

Great Bargain Sale!!

33¹ Reduction on all Clothing
3³ In Our Store : :

The Stock consists of Rain Coats, Overcoats, Mackintoshes, Wool Hosiery, Fancy Neckwear, Linen Collars, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Men's Hats, Umbrellas. Everything will go at same reduction, as our room is small. We have decided to make room for the size of our stock on hand, so if you are ready to purchase your Winter Supply, you had better come right now, as this sale will last only until the Holidays. Remember we are located in the Naylor Building near the corner of Main Street and First Avenue North.

Here are Some of the Prices:

Men's Suits worth \$7.00 at.....	\$4.67	Men's Suits worth \$12.00 at.....	\$ 8.00
" " " 7.50 ".....	5.00	" " " 13.00 ".....	8.67
" " " 8.00 ".....	5.33	" " " 14.00 ".....	9.33
" " " 8.50 ".....	5.67	" " " 15.00 ".....	10.00
" " " 9.00 ".....	6.00	" " " 16.00 ".....	10.67
" " " 10.00 ".....	6.67	" " " 17.00 ".....	11.33
" " " 11.00 ".....	7.33	" " " 18.00 ".....	12.00
		" " " 21.00 ".....	14.00

A large line of Men's Pants, Fancy Shirts and Heavy Underwear. Blue Flannel Top Shirts, Shoes for Men, Ladies and Boys.

M. J. BENJAMIN

Forest Grove

Oregon

Holidays Near

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Wholesale and Retail

Now is the time to order fruit cakes for Christmas

A MEMORY OF THE PAST.

The Unalloyed Joy That Came With the Little Red Scarf.

"I was wondering the other day what one thing had given me the most pleasure in the world," said the village Jeacon. "I had to go back a long ways—clear back into the blessed Santa Claus days—but I recalled it. It was a scarf I found in my stocking one bright Christmas morning. I got a red one, and my brother got a blue one. I was a mighty proud boy that morning as I trudged downtown with that red scarf around my neck. I wore it every day until the birds began to sing in the springtime and the kids were hunting up their marbles. I don't now remember who gave it to me nor what became of it, but I do know that the memory of it still clings like a benediction.

"Since the days of that little red scarf I have had things of far more intrinsic value. I have worn lodge emblems of high degree; I have had a gold watch and chain; I once had a pair of shoes that cost \$5 and a necktie that cost twice as much as the little red scarf. Nay, more, I once tackled a plug hat. But among these things do I recall none that gave me such genuine and unalloyed pleasure, such a swelled up feeling, as did that little red scarf way back in the days when the wolf sat out in the road and howled. 'Tis the little red scarf days that stir the memory with 'it might have been.'—Osborn (Kan.) Farmer.

PLAIN JOHN SMITH.

How His Name Changes in Various Parts of the World.

John Smith—plain John Smith—is not very high sounding; it does not suggest aristocracy; it is not the name of any hero in die away novels, and yet it is good, strong and honest. Transferred to other languages, it seems to climb the ladder of respectability. Thus in Latin it is Johannes Smithus; the Italian smooths it off into Giovanni Smithi; the Spaniards render it Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten it out into Jean Smeet, and the Russian sneezes and barks Jonioff Smit-towski. When John Smith gets into the tea trade in Canton he becomes Jovan Shimmit; if he clambers about Mount Hecla, the Icelanders say he is Jahnne Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscaroras he becomes Ton Qa Smitla; in Poland he is known as Ivan Schmittewski; should he wander among the Welsh mountains they talk of Jihon Schmidt; when he goes to Mexico he is booked as Jontil F'Smitti; if of classic turn and he lingers among Greek ruins he turns to Ion Smltkon, and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as Yoe Seef.—Phrenological Journal.

Mystery of a Cookbook.

Somebody mentioned cookbooks. "It takes a good deal to make me wonder," said the publisher, "but I received a jolt in the culinary line the other day that set me thinking. In looking over the manuscript of a cookbook that had been submitted for our approval I was struck by this introduction to many of the recipes, 'Good for boarding house table.' 'Now, why that discrimination? Isn't anything that is good enough for a boarding house table good enough for any other table, and isn't anything that is good enough for any other table good enough for a boarding house table? Judging by the way those particular recipes read, they may result in some rather tasty dishes. Then why limit them to boarding houses?'—New York Globe.

His Successor.

Shortly after the death of one of England's greatest poets a devoted admirer of his visited the little Westmorland villages where the poet had lived and died to gaze reverently at his house, the little church and at some of his favorite haunts where some of his immortal poems were composed. Seeing an old man a native of the village, the stranger entered into conversation with him, remarking sadly on the death of the poet, to which the old man answered kindly and encouragingly:

"Aye, aye, still 'i mak' na doobut 't wife 'll carry the bizness on."

Brief and Pithy.

An American law journal has quoted the charge to a jury delivered by a certain Judge Donovan as the shortest on record. The judge said: "Gentlemen of the jury, if you believe the plaintiff find a verdict for plaintiff and fix the amount. If you believe the defendant find a verdict for defendant. Follow the officer."

But an English periodical caps this brief charge by quoting a shorter one delivered by Commissioner Kerr. He said to a jury:

"That man says prisoner robbed him. The prisoner says he didn't. You settle it."

Plagiarism.

At the literary club a sympathetic crowd surrounded the humorist, whose house had been robbed.

"They cleaned out everything," said the man—"everything, but, thank goodness, they didn't swipe from my desk the manuscript column of jokes for next week's paper."

"Perhaps they knew," suggested a sonneteer cynically, "that the jokes had already been swiped."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Liberality.

Little Jimmie, who had just received a box of mixed candy, passed it around to treat the family, saying: "Help yourself to all the chocolates you want. I don't like them."—Exchange.

Mr. Barnickel's Portrait

(Original.)

When Mr. Barnickel got rich the first thing he wanted was a crest, which he found, though his title to it was rather thin, and the next was his portrait to hang in his drawing room and to hand down to his descendants as the lineaments of the reinstitutor of the family. Arnold Elliott was at that time the principal portrait painter in the city where Mr. Barnickel lived, and to him Mr. Barnickel gave the order, agreeing to pay for the portrait \$500.

Now, although Mr. Barnickel had dealt in hides, an article not calculated to stimulate the imaginative faculty, his imagination was strong. The moment he set himself up as a reinstitutor of his family he saw himself a fine looking, dignified gentleman of aristocratic mien and benevolent countenance. In truth, he was a crafty looking man with a money making nose. He saw the picture of himself growing up in the hands of the artist as he was and not as he thought himself. He made several protests, but when he attempted to point out the errors he signally failed. He could not give the artist his conception of himself, and the artist had no choice but to paint him as Mr. Barnickel. When the portrait was finished, there sat the merchant looking for all the world as if he were buying a cargo of hides.

When Mr. Barnickel saw the portrait he refused to accept it on the ground that his best friend wouldn't take it for him.

As soon as Mr. Elliott got a little spare time he hooked Mr. Barnickel's portrait up against the wall of his studio, covered it with a sheet of drawing paper and on the paper sketched prison bars. This done, he cut out the paper between the bars, leaving Mr. Barnickel in limbo. Underneath he placed the title of the picture, "A Prisoner For Debt."

It was not long before one who knew Mr. Barnickel well saw him behind bars. Had he loved Mr. Barnickel he would have gone to him at once with the information. But he didn't love Mr. Barnickel—few people did—so he went about telling those who knew the hide dealer of the rare sight to be seen, and Mr. Elliott's studio at once became very popular. Indeed, from among those who visited it to see "A Prisoner For Debt" he secured a number of orders.

The episode at last reached a member of the Barnickel family, and the family head was informed. The same morning he drove up to Mr. Elliott's studio, alighted in a hurry, climbed the stairs in anger and burst into the studio in a passion. There hung the picture, and there sat the artist quiescent at his easel.

"What do you mean by perpetrating that outrage?" shouted Mr. Barnickel, pointing to the picture.

"What outrage?" asked the artist without discontinuing his work.

"Putting my portrait behind bars." "Your portrait? That isn't your portrait. You said yourself that no one would recognize it."

The merchant saw that he could not demand the removal of the objectionable features without eating his words. He went out, slamming the door behind him. He had been triumphant in too many deals to be beaten by a picture maker; he would find a way to get round the "imposition."

But before he found this way he heard that a new feature had been attached to the portrait. The artist had removed the bars and the title, replacing the latter with the words "You Want Too Much."

The title fitted the expression on the face so well and Mr. Barnickel's idiosyncrasies were so keenly appreciated that a new lot of people came pouring into the studio to see Old Scrouge, as they called him, buying hides, though some declared that he was disputing the price of his portrait. Mr. Barnickel was made aware of the change by receiving an anonymous letter inquiring which of these two interpretations of the title was correct.

By this time the merchant had consulted his lawyer, who advised him that the most satisfactory way out of the difficulty was to pay for the picture and take it away. Therefore on receipt of the anonymous note he drew his check for \$500, jumped into his carriage and drove to Mr. Elliott's studio. On entering his eyes naturally sought the picture. The expression had been changed. Instead of Mr. Barnickel beating down a seller, it was Mr. Barnickel just having bought at his own price. There was no title attached to the picture. Instead a bit of cardboard rested upon it on which in big letters was inscribed "Sold."

Mr. Barnickel saw the word and was seized with a new anxiety. He, and only he, could not see its double meaning.

"There's your check. Send that daul, home," he said.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Barnickel. Don't you see the card on the picture?"

"That's bosh. No one would want my"—He stopped. He was about to yield to his beating down propensities and add "ugly mug," but remembered himself.

"I don't think the purchaser cares much for it," said Mr. Elliott coolly. "You might get it at an advance on the original price."

"How much is the"—Mr. Barnickel was about to say swindle, but feared to make matters worse.

Mr. Elliott arose, went to the picture and cut it in ribbons.

"The episode is ended, Mr. Barnickel. I have to thank you for many orders secured through your portrait."

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TO PORTLAND	
No. 6	departs 6:40 a. m., arrives at Portland 8:00 a. m.
No. 4	" " 8:50 a. m. " " " 10:30 a. m.
No. 8	" " 10:30 a. m. " " " 11:50 a. m.
No. 10	" " 1:30 p. m. " " " 4:30 p. m.
No. 2	" " 4:37 p. m. " " " 6:20 p. m.
FROM PORTLAND	
No. 1	lv. Portland 7:10 a. m. lv. Forest Grove 8:30 a. m.
No. 5	" " 8:50 a. m. " " " 10:10 a. m.
No. 7	" " 1:00 p. m. " " " 2:20 p. m.
No. 3	" " 4:10 p. m. " " " 5:30 p. m.
No. 9	" " 5:40 p. m. " " " 7:00 p. m.

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Hankerchiefs	2c	Collars	25c
Men's White Vests	10 to 15c	Pants	25c
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The only serious and formidable thing in nature is will.—Emerson.