel, that in this same year left a harbor in the West India Islands, and about the time of the landing of the Pilgrims was approaching the American continent. This was the Ship of Destiny.

Contained in its human freight were the germs of that power which in after years should take a continent and deluge a land in blood. Better, far better, would it seem to us had it gone to the bottom with all on board. But, slowly creeping onward, it thrust its prow through the fog and mist off Stormy Cape, preserved by some unseen power; and, slowly advancing, along the coast, entered Chesapeake Bay, and sailing up the James river, dropped its sails at the wharf of Jamestown.

Then its human chattels were driven ashore and sold into perpetual bondage. Thus were established on the shores of the new world two types of civilization—the Puritan in the North, the Cavalier in the South. At first they knew but little about each other. They were separated by vast reaches of interminable forests, inhabited only by wild beast and the wilder savage; each unmindful of the other. But these two types of civilization prospered and multiplied, and their settlements extended all along the coast until they finally came together. And wars followed, Queen Anne's war, King George's war, the old French and Indian war. For 70 years they stood together and triumphed together. And now came the great struggle for independence, when for seven long years the Cavalier and the Puritan vied with each other in deeds of valor and heroism on many a hard fought battle field. And when the second war for independence came, together they fought at Lundy's Lane, at Chippewa, at Fort Erie, at Plattsburg and New Orleans, and together they carried the flag on every sea and in every clime. And later still they marched away down south across the Rio Grande, where they fought at Palo Alto, at Resaca-de-la-Palma, at Monterey, at Buena Vista, at Vera Cruz, at Cerro Gordo; together they stormed the heights of Chapultepec and Cherrubusco; together they fought along the Causeway and battered down the walls of the city, and from the palace of the Montezumas they floated the Stars and Stripes to attest the valor of the American soldier. But during all these years, a period of more than two centuries, that institution, the institution of human bondage planted at Jamestown had grown and flourished and multiplied. In the North it had but a feeble existence. The character of the climate and of the people was against it. Slavery in any form was repugnant to the Puritan and ceased to exist. But in the warmth and sunshine of the southland it found a congenial home. Recognized by the Constitution, it early demanded and received special laws for its protection. North of the Ohio river was a vast territory, now the seat of great and prosperous states which, by the ordinance of 1787, had been forever dedicated to freedom. And west of the Mississippi river it had been restricted to the territory lying south of the northern boundary of Missouri. But, grown arrogant with success, it entered the halls of Congress and demanded the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which it obtained, and the right to spread itself over every foot of our wide domain. A Hale, a Sumner, a Giddings, a Lovejoy met it there and endeavored to beat it back and stay it in its mad career. But it pressed on over all obstacles, enacted the Kansas-Nebraska act and in 1860 stood a great black monster in the southern horizon reaching forth its mighty arms

athwart the northern sky. Then from the ruins of former political dynasties a great party arose that said to this monster, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." Defeated in its attempts at peaceful aggressions, it left the halls of Congress, threw down the gauntlet of war, and appealed to the arbitration of the sword. * * * * *

Let us return for a few moments from memories of our honored dead to say a few words for our comrades living. Returning to civil life they found every avenue of profitable employment filled by others and closed against them, and were compelled to begin life anew; and as they had found the necessity of standing solidly together on the battle field, so did they now find the necessity of mutual aid and assistance; and as early as 1866 that great organization, the G. A. R., was founded. It is founded on three great principles—fraternity, charity and loyalty. And may I ask here today, are there in all the catalogue of human virtues three more noble, more worthy than those on which our order was founded? Fraternity that binds us together as comrades; that causes us to remember those days when we marched together, when we suffered together, when we triumphed together, when we slept under the same blanket and drank from the same canteen. Charity that prompts us to the noblest efforts for the destitute wards of our Grand Army, and causes us to gather round our altars and before high Heaven swear that no worthy comrade living within the jurisdiction of our fort shall suffer want or be buried in the Potter's field. Loyalty! a loyalty that knows no North, no South, no East, no West, but one country, one language and one flag. * * * * *

Comrades of the Grand Army, this day is peculiarly our own. It was designated as a day on which to honor our dead, by the immortal Logan, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., in words pathetic and sublime, which shall live while time shall last and memory shall endure. And as each recurring year has brought another Memorial Day more and more have the citizens of this land united with us in honoring the memory of our fallen comrades, until today millions have come together and with bowed and reverent heads, stand round the hallowed graves where sleep the nation's honored dead. "Silvered age, joyous youth and trusting childhood unite this day in garlanding their passionless mounds with the brightest and choicest flowers of spring." And thus in recalling to our minds the sacred cause for which they suffered, may we receive an inspiration of regard to our common country, love for its flag, faith in its justice and respect for its laws.

Hammocks in all styles and colors at prices that you will find easier than going without this summer for comfort. Roe & Buxton.

DEATH OF MRS. MARY PURDIN WATSON.

Mrs. Mary Watson, for many years a resident of Greenville, died Monday night, aged seventy-five years. For some time she had been suffering from a cancer which, no doubt, hastened her death. Funeral services were attended by neighbors and friends at her late home, and the interment was in the Purdin family cemetery, near Forest Grove on Wednesday.

Mary Ann Purdin was born in Old Franklin, Missouri, in 1825, and at the age of 19 was married to Nimrod Watson. In 1876 Mr. and Mrs. Watson removed to Oregon and bought a farm near Greenville, which has developed into a fine property. Here she lived until death came, enjoying the friendship of her neighbors and the respect of the community for her many estimable qualities, and leaving the memory of a long life well spent to be cherished by her children. Of her children, C. F. and Ira E. Watson, reside at Greenville; A. K. Watson, in Portland, Mrs. Gillie Ewing in Linn county, at Larwood, and Mrs. Mary Shepherd at North Yamhill. She is a sister of Hon. Ira Purdin.

A new line of wall paper. Nothing freshens up a home and gives so much lasting pleasure for so little money as tastefully decorated walls and ceiling. No excuse for dingy rooms now; variety to suit every taste. Prices that will harmonize with any pocket book. Roe & Buxton.

COUNTY EIGHTH-GRADE GRADUATES.

County Superintendent Ball reports that the following throughout Washington county have passed the uniform state eighth-grade examinations recently held:

Dilley—Emma Briggs, Elsie Miller, Roy Kuhns.
Gales Creek—Erdine Wells.
Arcade District—Eddie Miller.
Hillsboro—Harry Asabahr, Charley Hesse, Lloyd Tilbury, Mary Larkin.
Forest Grove—Edna Bellinger, Bertha Kirkwood, Christie Burkhead.

Verboort—Grace Reverman.
Columbia Academy—Elizabeth Chalmers.
Raleigh—Edmund Patton.
District 57—Ernest Bowman, Muriel L. O'Connor.
District 58—Augusta Schechlich, Rosa Schechlich.

Builders' Hardware—largest stock in town. S. G. Hughes.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Licenses were granted to Henry W. Scott and Daisy A. Matteson, and to Albert G. Sperring and Miss Mary A. Vanderzanden.

W. B. Hicks handles a full line of Sash, Window Screens, Fancy Front Doors. Front Street.

PROBATE.

Petition filed in the estate of H. L. Smock, deceased, asking for allowance for widow of deceased. It was ordered that the petition be allowed, and that \$46 per month be allowed for support of herself and minor child.

Paint up and be up-to-date. That means getting your paints, oils, lead, varnish and enamel of J. H. Westcott. Seeds—Timothy and Clover, at W. B. Hicks.

New Clothes For Summer

\$18.50

\$18.50

Will buy one of those hand-tailored, fashionably cut, made-to-measure Suits so much sought after by good dressers. The fabrics are exclusive with us and are manufactured from the highest grade of Oregon wool.

We invite comparison with other Suits selling for \$22.50 to \$30.00. It will result favorably for us, we are sure.

\$18.50

Mr. John Anderson of Forest Grove is Our Agent. Ask Him to Show You Samples

Salem Woolen Mills Store

85-87 THIRD STREET,

PORTLAND OREGON.

G. B. Hardin Correspondence School of Eclectic Shorthand

STUDENTS WANTED.

LESSONS GIVEN BY MAIL

Terms: Three months, \$10. Nine months or life scholarship, \$25.

Tuition payable in advance. Trial lessons and twenty-four page circular on Eclectic Shorthand sent free on application.

Typewriters rented to students, \$3.00 per month.

Dugan & Watrous

Grocery Specialties

We are offering the following articles at rock-bottom prices:

| | |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| 3 cans Tomatoes | 25c |
| 3 cans Corn | 25c |
| 3 cans Peas | 25c |
| 2 packages Force | 25c |
| 3 packages Presto | 25c |
| 1 gallon Pure Maple Syrup | \$1.15 |
| Sago and Tapioca at 5c per pound. | |

Dry Goods Specialties

One of the finest assortments of Summer Goods in the city. Banner Brand of Dress Skirts and Shirt Waists, guaranteed best make and excellent styles. Figured and Dotted Swisses, Vassar Batiste and Scotch Dimity, in a variety of shades and patterns. We still have a few pairs of the Kertson Shoes, which we are selling at one-half the original price.

WE WANT TO CATCH AND HOLD YOUR TRADE.

Dugan & Watrous

Forest Grove's Leading Merchants.