

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING

We have made the most elaborate preparation for the Fall and Winter trade. Our store is already crowded but there are yet hundreds of Suits, Overcoats and Top Coats, yet to come. These goods are all New and Fresh from the best eastern manufacturers. From now on it will pay you to keep our store in mind for our prices and quality of goods will mean a great Saving to you. Buy where you have an exclusive stock to select from and you'll never regret it. We are not selling any old and shelf worn goods but every garment is new and positively up-to-date.

Watch this Space for Future Announcements.

IT WILL PAY YOU

CHICAGO CLOTHING COMPANY,

W HOUSMAN, Proprietor

FOREST GROVE,

OREGON

ASK THE AGENT FOR
TICKETS VIA



To SPOKANE, ST. PAUL, MINNE-
APOLIS, DULUTH, CHICAGO,
ST. LOUIS.
AND ALL POINTS EAST AND SOUTH.

2 Overland Trains Daily 2
The Flyer: The Fast Mail

SPLENDID SERVICE, UP TO DATE
EQUIPMENT, COURTEOUS
EMPLOYEES.

Daylight trip through the
Cascade and Rocky Mountains.

For tickets, rates, folders and full
information, call on or address
H. DICKSON,
City Ticket Agent, 122 Third St.,
Portland, Or.

S. G. YERKES, A. G. P. A., Seattle,
Wash., Corner First Ave. & Yesler Way.

We Give Expedited Service on
Freight.

Route your shipments via
Great Northern.

Full information from
Wm. HARGER,
General Agent, Portland, Oregon.

Farmers & Merchants
BANK

Of Forest Grove, Oregon
CAPITAL \$25,000.
A General Banking Business Trans-
acted. Drafts sold on all the principal
Cities in the United States and Europe.
Correspondents Wells Fargo & Co's
Bank. Directors: Richard M. Dooley,
J. E. Loomis, John W. Shute,
and Frank E. Dooley. Accounts
solicited.

AN INHERITANCE

[Original.]
My boy, I have sent for you to make
a very important announcement. Since
the Earl of Ballincorne is dead, child-
less, you are the rightful heir to that
earldom. No, don't smile incredulous-
ly, thinking your old grandmother to
be wandering or in her second child-
hood, but listen to what I am about to
tell you.

I wish I could make you understand
the difference in this early part of the
nineteenth century, when Mr. Stephe-
son has succeeded in drawing coaches
by steam, and the middle of the eight-
eenth, when coaching was in its prime
and we who rode had the excitement
of an occasional robbery. The high-
wayman was not the brute who now
murders first and robs afterward, but
was often chivalrous, especially to wo-
men. When I was a girl of twenty I
traveled from London to York with my
father, and on the road we met one of
those gentlemen. We were passing a
lonely part of the road in the dusk of
the evening when we heard an order
to the coachman to stop. A masked
man rode up to the coach window,
holding a pistol in our faces and de-
manding our valuables. His voice was
soft and musical, his hand was white
and shapely, and I noticed the lace that
fell over it was of the finest texture.

My father had but little money with
him, but did have a valuable snuffbox
that had been presented him by the
king himself. He told the highway-
man that if he would send it to our
house in York his messenger should re-
ceive five times its value and no ques-
tions asked. The robber scarcely seem-
ed to hear him, so intent was he upon
me, not the wrinkled old woman of to-
day, but with as fair a skin, as blue
an eye, as golden a head of hair as
any girl in England.

"Good sir," said the robber, "I would
not take your snuffbox but for the
opportunity it gives me to take it to
your house myself, and if I decline the
price you put upon it please set the
fact down to the influence of the young
lady beside you, whose beauty and in-
nocence prevent my retaining any ar-
ticle of yours. I have the honor, sir, to
bid you a very good evening."

Raising his hat with all the grace of
a courtier he turned away, directing
the coachman to drive on.

That winter was a gay one in our set
in town, and after attending numerous
entertainments at the homes of our
friends we concluded to return the
civilities by giving a masked ball. Our
house was lighted with a thousand
candles, and the costumes of the guests
were of the richest and wildest variety.
One of the gentlemen personated a
highwayman, wearing a brace of pis-
tols in his belt, with an ugly looking
knife to match. He came up to me
and asked me to dance. The moment

he spoke I recognized the man who had
robbed us on the road from London.

I permitted him to lead me in the
minuet. He danced so gracefully, his
figure was so symmetrical, he was so
courteously in his manner that every one
noticed him. When the dance was
finished he led me away to a window
where we stood partly screened behind
the curtains. Then he handed me my
father's snuffbox.

"How did you dare come here?" I
asked.

"I would have dared anything to see
you again," he replied.

"Go at once," I said. "You will be
caught. Every one has noticed you."

"I would willingly hang for the pleas-
ure I have gained in one dance with
you."

Despite the danger he ran we talked
together so continuously that we be-
gan to excite attention. A strange hap-
piness thrilled me. This fascinating
highwayman had caught the fancy of a
young girl naturally full of romance,
and to know that he was risking his
life to be with me was supremely de-
lightful. I feared for him, but could
not bear to let him go. Finally I saw
my father coming toward us with flash-
ing eyes. I knew by the way he look-
ed at my companion that he had got
some clue to his identity. We vanished
in the crowd, slipped through a
door into the garden, and my highway-
man passed off the place in safety.

Later, when my father found me, I
gave him the snuffbox. He sent out
to notify the police that the highway-
man was in town, but he was never
caught.

One spring morning I was sitting in
the garden in the rear of the house
when above the wall I saw the head
of a man. I was about to scream when
he spoke. I recognized the voice of
my highwayman lover. He persuaded
me to make an appointment with him
in a wood near the city, and there we
met on several occasions. He confess-
ed that he was the second son of a no-
bleman who had taken to the road
from a keen love of adventure. He
finally persuaded me at one of our
meetings to go with him to a magis-
trate and be married. I never returned
to my home, but sailed to France with
your grandfather.

Don't start, don't bend your head for
shame, at learning that you have de-
scended from—I will not say a high-
wayman—a nobleman whose love for
adventure blighted his life and made
him an exile. My husband was be-
loved by all who knew him and worshiped
by his wife and children. Even in
those youthful escapades he never ben-
efited by a shilling dishonestly, and
many a person whom he stopped on the
highway and found in need he helped.

The Earl of Ballincorne, his brother,
dying, the title and estates descended
to his only son, who died childless
yesterday. His death leaves you the
next in line. Here are the papers con-
firming you in your claim.

DESIGNING A HEAD.

An Interesting Torsorial Operation
by the Famous Whistler.

"Amazing!" the favorite ejaculation
of the brilliant and eccentric artist,
James MacNeill Whistler, is the word
which seems best to fit the curious
combination of personal peculiarities—
mischievous wit, tricky jests, gay
quarrels, harmless vanities and remark-
able artistic performance—revealed in
Mr. Mortimer Menpes' recent recollec-
tions of his "Master." The eccentricities
of Whistler's character were
matched by those of his appearance,
for he never dressed like anybody else,
and he had, just over his left eye, a
single lock of white hair amid a mass
of black curls. His own interest in
his appearance was great, for he re-
garded the composition of costume and
coiffure with the same seriousness
which he would have bestowed upon
the composition of a picture, and in-
deed the result was unmistakably pic-
turesque.

"Customers ceased to be interested
in their own hair," says Mr. Menpes of
Whistler's entrance into a barber's
shop. "Operators stopped their manip-
ulations; every one turned to watch
Whistler, who himself was supremely
unconscious. His hair was first trim-
med, but left rather long. Whistler
meanwhile directing the cutting of
every lock as he watched the barber in
the glass. He, poor fellow, only too
conscious of the delicacy of his task,
shook and trembled as he manipulated
the scissors. The clipping completed,
Whistler waved the operators imperi-
ously on one side, and we observed for
some time the rear view of his dapper
little figure, stepping backward and
forward, surveying himself in the
glass. Suddenly he put his head into a
basin of water, and then, half drying
his hair, shook it into matted wet curls.
With a comb he carefully picked out
the white lock, wrapped it in a towel
and walked about for five minutes,
pinching it dry, with the rest of his
hair hanging over his face—a stage
which much amused the onlookers.

"Still pinching the towel, he would
then beat the rest of his hair into ring-
lets (combing would not have given
them the right quality) until they fell
into decorative waves all over his head.
A loud scream would then rend the
air. Whistler wanted a comb. This
procured, he would comb the white lock
into a feathery plume and with a few
broad movements of his hand form the
whole into a picture. Then he would
look beamingly at himself in the glass
and say but two words, 'Menpes,
amazing!' and sail triumphantly out of
the shop."

Chronicle.

"Jones is growin' at the world
again."
"Why, I thought he was doing well."
"So he is, but he wasn't expectin' his
good fortune!"—Atlanta Constitution.

EAST INDIAN METHODS.

A Servant's Subtle but Unsuccessful
Scheme For Revenge.

A trade journal tells a story of an
adventure which nearly cost one of
its correspondents in India his life. The
Indian merchant was a wealthy man
who had got on well with the natives,
but two of his servants had had a
quarrel over a girl whom they both
wooed. The merchant interfered in the
fight. The unsuccessful suitor, Laj,
began to make trouble, and his rival,
the husband, warned the merchant
against him. Nothing happened for
some months. Then the merchant
went away on business. On his re-
turn he was told that Laj had been
caught in his bedroom and locked up.

In the east this meant trouble. The
merchant called his servants and had
a thorough search made of the house.
They examined every trunk, bureau
and bedstead, every picture, statue and
crevice in the wall and crack in the
floor, expecting to find a hooded cobra
or other poisonous reptile. They scruti-
nized every knob, handle and gar-
ment to see if it had been smeared
with poison or with juices which at-
tracted venomous creatures. Then
they searched the wine cellar, the pan-
try and the storeroom. But they found
nothing.

The merchant was tired and after
eating went to the cabinet where he
kept his cigars. It was a large case of
teak and plate glass, with an old fash-
ioned silver Indian lock.

As he was about to insert the key in
the keyhole Laj's successful rival, who
had been active in the search, cried,

"Look out, sahib; some one has been
meddling with that lock!"

They examined the keyhole and
found traces of wax. When they
opened the case the merchant found
everything apparently untouched. Five
boxes of cigars were unopened. He had
opened the sixth before he went away
and removed a few cigars. As he took
this box up he noticed on it the marks
of fingers.

The cigars looked as if they had not
been disturbed. He was about to take
one when he noticed that something
was wrong with the head. A second
and a third were like the first. In each
a small, almost imperceptible rose
thorn had been inserted, and on it was
a dab of brown slime still moist the
same color as the cigar.

"Do not touch them, sahib," said the
Indian. "They are poisoned."

The merchant sat down and wrote a
note to the police. In half an hour an
officer appeared with Laj under guard.
The merchant stated the case to the
officer and, taking one of the cigars,
handed it to Laj, with the command,
"Take it and smoke it."

The man turned gray and refused.
His guilt was proved.

Sally Practical.

"Don't you sometimes envy the old
time giants of statesmanship their gifts
for rhetoric and oratory?"

"Sometimes," answered Senator Sor-
ghum. "The only difficulty is that
these gifts are liable to lead a man to
think up speeches instead of schemes
for making money."—Washington Star.

Sound and Solid

The Oregon Fire Relief Asso.,

Gives protection against loss by Fire at
purely mutual rates. No better or cheaper
Insurance can be purchased. Strong and
conservative business management has
placed them at the head of insurance com-
panies in Oregon.

J. F. WOODS, Agent,

Call at News Office.

FOREST GROVE, OR.